April 3, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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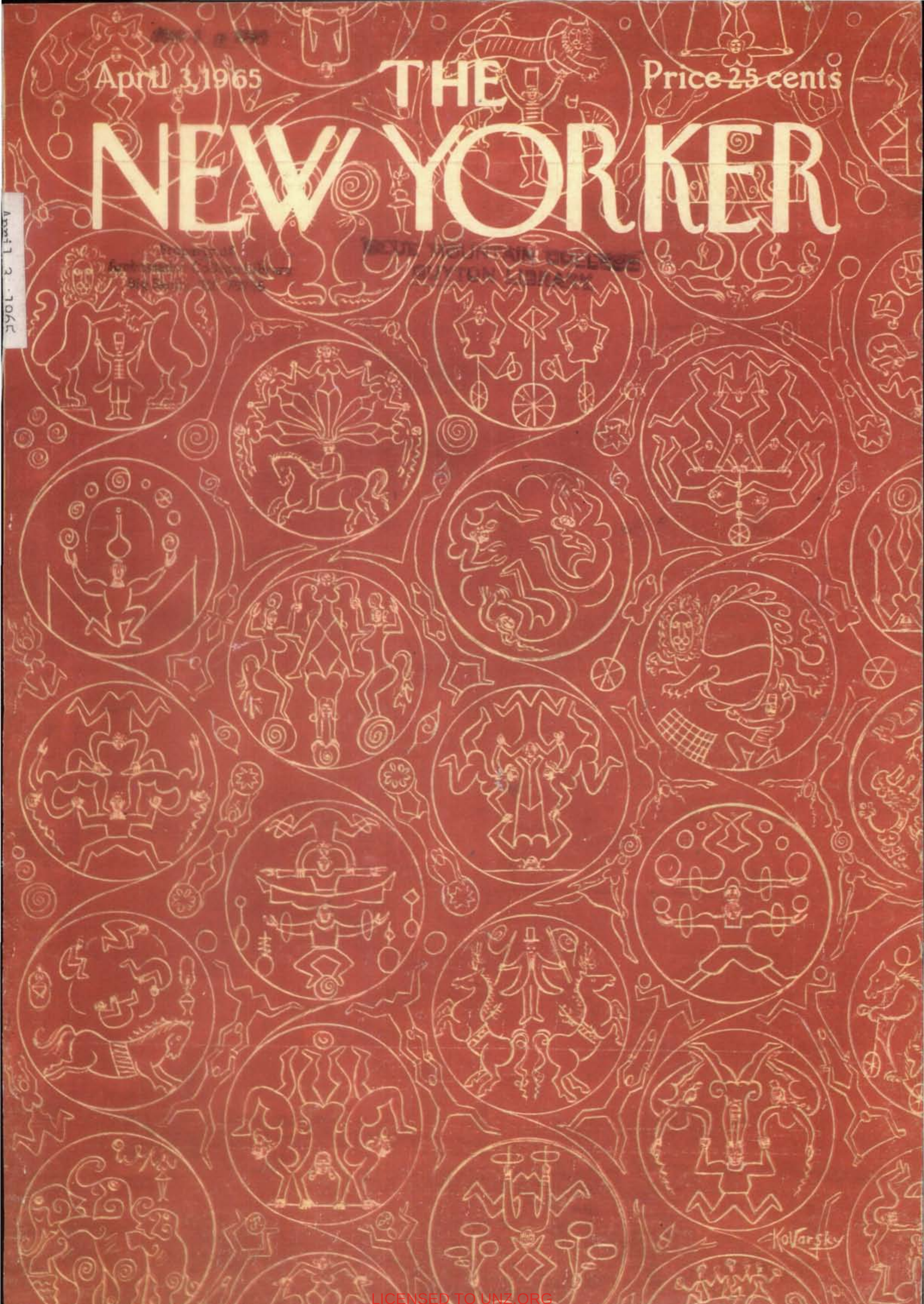

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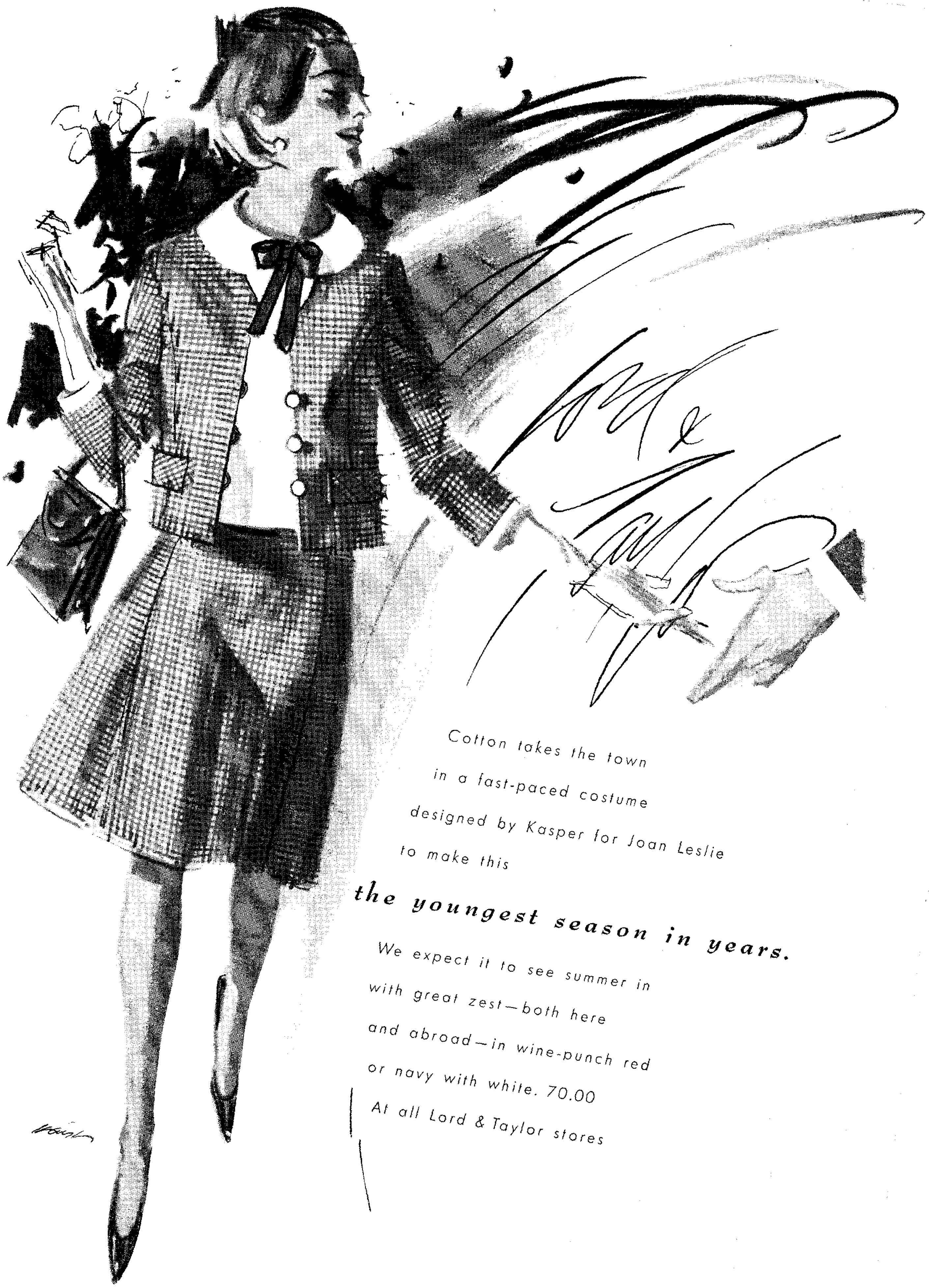

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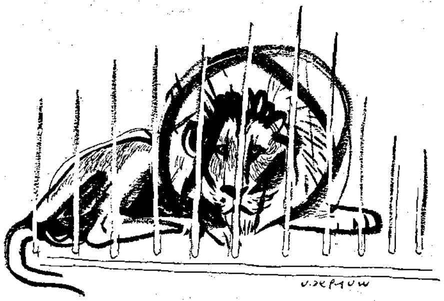

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Catch Me If You Can—Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie are estimable people, but their efforts to galvanize this dull murder-mystery comedy, which starts out with a disappearing bride in the Catskills and proceeds with utter confusion, are unavailing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—This funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A fine funny comedy by Neil Simon, having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been abetted in his comic designs by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and Walter Matthau and Art Carney head up the cast, which is hugely effective. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An excursion into metaphysics arranged by Edward Albee. The play often seems incoherent as it explains man's relation to the world above and below, but John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are for the most part admirable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walk-up. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed (who will be replaced on Monday, April 5, by Anthony Roberts), Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott have the leading roles. They will be succeeded on Monday, April 5, by Arthur Godfrey and Maureen O'Sullivan. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only sporadically effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece and Martin Gabel the Professor. Jerome Coopersmith created the book and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel the lyrics and music. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is the enormously ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Lyrics for the piece have been provided by Stephen Sondheim, and Arthur Laurents, who created the original play, is responsible for the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. The cast is directed by John Dexter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Fade Out – Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett is capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Behind the scenes with the grifters at Coney Island, who are no more amusing than the folks they try to swindle. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **what makes sammy run?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Maurice Chevalier at 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. Opens Thursday, April 1, and will run through Saturday, May 1. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **tartuffe**, with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 8:30; Saturday, April 3, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, at 8:30.... **incident at vichy**, Arthur Miller's examination of the processes that sent Jews to slaughter in 1942. With Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne. Performances

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 7, April 3, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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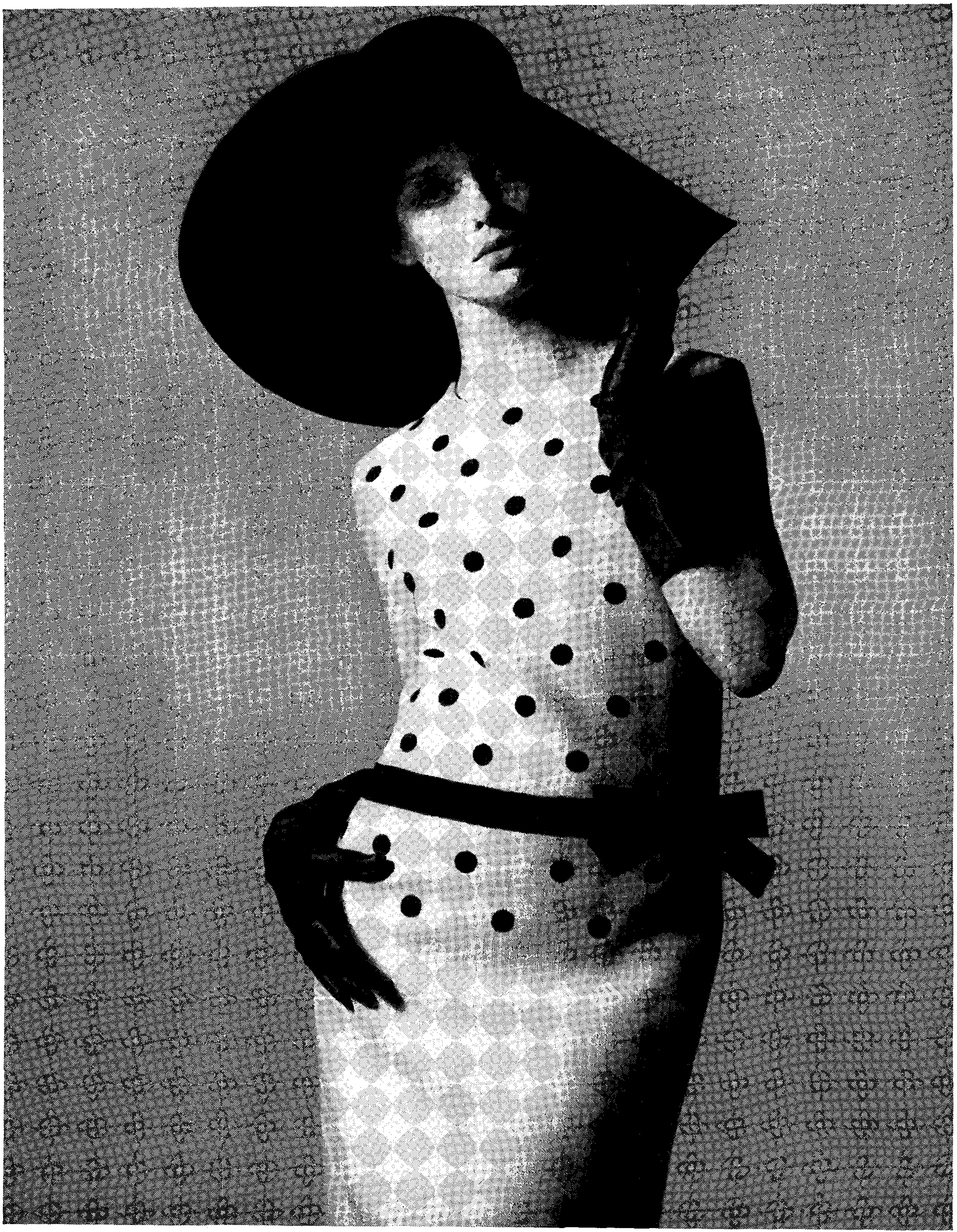
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



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MONTALDO'S

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, April 4, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6-7, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's JUDITH: Thursday, April 1, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, all at 8:30.... Shaw's MAN AND SUPERMAN: Friday, April 2, at 8; Saturday, April 3, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, April 4, at 2:30 and 7:30; Tuesday, April 6, and Friday, April 9, both at 8; and Saturday, April 10, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"Tosca." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, and Thursday through Saturday, April 8-10, all at 8:15.)

L'Annonce Faite à Marie—Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary," performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris, with Danièle Delorme. Previews Friday through Sunday, April 2-4. Opens officially on Monday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 18. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 765-9772. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Liar—A charming comedy that Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall have fashioned from Mr. Waterhouse's novel about an English adolescent whose weakness for make-believe lands him in one fix after another. Ethel Griffies gives a marvellous performance as the hero's pesky grandmother. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production rather unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis—Arthur Kopit's new farce is a disappointment, partly, but not entirely, because of a generally poor production. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harry, Noon and Night—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Joel Grey and Gerald S. O'Loughlin. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 9. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Matty and the Moron and Madonna—A play by Herbert Lieberman, directed by José Quintero. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and Baal—Shakespeare's tragedy has been joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

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The Room and A Slight Ache—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and The Toilet—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Worlds of Oscar Brown, Jr.—A program of songs, impressions, and improvisations, with the Floyd Morris trio. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, April 1: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Caprichos," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Miss Julie," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "The Frail Quarry," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3 (primarily for children): "The Wind in the Mountains" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "Theme and Variations," "Sargasso," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The Wind in the Mountains."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 4 (primarily for children): "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 4: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Les Noces," and "Dark Elegies."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 6: "Theme and Variations," "L'Inconnue" (New York première), "Sargasso," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 7: "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The Frail Quarry."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 8: "Caprichos" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Combat," "The Frail Quarry," and "Miss Julie."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 10 (primarily for children): "Peter and the Wolf," "L'Inconnue," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 10: "Fall River Legend," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," "The Four Marys," and "Les Noces." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, April 11. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—The final performances of a program that consists of "From Sea to Shining Sea," "9 Dances with Music by Corelli," "Post Meridian," and "Duet." (Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. CO 5-1855. Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, at 8:40.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Civil-Rights Benefit—A big one, chiefly honoring the late Rev. James J. Reeb. With Broadway performers by the dozen. (Majestic Theatre, 245 W. 44th St. Sunday, April 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 765-0560.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey in their annual paean to spring. Opens Thursday evening, April 1, and will be around through Sunday, May 9. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Nancy Ames, the latest Alice to walk through the looking glass from the improbability of television to the *semi*-reality of night life, does the dinner and supper singing in the Royal Box; Morty Gunty, a boy who has been around a bit longer, does the humor. The dance music comes from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which night by night in every light is getting better and better. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which

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is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It is still regarded by a lot of us as a social obligation. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the honors in the great hall; customers who would rather be wired for sound resort to the Garrison, an alcove rearranged as a *discothèque*; customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where Ernest Schoen's threesome suns itself, not in dance tempo, on the banks of the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The reënactment of the Age of Steamboating that takes place here is so deftly done that it is restoration comedy, but it is rich and handsome, too. On the promenade deck, Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five makes dance music from around seven-thirty to a bit past midnight during the week, and from nine to two Saturdays; Sundays, the sound is all tinned tunes.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of boys, plays from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are filled in by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Vic Damone, aglow with unction that is just about supreme, is applying his staid brand of *bel canto* to a bunch of songs that have for some reason become household pets. He sets to at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. On Wednesday, April 7, he will be succeeded by Juliet Prowse, whose singing and dancing remove the necessity of leaving town to find out what prospect pleases in Florida and Nevada. The big band of the unforgotten Emil Coleman, now in the hands of Emil, Jr., and the scampering posse of Mark Monte wax eloquent all through the night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's soulful violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in our firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Downstairs in the Maisonette, which is a grandiose and life-enhancing way of doing over the Nether Regions, swinging and swaying are practiced to the good-humored music of Charles Turecamo's band, and fancywork to the music of Quintero's able-bodied Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, too, goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Nothing is more exhausting than the country dances and city dances (the newest are the Town Dump and the Urban Sprawl) executed (which is the *mot juste*) by the frantic crew of athletes that haunts this Egypt of another day. After ten, the music is issued by computers untouched by human hands, and it rolls on until four every morning; from seven to ten, a trio of real human beings supplies the sound.

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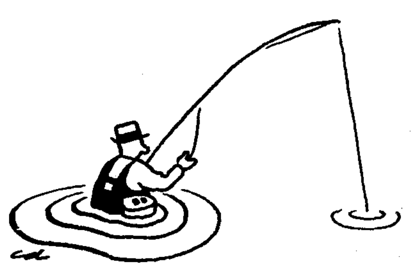
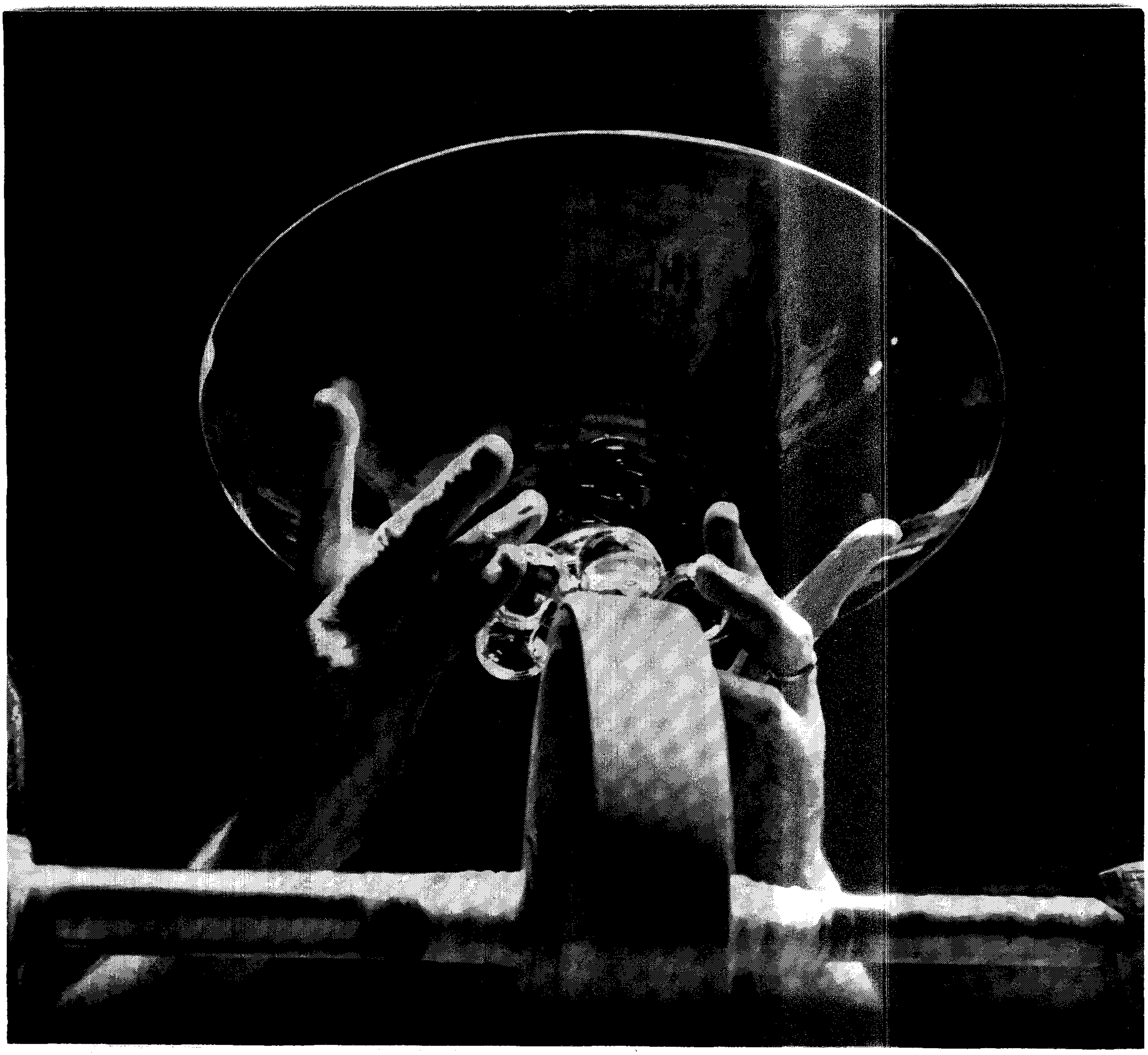
Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Boys and girls together, sidewalks of New York, and bar-and-grill—all of which make for one of the biggest conversation pieces in town. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music from cocktails on—beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper (and dinner, too) without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, they are devoting themselves to "The Merry Widow" and "La Bohème," but on Tuesday, April 6, they jump (and it's more than an overnight jump) to "Faust" and "Rosalinda." Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The levees held by Bobby Short, whose songs are for the permanently wide-awake (and not the wide-eyed), begin at the suitably fashionable hour of ten-thirty. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his alert sidemen, and Mr. S's own brisk piano conspire with him far into the night. Jules Kuti lifts the cover of the piano in the bar at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, the Bureau of Standards by which drawing-room musicians must be measured. His piano, both succinct and succulent, is presented on a timecard that is generous—six to one, except Sundays. . . . **IL MIO**, 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): Tanya Everett, who spends part of the evening in "Fiddler on the Roof," is a sprite for sore eyes as she takes the floor in a *discothèque* of which she and her brother Timmy are joint entrepreneurs and star fruggers, swimmers, et al. The music is L.P. (which in this case also stands for "loud-playing"), the pleasure of all the young guests is evident, the net result is amusing. The schedule: from eight until all-fall-down every evening but Monday. The menu though, is minimal. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is time (seven to one) for the most lackadaisical diner to listen to Ray Hartley's piano transposing the top row of tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In Le Palais, the lower deck of this enterprise, Vienna is restored (in wine, menu, and sound) in a manner grand enough for the approval of Maria Theresa. The sound is the zither of Hans Hansberg, who gently vibrates it from seven to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine-thirty in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that begins at seven in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone who is named Lord Superior, who plays guitar, and who sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his arabesques on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Monday. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman quietly plies her golden harp; the rest of the week, Gladys Hubner does the honors. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): In this wholly imaginary South American republic, it's nip and tuck between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Ho-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, and a plenitude of *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is usually George Feyer, player of piano that is full of Valenciennes lace, but from Monday through Saturday, April 5-10, Karl Inwald will be his sit-in. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner feeds a concert grand a balanced diet that runs, in leisurely fashion, from Gershwin to Grieg. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, there is piano every so often from six until one-thirty by Tony Gorody, who sheds a lovely *clair de lune* upon everything from Moon River to Debussy and Vermont. Enzio Lembo, guitarist and tenor, sets to at nine-thirty. Mr. G. is away Mondays, Mr. L. is away Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from six until around three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): In a bar of Andalusian antecedents and great dignity, there is guitar between the hours of nine-thirty and one. No music Mondays, and no dining on any night. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The decorum of this carefully brought up refectory is punctured ever so slightly by the piano of Muriel Roberts, whose work never quite conceals the fact that she has a real get-with-it jazz background. No music Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete not only with young ladies but with the customary very special variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire and a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence. Dancing. All quiet Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Americanization of Shani Wallis, the luxuriant redheaded London kestrel, proceeds apace, but the alteration work has only made her over into a print far glossier than anything most of our native songbirds can come up to; George Kirby, the easygoing comedian of the occasion, fondles some well-worn jests overlong, but the humor of his parody of Pearl Bailey is sheer delirium. On Thursday, April 8, these characters make way for the New Christy Minstrels, a lively bunch of boy and girl choristers. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This enterprise reopens on Thursday, April 1, to accommodate the band of Lionel Hampton, that old Barnum & Bailey aerialist, as well as the monologues of Jackie Mason, who feels most at home in familiar territory. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

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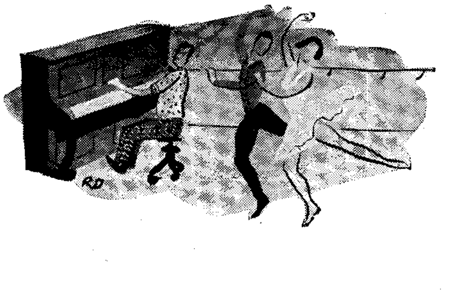
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world and its problems are cut down to size (pretty damn small) by the words and music of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers. The enunciation of his cutting remarks is assigned to Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also to the more recent Barbara Minkus and Nancy Myers. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Just when it appears that there is not another word to be said, pro or con, about love, back from his native Chile comes Lucho Gatica with garlands of Latin lyrics that are nearly all pro. Señor G., leader of the pack of Iberians who make up the floor show, surrounds his arias with the greatest of luxury. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for the players, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," the tiny revue that lives here, has revamped and improved its editorial policy in its second edition, making itself simultaneously silly, swift, and salubrious. Again, R. G. Brown is the prize package, and Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are big helps. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, to say nothing of the Latin ballet corps that is turned loose a couple of times a night. The customers get equal time on the floor. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A new revue, "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited," employing the lyrics and music of who else and dialogue by Bud McCreery, and also employing Kaye Ballard and Harold Lang, is under way. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is once more in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, conspires now and then with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet of Charlie Mingus, whose music is Prometheus in the act of coming unbound, is your reward for going this far downtown. Jaki Byard is the intermission pianist. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening show; Mondays are dedicated to *conversazioni*, often spirited, by people accustomed to speaking (or shouting) their minds. The topic, an inexhaustible one, is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant, which operates from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a vast cavern containing the band of Hugh Masekela, whose trumpet is exultant jubilee, and the trio of Nina Simone, whose soprano is broody and whose manner is withdrawn. On Thursday, April 8, the scene and sound change, for Dizzy Gillespie's band settles in. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, will be supplemented by Dick Gregory, the celebrated free-America-first champion, who will be talking in earnest and in whimsey. Dancing, too. Mondays, some Latin band or other is likely to show up; listening to Symphony Sid's conversation will be compulsory for the Latin students. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The folk singers who think of themselves as the Guild and a young wit named Dick Cavett are the incumbents. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is usually a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Maynard Ferguson's sextet shrills and Red Allen's quartet drills. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane, a soloist who has no ending, removes his quartet at close of business on Sunday, April 4. On Tuesday, April 6, Horace Silver's quintet moves in, its mysterious ways to perform. Whoever is in office serves double time (four-to-seven matinée, full evening recital) on Sundays and stays away on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, prexy emeritus of what is good about jazz, runs a foursome; the rest of the work is done by the triad of Roland Hanna, to which has just been added the trumpet of Roy Eldridge, a plus-mark indeed. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the glorious past) is being conducted by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Morey Feld, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Joe Castro, now producing a great deal more piano to the square inch, rumbles through the middle of the oval bar at the head of a trio; Eddie Thompson, an import from England, does piano-by-himself that waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A new congeries of banjoists, the String Stretchers, is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night. Sundays, though, there is rock-and-moil music from six o'clock on.



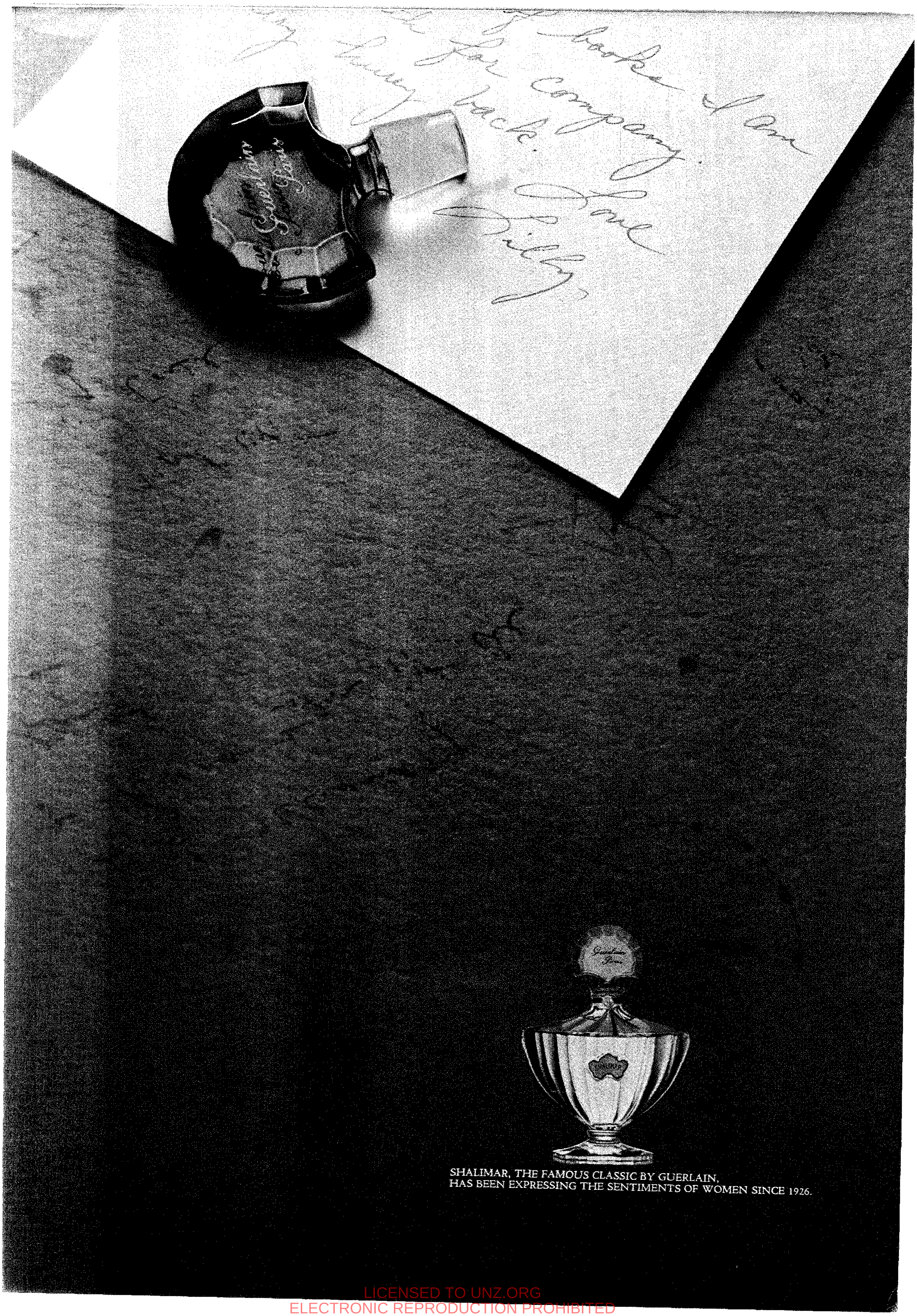
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Abstract oils; through April 17. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Paintings done on his return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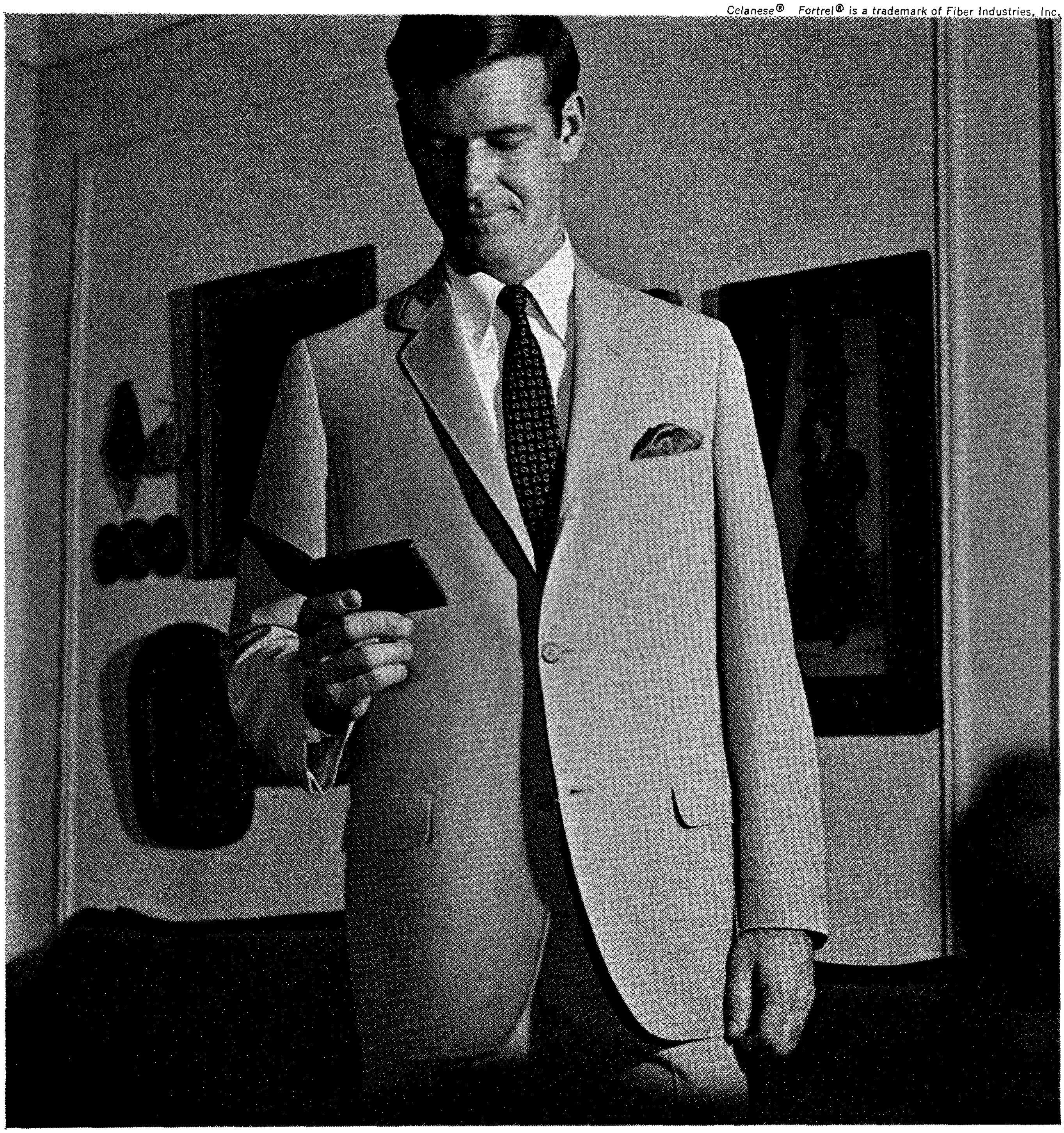

Louis Goldsmith, Inc. tailored this Barranquitas featherweight suit. In a smooth, comfortable poplin of Fortrel polyester and Zantrel 700 rayon from Burlington Men's Wear. Cut slim for the young-in-build. Sand, prairie clay, pale olive, navy, black and cloud blue. About $47. At Baskin's, Chicago & branches; J. L. Hudson's University Shop, Detroit; Reynolds Penland, Dallas; Woodward & Lothrop (University Corner), Washington; and Zachry, Atlanta.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from a trip to Egypt; through Saturday, April 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Edward Betts—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Richard Boyce—Figure bronzes and drawings; through April 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Colleen Browning—Figure paintings and landscapes; through Saturday, April 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corot and His Contemporaries—Oils, watercolors, and drawings (many on loan) by Corot, against a background of works by, among others, Boudin, Courbet, and Rousseau; through April 17. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Davie—Abstract paintings by a contemporary British artist; through Saturday, April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jacob Drachler—Paintings and constructions; through April 15. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large abstractions; through Saturday, April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lee Gatch—Pictures in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone; through Saturday, April 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Glasco—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, April 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—Paintings; through April 17. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Metal collages and collaged paintings; through April 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gutman—Figure drawings; through April 17. (Bridge, 61 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri and His Friends—An exhibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, comprising scenes of Paris and New York, as well as portraits, by him, plus works by the Eight; through April 15. (Chapellier, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semi-abstract paintings; through April 24. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Hirshfield (1872-1946)—Primitive paintings; through Saturday, April 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Huot—Paintings and flags; through Saturday, April 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Four abstract murals; through April 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Paintings; through April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Lipton—Abstract direct-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dan Lutz—Paintings of Mexico; through Saturday, April 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Len Lye—Automated steel sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Marin—Paintings (seascapes) of the thirties; through Saturday, April 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Roy Moyer—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through April 17. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract stone and marble sculptures; through April 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Etchings, chiefly figures; through April 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

James Penney—Landscapes and interiors;

The past in our present

In 1803 two carts belonging to the Danish Royal Confectioner arrived at Rosenborg Castle with a banquet service from the Royal Copenhagen manufactory. That evening the King's birthday cake was served on Flora Danica, one of the most elaborate porcelain services ever conceived.

Originally planned as a gift to Catherine the Great of Russia, Flora Danica is an interpretation in porcelain of an 18th Century botanical classic of the same name. Artists handpainted a different Danish flower or plant on each of the more than 1000 pieces—using the book plates as a guide. The work took thirteen years to complete, and by that time Catherine had died. The service was then accepted by the Danish Royal Family. Flora Danica is the only 18th Century royal banquet service still in production. It can be seen and ordered from the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Room on our second floor.

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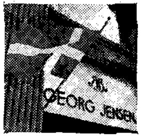

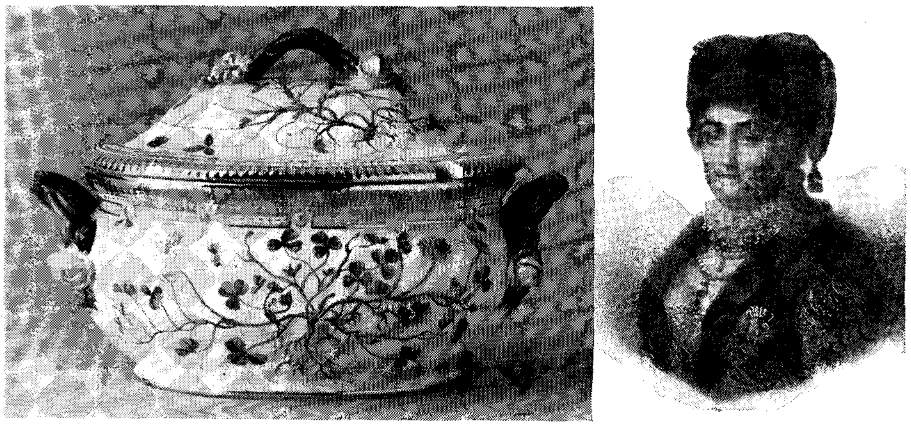

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)... ¶ Another benefit exhibition, this one of drawings; through Monday, April 5. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Arthur Polonsky—*Figure paintings and drawings*; through April 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

David Porter—Collaged paintings; through Saturday, April 3. (Marble Arch, 135 E. 79th St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 3. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures; through Wednesday, April 7. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 17. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Stone and wood carvings, bronze casts, metals in various combinations, and terra cottas polychromed; through April 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Tinguely—*Electrically powered moving* constructions; through Saturday, April 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements in wood, ivory, and bronze; through April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through April 30.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, April 3.

French; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Picasso; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Courbet, Ingres, and Boudin; through Saturday, April 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—On view in the newly renovated galleries of Far Eastern art are heads and full figures of Buddha, a pagoda, steles, a fourteenth-century wall painting, and the like. In the gallery of Islamic art, also newly renovated, are pottery, glass, metalwork, ivory carvings, woodwork, and miniature paintings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-*eight twentieth-century* European and American paintings (by, for instance, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through Monday, April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Scandinavian painters, including Ernst Josephson, 1851-1906; through April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixty *small sculptures in bronze and silver* by Dorothy Dehner; through April 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books, manuscripts, and pictures from the Cornell University *Wordsworth collection; through April* 17.... ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4.... ¶ "The John White Drawings of Raleigh's Virginia, 1585," watercolors of American Indians and their customs, on loan from the British *Museum; through* Monday, April 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fabric collage, including contemporary hangings and American quilts; starting Friday, April 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-five American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are James Brooks, Jimmy Ernst, Marcia Marcus, and Robert Cronbach; through Sunday, April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests, including Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Art: USA," *the S. C. Johnson & Son collection of paint*ings by contemporary American artists, among them Willem de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andrew Wyeth; through April 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-*office numbers are included in the listings.)*

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, April 1: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Bruno Prevedi, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Norman Scott.... ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gladys Kuchta, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, George London, and Ernst Wiemann.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, Norman Scott, and Gerhard Pechner. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, April 5: "Aïda," with Gladys Kuchta, Elena Cernei, Bruno Prevedi, Mario Sereni, Justino Díaz, and Norman Scott.... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 6: "Ernani," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 7: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 8: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Elena Cernei, Bruno Prevedi, Cesare Bardelli, Justino Díaz, and Norman Scott.... ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 10: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 10: "Die Walküre," with Anita Valkki, Régine Crespin, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Jerome Hines, and Ernst Wiemann. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 1: "Susannah."... ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi").... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English).... ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 4: "Lizzie Borden."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 4: "Oedipus

Rex" and "Carmina Burana." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall. Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; Saturday, April 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 4, at 3 (all with Nathan Milstein, violin); and Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Friday, April 9, at 2:15; Saturday, April 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 11, at 3 (all with Leslie Parnas, cello, and John Wummer, flute).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30, with Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30, a Schoenberg-Mahler program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the last in a series of all-Beethoven programs, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Hague Philharmonic—Willem van Otterloo conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Players—Ralph Shapey conducting a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing a Creston-Mahler program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 3, and Monday, April 5, at 8:40.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in performances of Haydn's "The Seven Last Words." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 4, at 3 and 9.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—Thirty-six musicians who perform without a conductor, in their first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Works by A. W. Binder—Maurice Levine directing a symphony orchestra, with the New York Lyric Ensemble; the Sophie Maslow Dance Company; Joan Caplan, contralto; Joseph Sopher, tenor; Lawrence Davidson, baritone; and Hanoch Greenfeld, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Chamber Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with William Kroll, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting, with Antonia Lavanne, soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 5:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Verdi-Brahms program, with the Festival Orchestra of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Centenary Singers—Newel Kay Brown directing a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music Society—Seven composers, among them Henry Cowell and Ernst Krenek, performing their own works, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and Claude Monteux, flute. The final concert of the season. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Gertrude Ribla—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—In a benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Chad Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Brooklyn

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Regina Sarfaty—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitarists. (Town Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in a benefit concert postponed from Jan. 9. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Dante Anniversary/1265-1965—Vittorio Gassman reading from "La Divina Commedia," in Italian, with music of the period performed by the Church of Our Saviour Gregorian Choir, directed by Johannes Somary, and the Renaissance Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 3.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 3.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 10.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 3, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10.... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 17. The Chesapeake Stakes, Saturday, April 10.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 3, at 10, and Sunday, April 4, at 10 and noon.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.)... **THE MANY FACES OF MUSIC:** A program of concert music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 10, at 3.)

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting three programs primarily for children. Saturday, April 3: "The Wind in the Mountains" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Sunday, April 4: "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday, April 10: "Peter and the Wolf," "L'Inconnue," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Afternoons at 2:15.)

Stage Shows—**COME ALONG WITH MARA:** "Princess Qua-Qua." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Absolutely Time." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.)... **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. BR 9-1399. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St. AL 4-1091. Saturday, April 10, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 2:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under for the last time this season on Saturday, April 3, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

International Automobile Show—The newest in foreign and domestic cars, plus antiques and classics. Among the entries are Chrysler's LeBaron Imperial, which comes equipped with twenty-four-carat-gold appointments, and the Aston-Martin "James Bond Special." (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 3, through Sunday, April 11. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 11; Saturdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

New York Antiques Fair—The annual spring affair, featuring, for instance, Pennsylvania cupboards, Chippendale chairs, French paperweights, Chinese porcelains, and Biedermeier clocks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 3, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 7, at 1:45: Modern graphic art, including forty-five linoleum cuts by Picasso, a set of ten etchings by Chagall, Renoir's 1898 color lithograph "Le Chapeau Epinglé," two monotypes by Vertès, and lithographs and etchings by Braque; the property of Victor W. Ganz and others. Exhibition starts Friday, April 2.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

New York World's Fair—Opening Day, April 21.

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** April 12, April 14-15, April 17-18, May 4-5, and May 7-9.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** April 21-25, April 27-28, April 30-May 2, and May 3 (benefit exhibition game, Yankees vs. Mets).

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 24.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. May 1.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, Princeton, and M.I.T. (Princeton. May 1.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. May 1.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 8.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 8.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 24-25.)... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 1-2.)... ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 17.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 17.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 24.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 1.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 8.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 24-May 31. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 1.

Soccer—International Easter Soccer Tournament at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: April 15, 18, and 21.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: April 17 and May 1.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 23-24.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 13-July 28.

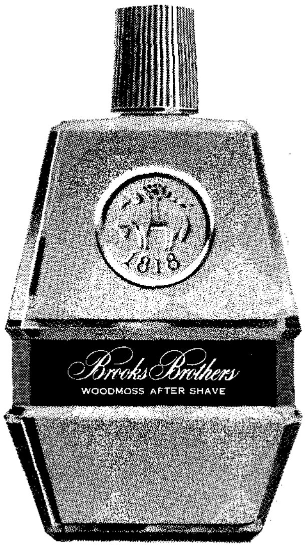
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 17. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 20. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, April 28. . . . ¶ Malcolm Frager, piano, May 7. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Vivian Rivkin, piano, April 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 12. . . . ¶ Sviatoslav Richter, piano, April 15 and 19 and May 3. . . . ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, April 18. . . . ¶ Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, April 18, 21, 23, and 25. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, April 20. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 26. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 29. . . . ¶ BBC Symphony Orchestra, April 30 and May 1, 7, and 8. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 4. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Robert Goldsand, piano, April 12. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 14. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 23. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, April 25. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Sviatoslav Richter, piano, May 1. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, May 7.

Ballet—San Francisco Ballet, at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, April 13-18. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theater, April 20-June 13. . . . ¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 21-May 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "A Sign of Affection," Carolyn Green's three-character comedy, with John Payne. . . . ¶ The City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company will offer a brief season of twenty performances. . . . ¶ James Baldwin's "The Amen Corner," starring Bea Richards and Frank Silvera, which has previously been seen in California. . . . ¶ Revivals by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of "Guys and Dolls," with Alan King, Sheila MacRae, and Anita Gillette, and "Kiss Me, Kate," with Patricia Morison and Bob Wright. . . . ¶ Eileen Heckart in a play by Terrence McNally called "And Things That Go Bump in the Night." . . . ¶ A comedy by Evan Hunter, "A Race of Hairy Men!," in which Brandon deWilde will appear. . . . ¶ A London musical, "Half a Sixpence," taken from "Kipps," a novel by H.G. Wells. Beverley Cross wrote the book, David Heneker turned out the music and lyrics, and Tommy Steele heads the cast. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Palaces," a musical by Frank Loesser, with a book by Sam Spewack and Mr. Loesser, suggested by Mr. Spewack's play "Once There Was a Russian." The cast includes Jack Cassidy, Phyllis Newman, Hy Hazell, and John McMartin. . . . ¶ Ken Murray narrating his program of Hollywood home movies. . . . ¶ "Flora, the Red Menace," a musical adaptation, by George Abbott and Robert Russell, of Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner." John Kander is responsible for the music and Fred Ebb for the lyrics; Liza Minnelli has the title role.

Poetry Readings—John Gielgud and Irene Worth. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500. May 2 and 9.)

Other Dates—Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1964 and estimates for 1965 are due Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 18. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 25. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 28.



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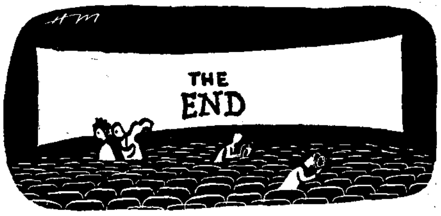
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 7.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 6, tentative.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 6.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is notable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the charming star, assisted by Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, Eddie Mayehoff, and Claire Trevor. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Love Goddesses—A first-rate documentary, in which Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson display an astonishing assortment of movie sex kittens, from Fannie Ward to Brigitte Bardot. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through April 6.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A strong and affecting study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, flawlessly enacted by Ivan Dixon. The screenplay is by Michael Roemer and Robert Young; the former directed the picture, and the latter photographed it. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 7. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 7, tentative.)

Samurai Assassin—Toshiro Mifune is as fierce and resourceful as ever and wades knee-high through corpses of his own making. An exceptionally beautiful movie, as well as an exceptionally bloody one. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

36 Hours—Wicked Nazis and an alert United States Intelligence man in a see-saw battle of wits at a critical moment of the Second World War. With James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 7.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin suspense item, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 2-5.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 6.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 7.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 6.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 2-5.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 2-4.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting April 6.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 6.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 5.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 5.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 7.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 1.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 6.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 5. . . . ¶ Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through April 6.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 3.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 2-5.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through April 4.)

The Thundering Sword (1964)—A French takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Also known as "Cartouche." (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting April 7.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 5.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 1.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 4-6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through April 3: "Dead of Night" (1946), with Michael Redgrave. . . . ¶ April 4-7: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), with Laura La Plante. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through April 6: "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov.
From April 7: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through April 5: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From April 6, at 8:15: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call OR 7-1400, Ext. 21.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Quick, Before It Melts," George Maharis, Robert Morse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Operation Crossbow," Sophia Loren, George Peppard.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through April 6: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From April 7: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret, Michael Parks.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SAMURAI ASSASSIN (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 6: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From April 7: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 6 (tentative): **TOPKAPI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From April 7: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 4: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From April 5: **THE MARK**, revival; and **TIGER BAY**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Red Lanterns" (in Greek), Jenny Karezi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 6: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From April 7: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret, Michael Parks.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 6: **THE LOVE GODDESSES.**
From April 7: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through April 6: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From April 7: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
April 1: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
April 2-4: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
April 5: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From April 6: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GOLDFINGER.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 6 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From April 7 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

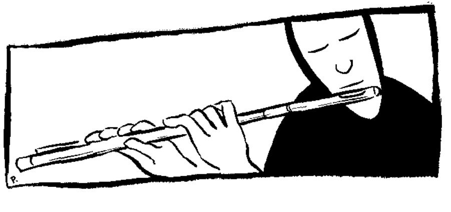
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 6: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From April 7: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret, Michael Parks.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 6: "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov.
From April 7: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 1: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
April 2-5: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune. (In addition to the regular films, "The Cousins," a French revival, will be shown at 12:55 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday, April 3-4.)
From April 6: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 3: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
April 4-6: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From April 7: **36 HOURS**; and "Ship Ahoy," revival, Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 6: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland; and "Witchcraft," Lon Chaney.
From April 7: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 6: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From April 7: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 5: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
April 6: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy; and "Sweethearts," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From April 7: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret, Michael Parks.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

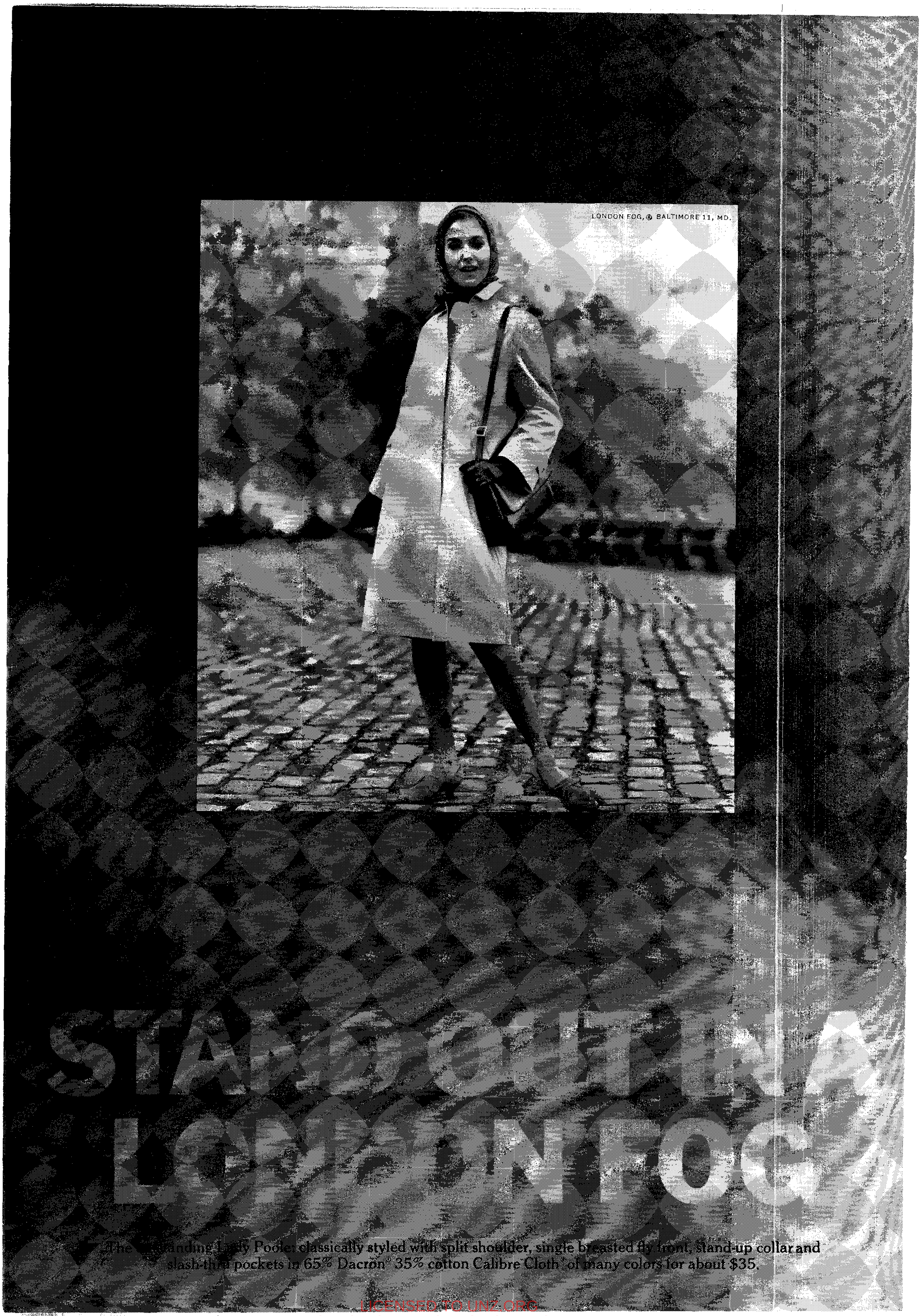
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Not on Your Life" (in Spanish), Nino Manfredi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 1: "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Naked Jungle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston.
April 2-5: **STAGE DOOR**, revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
April 6-7: "Sweet Smell of Success," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Odds Against Tomorrow," revival, Harry Belafonte, Ed Begley.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 6: **GOLDFINGER.**
From April 7: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 1: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
April 2-5: **TOPKAPI**; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From April 6: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 6: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From April 7: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.



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While it's still here.

For, one of these years, this land of leprechauns and low prices and blarney and low prices and leisure and low prices will disappear (albeit kicking and screaming) into the twentieth century.

And that thought does not please us.

Already, the price of filet mignon at Jammet's in Dublin has risen from the 1957 level of $1.65 to a new high of $2.59 (But that's still a far cry from the $6.95 it would fetch in New York.)

Things are changing in Ireland, true, but there is one saving grace: the changes will not come overnight.

Even the economists know better than to push us too far too fast. Their motto is "Togtar na caisleain beagan ar beagan"—which means, in the more expensive language, "little by little, castles are built."

Not that we don't have plenty of castles already.

But what's being built now are some new hotels and roads and factories and the like.

Intercontinental has recently completed three new hotels at Dublin, Limerick and Cork. And Hilton, father and son, have broken ground for a new hotel in Dublin. By the time it's complete the prices will probably be a bit higher than the $3.50 you pay now for room and breakfast at Ower House, hard by the shores of Loch Corrib ("No telly, wireless or other public noise").

If you would like to stay in one of our overabundance of castles, there's one in Cong that, for $14.44 per day, will bed you and board you (3½ meals, the ½ being very high tea), supply you with fishing gear and a wooly muffler if there's a chill in the air, and give you license to take advantage of some of the world's biggest and dumbest salmon and brown trout in the 23,000 acres of lakes bordering the property.

For more intelligent adversary, you might challenge the Butler Sisters, antique dealers, to a round of bargaining. Even if they win, you'll be taking home a 16th century English carved chest (left here during one of the occupations, no doubt) for about half what you would pay in the United States.

Later, to toast your bargaining ability (or the Sisters') you can fill your new Waterford crystal tumblers with some Guinness stout (Irish price: 20¢, N.Y. price: 43¢) and drink up. And up. And up. (At those prices, why not?)

To clear your head next morning, get up early and go on a Pony Trek across the countryside. (A word of advice: don't pack the crystal with you. Irish ponies go whummmp when they walk.)

A week of Pony Trekking around Ireland on a well-padded saddle will cost you anywhere from $53.10 to $73.61, including lodgings and food for you and your mount.

If you would like to buy a horse, instead of renting one, you can catch the auctions at Galway Fair. A Connemara pony can be had for about $300. For $9,950 at the bloodstock sales in Ballsbridge, you can buy an Irish thoroughbred that might win the Kentucky Derby for you.

If you've a pipedream of another sort, find the pipe at Shannon, where a Peterson pipe is $6.50, half the New York price.

We will give you all the bargains you can carry. But in return, you will have to give us more than money.

As one of our eminent Irish social critics recently put it, "Although the pace of life has quickened in Ireland, as everywhere else, we still have a hierarchy of values. We still think that warm human contacts should take precedence over commerce. We won't treat you as a stranger, and we won't thank you for acting like one. We still think that speech is the characteristic human coefficient.

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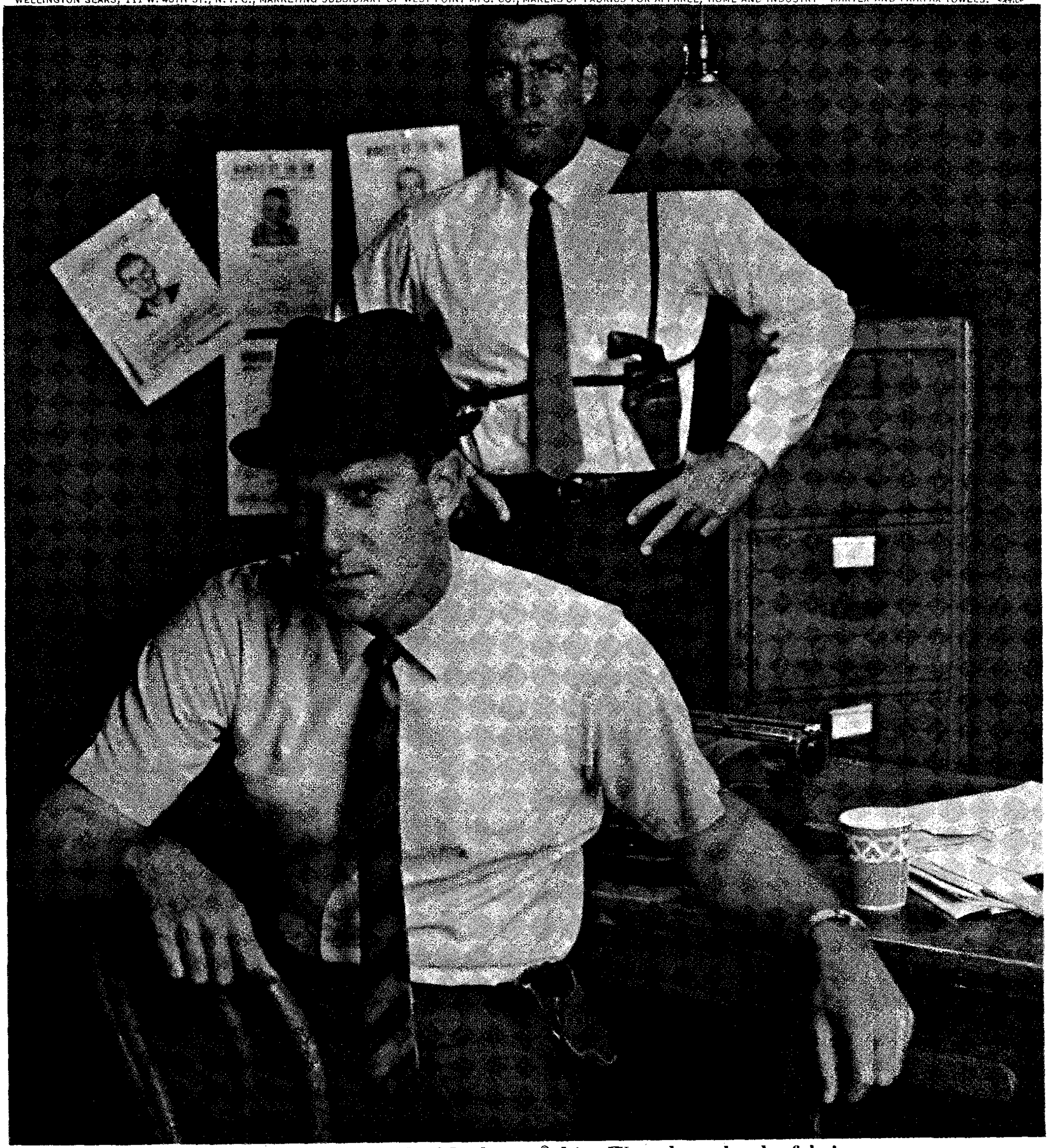

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It is.

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For alone among luxury cars, the new Jaguar 3.8 "S" is distinguished by its superb roadability, by the way it accelerates and handles, by its four-wheel disc *brakes and all-around independent suspension.* It takes to the road like no other luxury sedan you have ever driven.

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The new Jaguar 3.8 "S" comes complete at $5,735 (P.O.E.), with overdrive and power steering, on terms certain to be convenient to you. (If you're going to Europe, money-saving overseas delivery can be arranged.) See and drive the 3.8 "S" *at your dealer's.*

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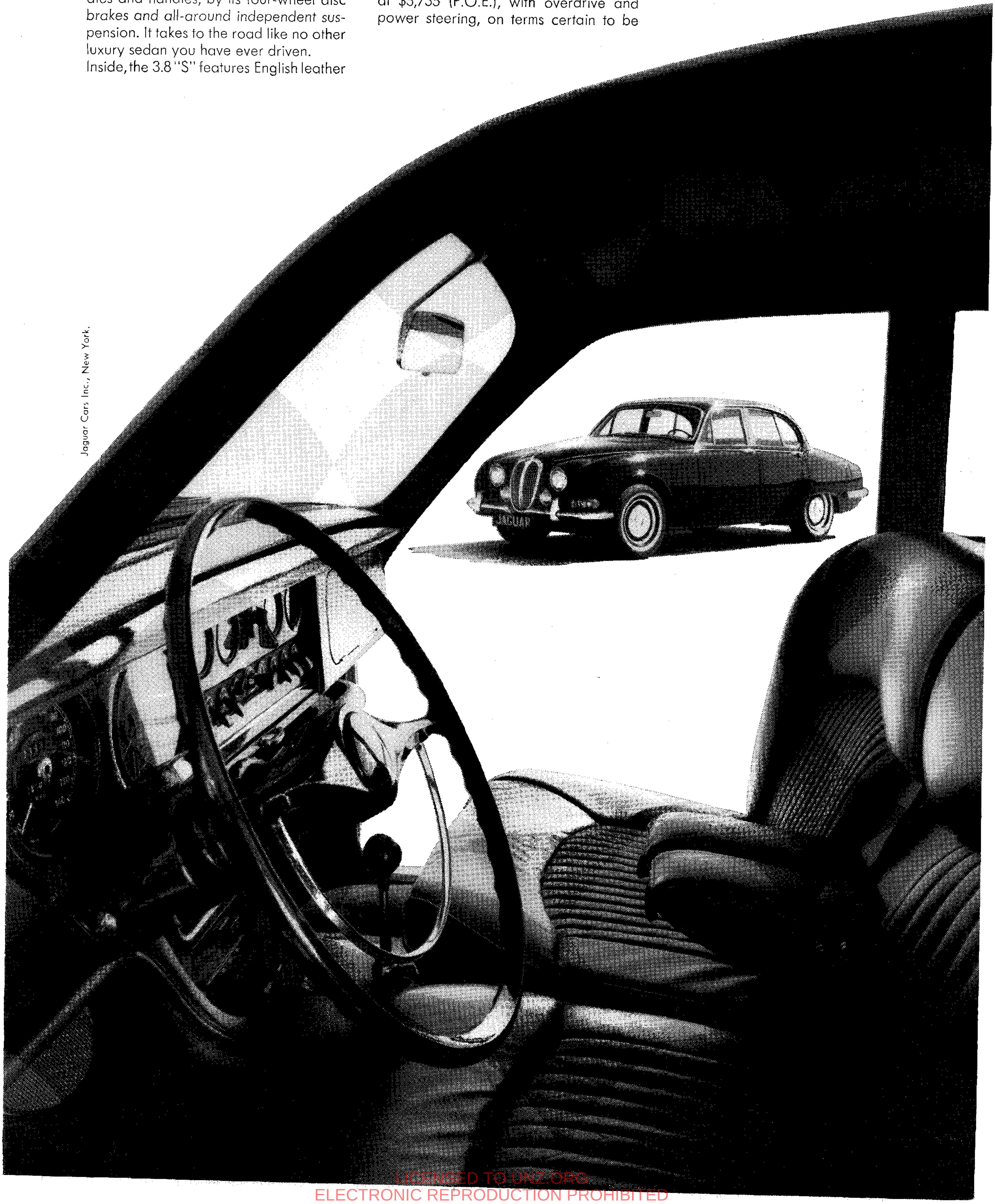

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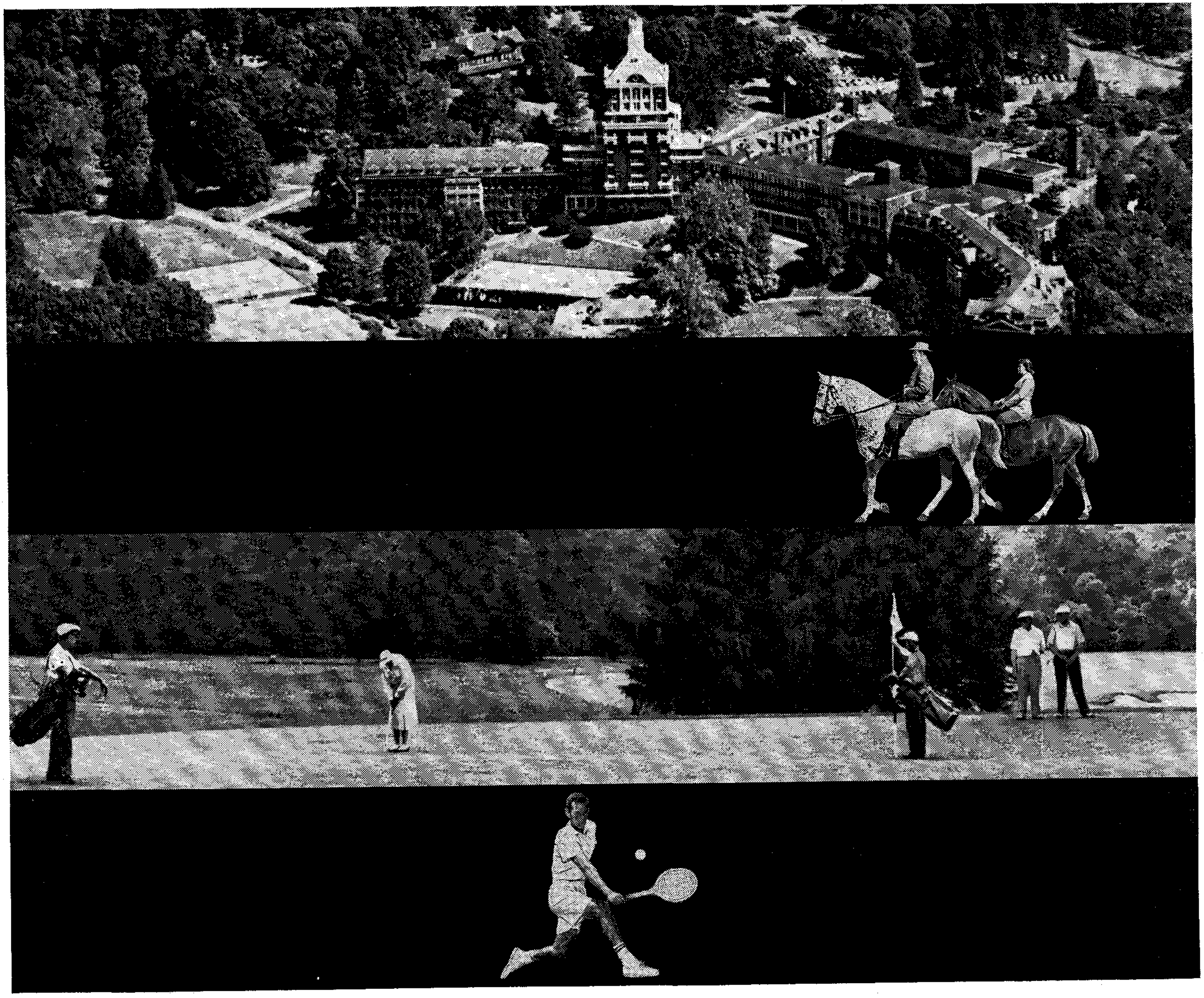

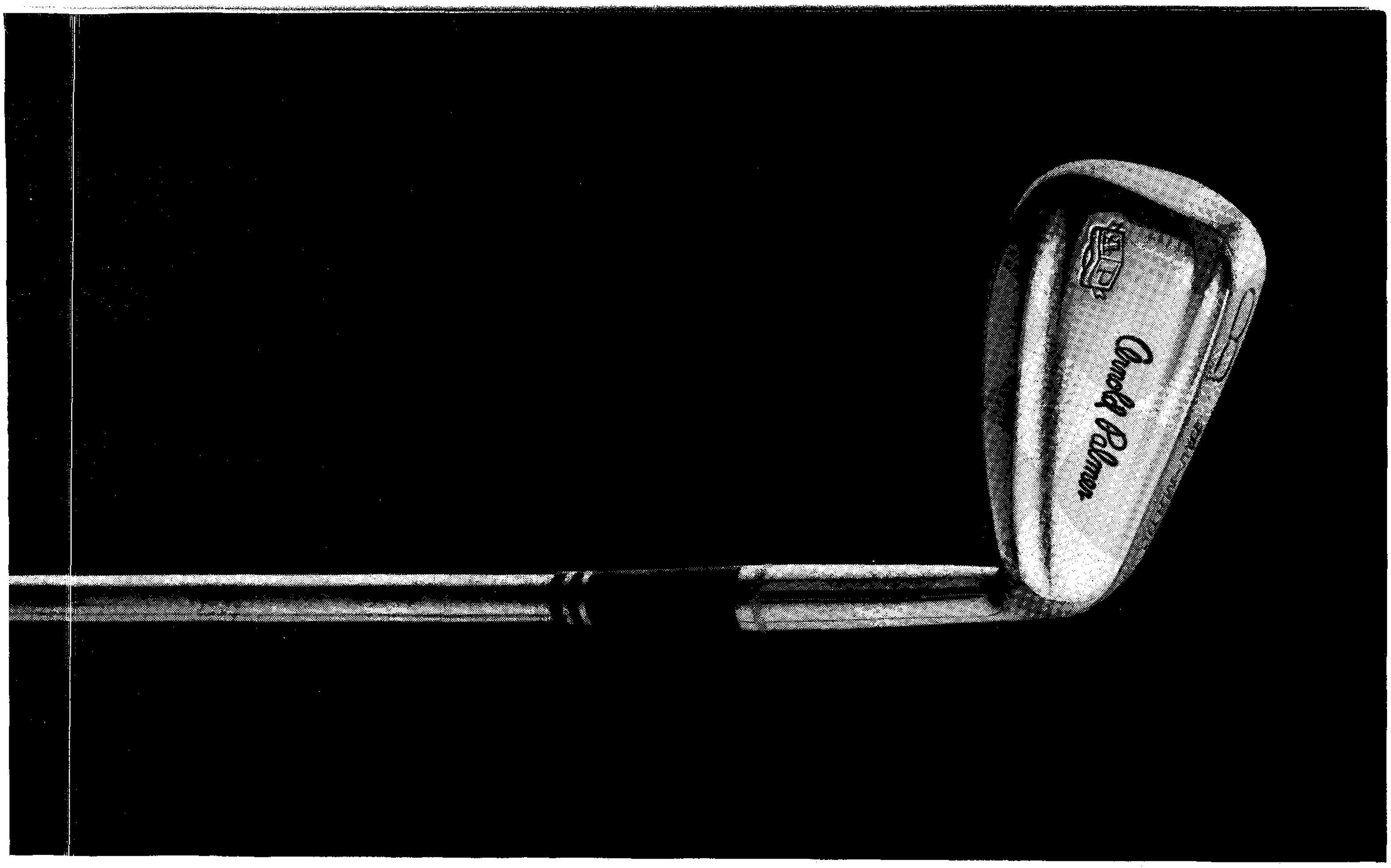

In a word: class.

Arnold Palmer is an amiable man, but he has firm ideas about equipment.

Last year he decided to have his own clubs manufactured in his own way. And golfers ever since have been asking their golf professionals: "What makes them special?"

There's a long answer and a short one. The long answer is: "Everything."

Take the matching of sets. It's so exact that all nine different clubs *feel* identical in your hands.

The engineering of heads and shafts is special, too. It's calculated to give each club a flight pattern as predictable as that of a guided missile.

And there are dozens of little perfections you might not even notice. Like the subtle beefing up of the *top* of the blade, where most clubs are thin. Or the studied simplicity of the back design. Even the depth and luster of the chrome work is deliberate; it may not influence the ball, but it makes *you* feel good.

Arnie's whole idea is to place in your hands a set of tools so mechanically flawless you can forget about everything except your form. "After an hour," wrote one golfer, "the clubs began to feel like part of my own arm."

What about the short answer? It's in one word: class. If you have a touch of it, nobody needs to explain it to you. You'll just go to your pro shop some sunny Spring morning, and you'll fondle these beautiful weapons, and a bell will ring inside your head, and you'll do what comes naturally.

Arnold Palmer Company,
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Arnie's own.

*T.M.'s of Arnold Palmer Co.

Telefishin'

This might well be remembered as the first seaworthy television. It's the 9″ Sony. (Not to be confused with sonar.) The Sony can't find fish, but the least we could do was include an earplug, so the noise won't scare them away. This Tackle-box-size TV operates on a rechargeable battery pack. And an AC wall plug for landlubbers. It has 29 little non-heating, long-living transistors. So you won't often be sending out "maydays" to the repairman. And even if the water gets a little wavy, the picture never does. Thanks to the 43″ telescoping antenna. (To which you can also tie a white shirt. In the event you drift out too far.) And here's the best thing about it. When the fish aren't biting, you can always turn on the news. And catch Robert Trout. **The 9″ Anyplace SONY® TV**

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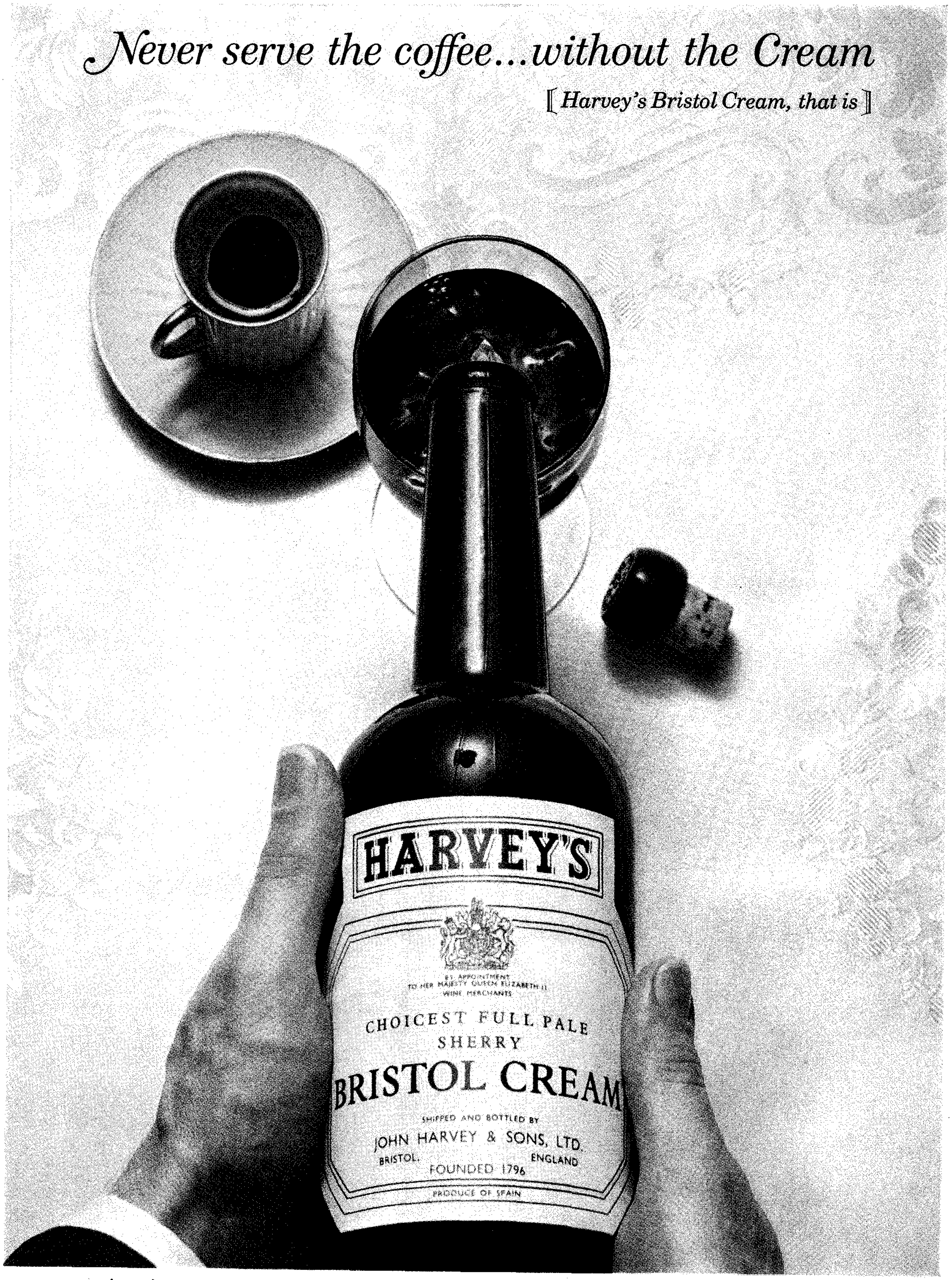
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[[Harvey's Bristol Cream, that is]]
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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II WINE MERCHANTS
CHOICEST FULL PALE
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BRISTOL CREAM
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An after-dinner drink should be sweet, but Bristol Cream® isn't sticky about it.
Oh…you might enjoy it on the rocks, too.

The familiar "little guy" that can be all work or all play.

Leave the roads behind...and the crowds, too.

You don't pay extra to "get away from it all" with a 'Jeep' Universal. It's a built-in feature!

Just shift into 4-wheel drive, and you're boss of all outdoors! Take your boat to the uncrowded lakes...you've got all 4 wheels working for you. With 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive traction, you handle mud, sand, rough country...even snow and icy patches. You hug slippery roads like glue! Hunting, fishing, camping, you name it . . . your 'Jeep' Universal is the best "trail blazer" you can have.

And a hard worker around your home, farm, or business, too. Hauling, pushing, pulling, snow plowing...there's little it can't do. Power take-offs available. Your choice of half cab, full cab, convertible top, or for that matter, no top at all. 81" wheelbase or its longer 101" brother. See your nearest 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the 'Jeep' Universal soon...and join the "Unstoppables."

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The original work-and-hobby horse. 'Jeep' Universal with 4-wheel drive.

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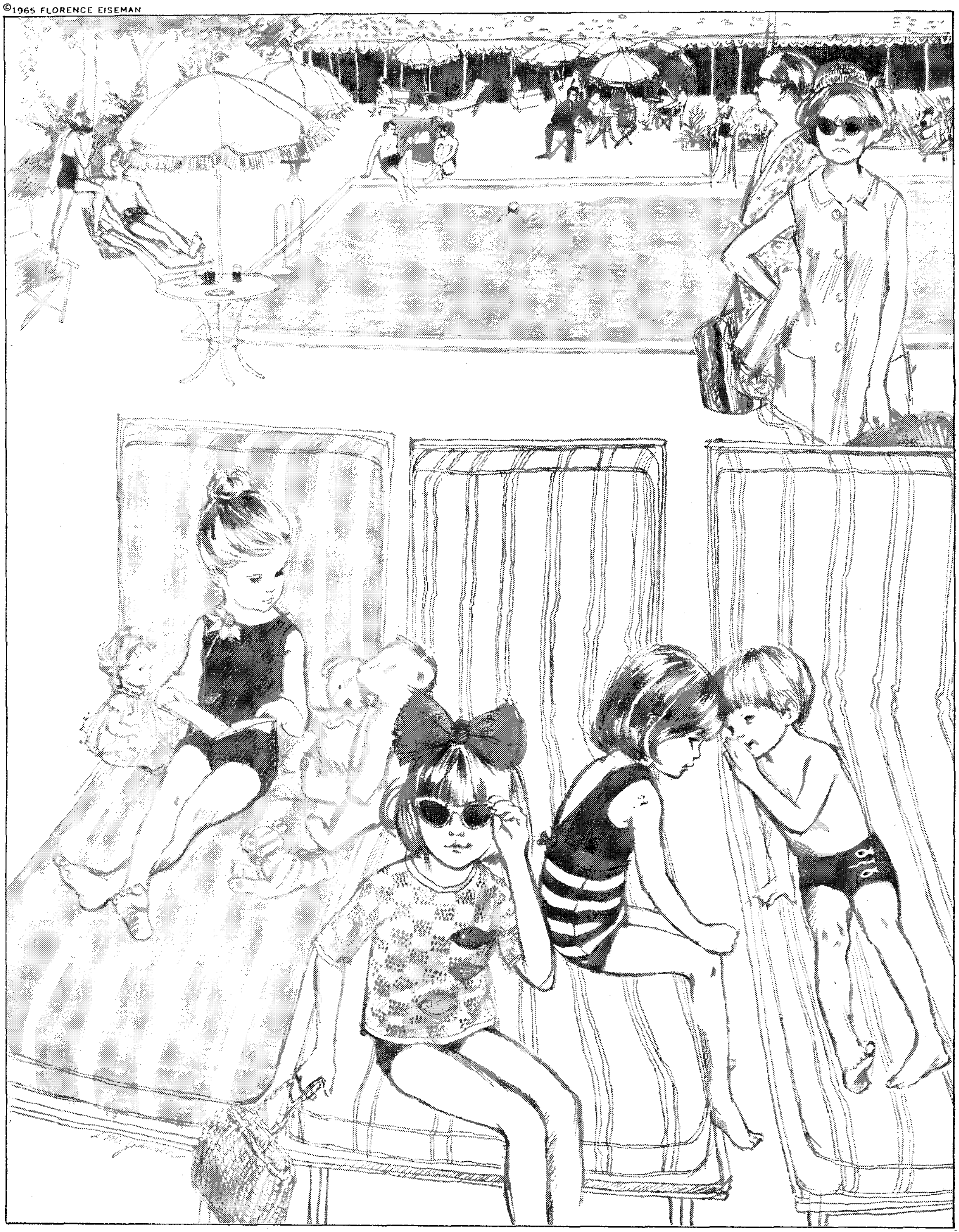
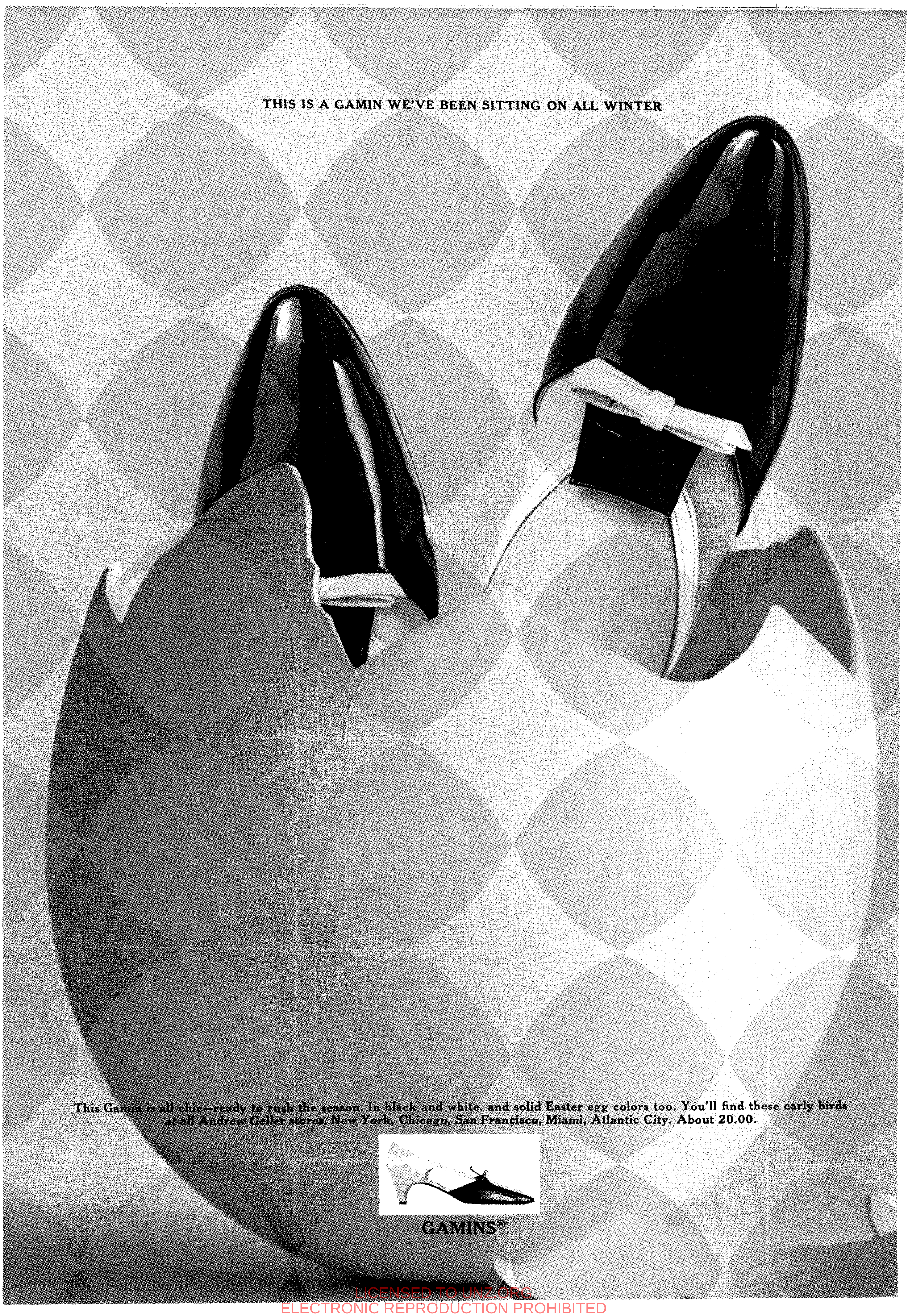


Don't hog the lounges at the Country Club, Daddy is a member in Good Standing. (so far)

IF YOU WANT TO BE A POOLSIDE DARLING,
PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Don't play Lawrence of Arabia in the club's beach towels. We saw the picture too.
2. Leave the water in the pool where it belongs. Don't splash it on people. If they want water, they know where to find it.
3. Don't spend all day on the diving board. By the time you get your courage up 16 other people could have gotten in.
4. Don't waste mommy's Bain De Soleil on your teddy bear. He doesn't need it.
5. Never, never say, "Help, I'm drowning", if you aren't.

Our Country Club clan are, of course, wearing pool-suits by Florence Eiseman. A superb collection of water baby suits in nylon Helenca® done in the Navy's best blue and cabana reds - one even has a fishnet slipover for tender shoulders. Girl's sizes 2 to 12, Boy's sizes 2 to 8. At fine stores all around the country, including Jean Gale, New York, Wayzata Children's Shop, Minnesota, and I. Magnin & Company, Los Angeles. **FLORENCE EISEMAN.**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The miracle ingredient in this product is your skin.

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Creme Cleanser
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DuBARRY®
the most elegant name in cosmetics

Shoko's gracious heritage

Why Japan's worldwide airline is so delightfully unique

As Shoko Yamamoto welcomes you aboard, you begin an experience unique in airline travel. Here, on Japan Air Lines is warmth and hospitality in the classic Japanese manner—innate in the family heritage of Shoko and her sister hostesses.

Their charm and grace as they serve you in flight are of the world's "oldest school of manners"—the Japanese home. Since childhood they have lived by a code of etiquette evolved over centuries. Thoughtful respect for elders, loving guidance of children, gracious attention to guests—all are as cultivated and composed as the household's Japanese garden.

Heritage grace, and a Continental flair

It is this heritage of their ancestral homes that Shoko and every JAL hostess bring to transPacific and worldwide flights on Japan Air Lines. Charming in kimono, they pamper you with the graces of Japan. A fragrant *o-shibori* hot towel to refresh you. A cup of warm *sake* or your favorite cocktail. A sampling of *tsumami-mono* delicacies. Continental luncheons and dinners served in the classic atmosphere of your cabin's pine-bough brocades and ancient crests of Japan.

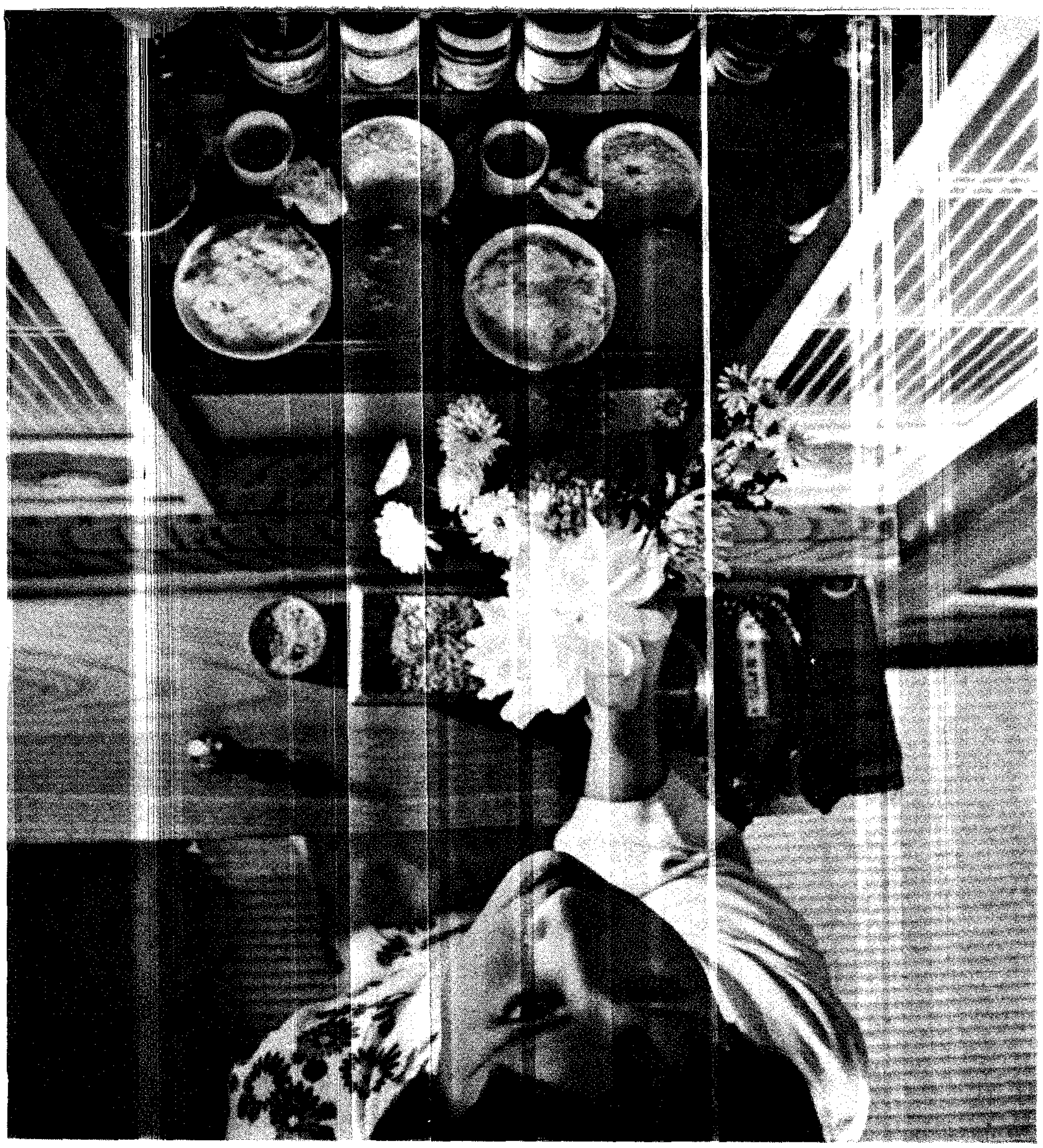
California to Japan...17 flights a week

This hospitality and concern for your well-being is combined with dependable jet-age airmanship on JAL routes virtually the world around. From San Francisco or Los Angeles, JAL offers 17 flights a week to Tokyo—all via sunny Honolulu. Plan to stop over for an interlude of Hawaiian surf and sun. No extra fare!

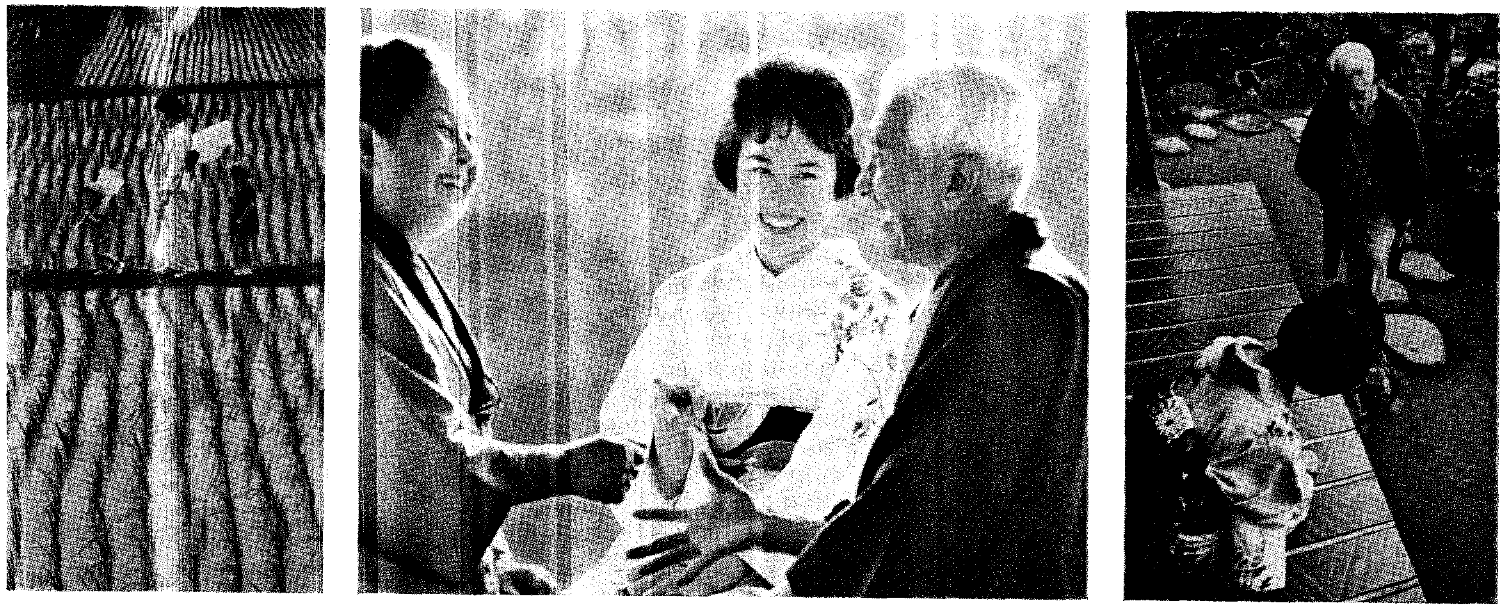
But the Pacific is just the beginning of a travel experience unique in all the world. Japan Air Lines can fly you on to more than a score of world capitals throughout Asia, India, the Middle East, Europe. JAL also flies directly over the North Pole between Europe and Japan! So wherever in the world your travels take you, see your travel agent about enjoying the unique pleasures of flying Japan Air Lines—"the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

JAPAN AIR LINES

U.S.A. to all the Orient and around the world



Tribute to a gracious heritage: *JAL hostess Shoko Yamamoto arranges flowers at the family shrine. This veneration of time-honored values is reflected in the classic hospitality extended on JAL's transPacific and world-ranging Jet Couriers.*



Japan's traditional etiquette brings beauty and happiness to childhood, pleasure to the home, graciousness to all aspects of life. You sense it on Japan Air Lines as kimono-clad hostesses anticipate your every wish.

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The way she likes it...he likes it...you'll like it.

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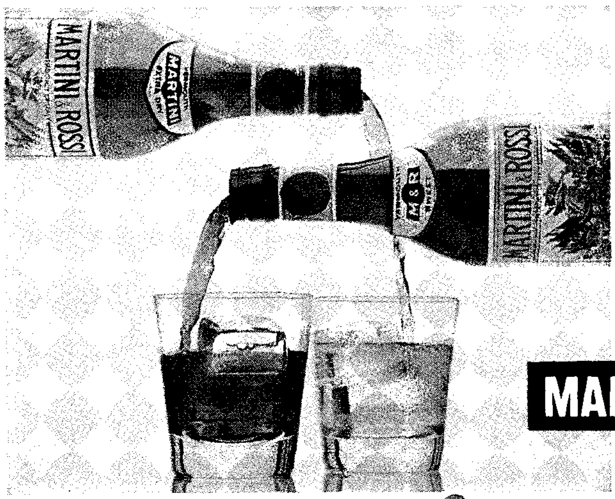
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GO AHEAD,
SLEUTH AROUND!
SLAM THE DOORS!
KICK A FEW TIRES!
TRY THE WINDOWS!

PRETTY GOOD-LOOKING FOR A COMPACT, RIGHT?

THIS FAR EASTERN BEAUTY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE POVERTY

(NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CHARM)

AND UNDERNEATH WHERE IT REALLY COUNTS ENOUGH H.P. TO GET YOU ARRESTED ON ANY U.S. HIGHWAY. YOU MAY GET UP TO 39 M.P.G. JUST SNOOPING AROUND TOWN. ON THE LONG-RUN, THE UPKEEP ON ALL 60 HORSES DOESN'T AMOUNT TO A BAG OF FEED. AND THIS ROADMANTIC ROAD-HUGGER CAN HOLD ITS OWN WEIGHT ON ANY TURNPIKE...

WINDY, ***FAST*** OR SLICK.

INTERIOR: A functionally handsome blending of tougher than leather vinyl, brushed wool carpeting and a safety padded dash.

COST? INCLUDING ALL FANCY EXTRAS

(optionals on other cars)

white wall tires / heater / defroster ventilator / front and rear arm-rests, 2-speed windshield wipers, and washers that work...

ALL THIS, AND A 3-SPEED ALL SYNCHROMESH TRANSMISSION, PLUS A 12 MONTH OR 12,000 MILE GUARANTEE ON THE WHOLE WORKS...FOR ABOUT

¥ 610,560 YEN...OR

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AND, IF YOU PREFER A 4-SPEED STICK SHIFT WITH BUCKET SEATS...ADD 50 DOLLARS THAT'S IT, EXCEPT FOR ONE MORE THING: SOME COMPACTS CLAIM

BIG CAR FEEL; THIS ONE HAS IT!

CURIOUS ABOUT THE NAME?

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR...DATSUN

DATSUN

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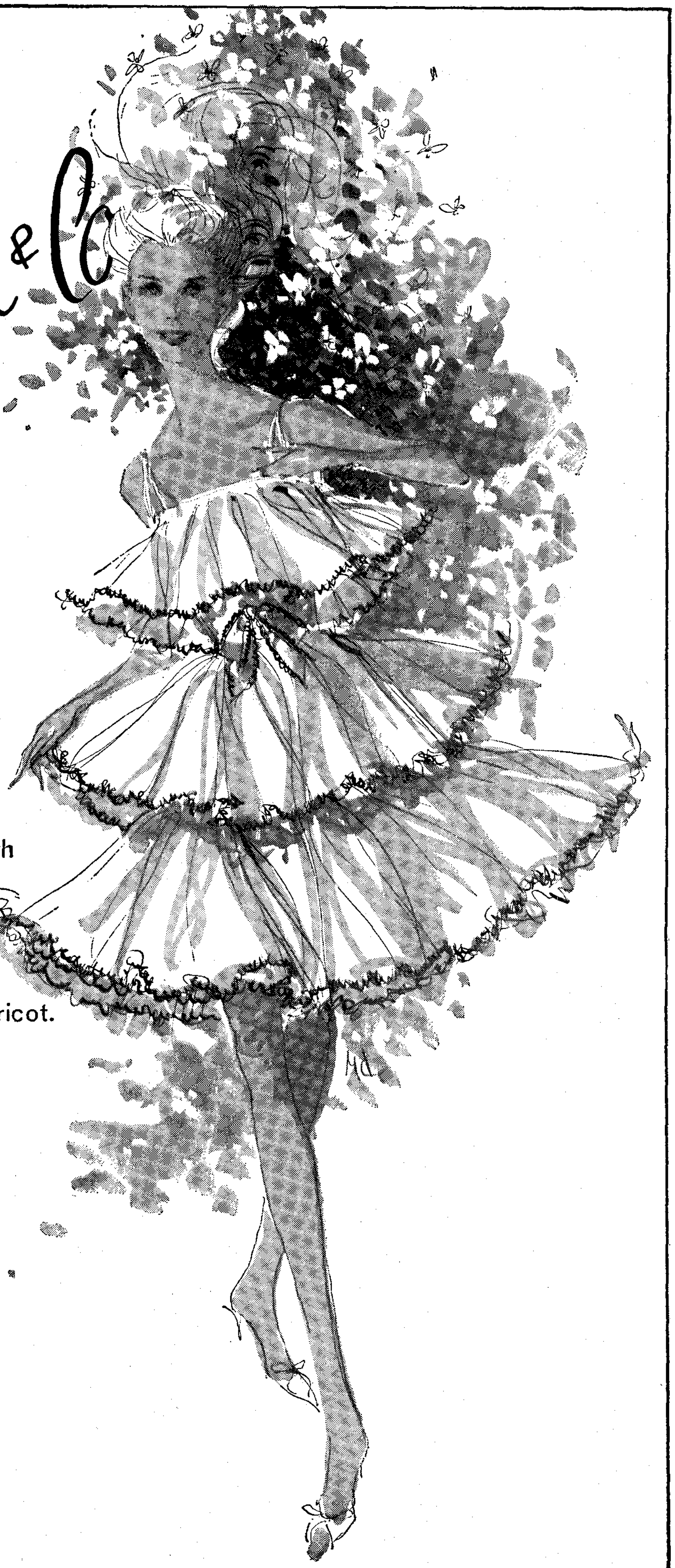


Now . . .

the three-tiered

waltz gown

for sleeping!

A fortune in beauty . . . new gown by Chevette with airy flouncing from top to hemline. Charmingly edged with black lace, spaghetti straps and a center bow of nylon satin. Nylon sheer and nylon tricot. White, rose or aqua with black lace. 30 to 34. **18.00**

Sleepwear, second floor, Fifth Avenue, Murrayhill 9-7000 and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Reverend Carl F. Burke, a Buffalo clergyman who works with delinquent boys, has found the King James version of the Bible a poor tool for the task. He cites, as an example, the parable from Matthew that goes:

> How think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?
>
> And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

Mr. Burke points out that "some of the boys never saw a sheep and don't know what a shepherd is," and that therefore "Biblical allusions to these make no sense." This problem is not the contemporary novelty that Mr. Burke appears to believe. We imagine that any time this past fifty years and more the number of people in this country who enjoyed a first-hand acquaintance with sheep was very small compared to the number who did not. In our own case, if memory serves, the problem was neatly solved by a clergyman who merely held up a large and hideous lithograph of the Good Shepherd and pointed out the sheep in it and told us what a shepherd did, and we were saved. Mr. Burke has elected to pursue another course. According to the *Times*, which is our source of information in this matter, he "sat down with several of the youths, studied their 'thought patterns,' and developed a 'new vernacular.' " The parable of the ninety and nine has accordingly been revised, refined, and revivified to run thus:

> There was a used car lot at the corner. The owner had 100 "heaps" on it. If one of the "heaps" was snitched, would the owner go and look for it? You bet he would. He would never give up looking till he found it.

If we except the eight or ten young rowdies in the back row there, whose thought patterns are such that they have been snickering and punching one another's shoulders all through this recital, we must concede that Mr. Burke has been successful. That is to say, he has succeeded in likening the Almighty to a used-car dealer, doubtless to the unspeakable enlightenment of his little flock, or inventory.

WE suppose it is none of our business, but we can't help wondering if American Airlines is altogether wise in trying to attract customers with the promise that "now you can see your own take-off on Astrovision." Thanks to a camera in the nose of the airplane and little television sets at the seats, the traveller is given a pilot's-eye view of the entire hoisting operation. "The runway rushes under you, your 'windshield' suddenly fills with sky," chimes the advertising dithyramb. "And you find yourself with a view that used to be strictly for the birdmen. And if we sound excited about the take-off, wait until we show you your landing. (You may suddenly discover you're a back-seat driver.)" We very likely would. And the prospect, somehow, fails to charm. Speaking strictly for ourself, we find that the partial side glance afforded by the windows corresponds perfectly with our feeling of utter helplessness, whereas the lady with whom we generally travel appears to be satisfied with a mere closeup view of our lap. Even the sportiest rubberneck, we suspect, would be disconcerted if the camera were one day to show him Jamaica Bay where he was expecting the runway to be. But doubtless the airline has prepared for such possibilities, and, in the event of crisis, will immediately cut to a rapid screening of "This Is Your Life."

Lecturer

THE debate—or series of monologues—that has lately been conveniently labelled the Two Cultures began not in 1959, with C. P. Snow's pamphlet "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," but in 1953, with a series of lectures by a British scholar, Dr. J. Bronowski, who was then serving as the Carnegie Visiting Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Bronowski has been, variously, poet, historian, teacher, inventor, administrator, mathematician, statistician, literary critic, and philosopher of science, and in England he has made almost as many public appearances as the Beatles. Partly for respite, he and his wife have moved to La Jolla, California, where he is now Deputy Director of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. Hearing that Dr. Bronowski had been giving another series of lectures, this time at the Museum of Natural History, we went over one day, after the last of them, and met him in a bare corner room overlooking

Central Park. We found him to be a short, nut-colored man with wiry black hair and eyebrows, a broad brow, horn-rimmed glasses, and twinkling eyes.

"Well, what shall I tell you?" Dr. Bronowski asked.

We inquired how he had come, with such evident success, to span the two cultures.

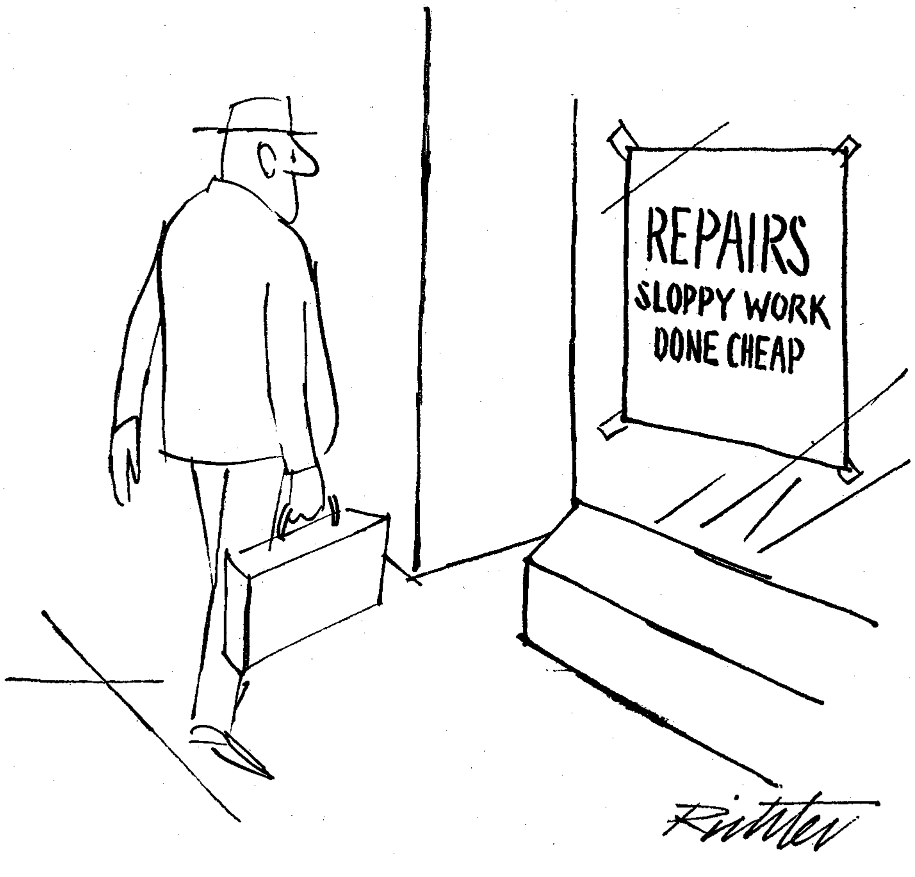
"I was born in Poland, in 1908," he said. "I lived as a child in Germany. My family came to England in 1920, when I was twelve. I arrived speaking no English. I had a natural talent for mathematics, and also I discovered the word 'water' at the same time as the symbol 'H_2O.' From childhood, I was fascinated by the two languages into which I was thrust. Science *is* a particular language for understanding nature. I had a very spectacular advantage, denied people who are brought up learning English at their mother's knee and must find their way into science later. I came to both cultures at the same time—one of those extraordinary advantages that bad luck always brings."

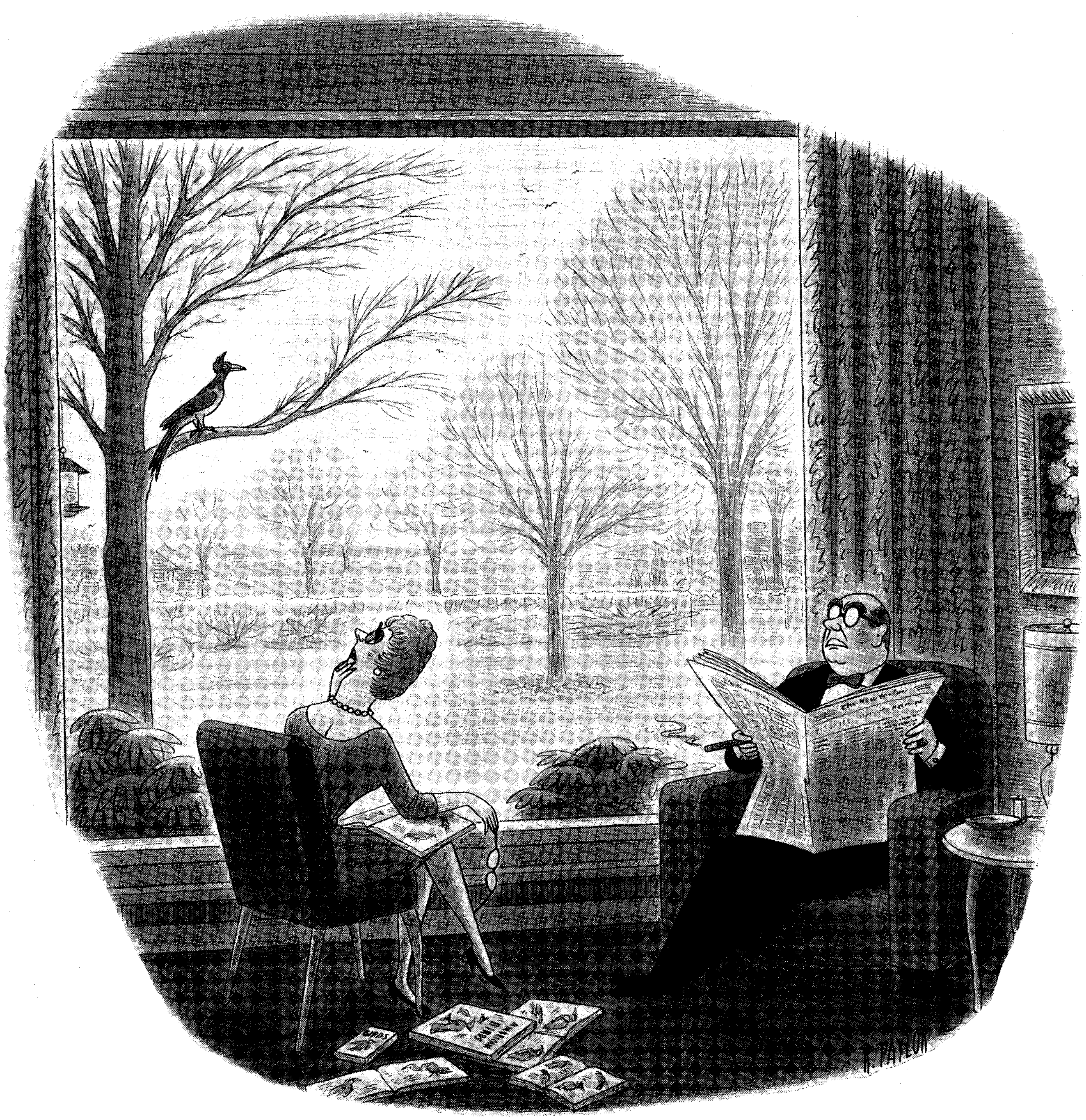
We asked him to continue with his autobiography.

"I went to Cambridge, and Cambridge published my first book, 'The Poet's Defence,' " he said. "My second book, about Blake, is something of a landmark. Only then did I write my first book of science, which Harvard published—always very respectable publishers. The period in which I was a research student at Cambridge—from 1930 to 1933—was a time of exciting advances in physics: the breaking up of the atomic nucleus by Cockcroft and Walton, and Chadwick's discovery of the neutron. Ever since I was at M.I.T. twelve years ago, it has been clear to me that we are at another great turning point in science—the elucidation of living matter in atomic terms—and also that there is a much more lively and active interest in science in this country than in England. You might say I'm part of the brain drain, but it's not really true, since I've reached that age when scientists become philosophers. Athens didn't simply dissolve overnight when Socrates drank the hemlock."

Dr. Bronowski paused for a moment, then said, "In January, 1964, I arrived in this country from England on a very snowy, bad-tempered evening, and there was a letter from the Museum of Natural History asking me to give these lectures. Since I had come over here to live but had no very clear idea of what work I wanted to do, this was wonderful. I could pull all the threads together. Science is a way of seeing the world—like the arts. The other night, an intelligent friend of mine said, 'You still haven't explained to me why I should want to know how the electric light or the telephone works.' The obvious answer is: Why should I want to know how *he* works? But so very many intelligent people still sit down with a book as if it held a secret for them, and regard nature as something quite different. They still believe that if you pick up Dostoevski there is more than statements and symbols but that if you pick a chemistry handbook there are only facts. This is really quite an important point. That science is a vision of the world escapes some people. If the electric light doesn't work, they get someone in who can fix it, and half the people who are unhappy with their wives go to an analyst to fix that. That's as far as they go. Science is a great imaginative vision—again, like the arts—and a tremendous tribute to man's intellectual power over the last three hundred years. But matter and people have infinitely more ingenious connections than we shall ever guess. We look in everything for truth but find only knowledge, and certainty we never find. Our brains do not work with certainties, and our senses are such that a wholly neutral, uninterpreted record never reaches us."

Dr. Bronowski smiled and pressed his palms together beneath his chin. "We *know* now that the brain does not work by ordinary logic, like a computer in the Pentagon, and that if it did, it would have to be fully as large as the Pentagon. For a while, every physicist was trying to make models of the atom like small dynamos; it took fifty years to realize that dynamos are made of atoms—not the other way. And the brain makes logic—not the other way. Now, 'Crime and Punishment' doesn't read just like Newton's 'Optics.' If you read Newton, he asks you to immerse yourself in his vision in a different way—to *agree*—which Dostoevski does not. You can say, 'I see it the way Newton saw it, though *not* the way he first realized it.' Newton had a vision of how light was constructed that only a wildly original mind could have arrived at. I could live five hundred years and not have so ridiculous an idea, but very great men have very audacious ideas, in the sciences and in the arts. Science is every bit as bold and imaginative as the arts, but it has a way of formalizing its language, so that it can persuade others and be constantly checked by things that can be made to work. Literature gives no instructions, and appears to carry not one message but many, some of them conflicting. One of the theorems in Euclid is that an angle cannot be trisected with the ordinary tools of geometry—a compass and a ruler. But 'King Lear' was not written to tell us that you cannot trisect a kingdom. What makes literature exciting is not





“It’s a bird, isn’t it? What earthly difference can it make what its name is?”

• •

that we are asked to choose whether we want a divorce after reading ‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ but that it immerses us in uncertain and unknown situations, and we learn what other people are like and what we ourselves are like. Literature is about black men who strangle their white brides—full of extravagant and picaresque characters who speak for the most secret parts of ourselves. That is one thing that made Freud so popular; people realized there were others like themselves. I have been trying to take the two cultures, for the first time, beyond merely swapping bundles of information—here, I’ll tell you about the quantum theory if you’ll tell me about ‘Areopagitica.’ The scientific search for truth and the human search for understanding belong together.”

Again, Dr. Bronowski paused briefly. “After I’ve made the book from my lectures, six months from now,” he continued, looking up, “I shall be sitting at my desk and saying to myself, ‘Having said this, what do you say now?’ And I’ve thought I’d write either rather a formal book on induction or a book on a work of literature. I’ve always been very interested in a group of people called the Scriblerus Club, who were anti-Newton and anti-Whig and doomed to defeat from the time they started but were the greatest satirists of the time and produced within three years ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ ‘The Beggar’s Opera,’ and ‘The Dunciad.’ Swift was a monomaniac and Pope was a very unpleasant man but very human, and, like Blake, who was as mad as anyone I could find on a park bench, both of them also had talent."

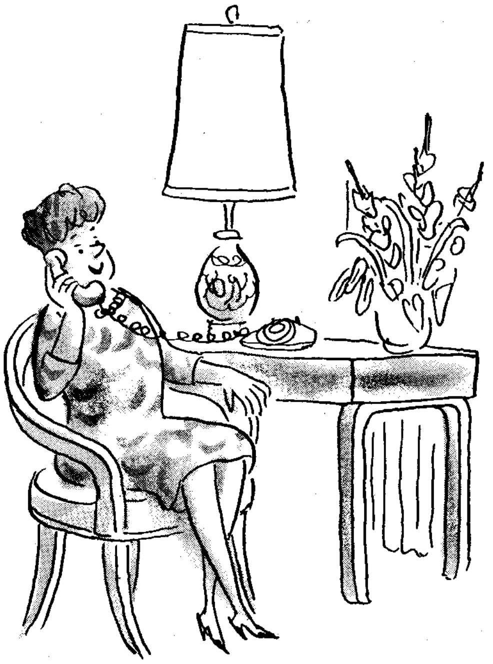
The Limit

A FRIEND of ours had occasion last week to fill out a form at his local Telephone Company office. Being a cowed and conscientious man, he put down not only the solid row of figures imposed on him by the Bell people as a phone number but also, under the heading "Address," his Zip Code number. The clerk, looking annoyed, crossed his Zip Code number out. "Our equipment isn't geared to handle this," she said.

Pad 19

HAVING accustomed ourself to turning to television for minute-by-minute reports on the flights of American astronauts into space, we decided, just before GT-3, the seventh American manned flight—that of Major Virgil I. Grissom and Lieutenant Commander John W. Young in the Titan-propelled Gemini 3—to make the trip down to Cape Kennedy to glimpse something of the conditions under which the expedition would be reported by one of the networks on launch day. The network we happened to pick was the Columbia Broadcasting System, which has as its reporter Walter Cronkite, an experienced hand at these affairs, and well before dawn on the great day, badged and accredited by the United States Air Force, we drove out past the blazing signs of Cocoa Beach ("Saturn Apartments," "Sea Missile Motel," "Satellite Motel," "Polaris Motel") to the press area at Cape Kennedy, where we were met by Michael Silver, a representative of C.B.S. The press area at the Cape lies about nine thousand feet from Pad 19, from which the Gemini 3 was to be launched, and consists of a kind of circular paddock containing a small grandstand, for the use of the writing press, and a tightly packed jumble of structures, with railed upper decks supporting aerials, that at first glance resembled a small fleet of stranded houseboats but that we soon saw was actually a group of large trailers. "We call this Trailer City," Silver said as he led us through the maze, and over innumerable trails and conduits of coaxial cable. He went on, "The Air Force allows each of the networks to use a plot thirty feet wide and I think about a hundred feet long for temporary structures. C.B.S. Television has four trailers, and C.B.S. Radio has one. For our main building here, we've put two trailers side by side and knocked the partitions out of the middle. That gives us space for a twenty-by-thirty-foot control room and a twenty-by-twenty-foot studio, which Walter will be working out of for most of the flight."

We stepped into the control room, a dark place packed with consoles, monitoring screens, and sports-shirted C.B.S. men, and met Robert Wussler, who was producing the Cape Kennedy portion of the C.B.S. coverage of the launching, and Sanford Socolow, who is Cronkite's principal assistant. Socolow was wearing a blue-and-white sports shirt of startling Floridian design. "Gee, when they see me in this in the feeds to New York, it's hard to convince them I'm working down here," Socolow said to us. "Actually, we've put in some pretty long days in preparation for this shot. We've been down here for three weeks. There are a hundred and ten of us. Walter came down a week ago, and he's been putting in fourteen- and sixteen-hour days getting ready for the shot. Walter has been involved in reporting the space program from here ever since this was a wilderness and all we were shooting off were very crude missiles. He's become very knowledgeable about space flight—he covered all six Mercury manned flights—and he has a quick understanding of the problems involved. We've been feeding Walter an enormous amount of information down here on this shot, but we know that we're no better than what he can absorb. He's been putting in intensive study on everything he can get his hands on connected with the shot. We have huge informational books available to us. The Martin company, the builder of the Titan vehicle, puts out a thick book of information. Then, there's the Gemini-capsule book, put out by McDonnell Aircraft. Then, there's a National Aeronautics and Space Administration book covering the flight plan itself, and yet another book, put out by the Department of Defense, on recovery facilities after splashdown. On the basis of this material, we've compiled a big fact book for Walter, and on top of all this Walter has compiled a two-hundred-page briefing book of his own, which he can refer to during the flight as he reports on it. But he knows the material backward and forward."



"I'm so excited! My son's bringing two of his friends home for spring vacation. They're due any moment—Oh, here they are now!"

Socolow hurried through a door into the studio, which was visible from the control room through a picture window. We followed him. Cronkite was there, sitting at his commentator's desk. In front of him was a television camera with a large lens. To his left, four Teletype machines were chattering away, and off to his right there was a monitoring screen. He was studying a thick loose-leaf notebook whose pages were typed in extra-large letters. Socolow introduced us, and we remarked to Cronkite that we guessed he was in for a hard day's work.

"It's difficult to make people believe it, but actually it isn't all that much of a strain," Cronkite said amiably. "I have considerably more material than I can use."

We asked him if the book he was studying was the one he'd made up for himself. He said it was, and he let us riffle through it. It contained headings like "HOLDS—Built-In Holds," "DELAYS—Why," "ORBIT INSERTION," and "BOOSTER—Range Safety Abort."

We left Cronkite to his studies and went back to the control room. Things seemed to be picking up. A young man came in with a sheet of paper fresh from a Teletype. "The astronauts have breakfasted. The countdown looks superb. Weather report says there'll be light breezes and a few scattered light clouds," the young man said briskly.

Over a loudspeaker in the control

room, a technician began a countdown of his own, to test the C.B.S. equipment. On one of the monitoring screens, there was a telescopic shot of Pad 19, which showed the missile still enclosed in its erector. The klieg lights went on in the studio next door.

"This is the Intrepid," an echoing voice said on the loudspeaker.

"Are you prepared, Intrepid, to feed?" said another voice.

"Yes, I am," said the echoing voice.

On one of the monitoring screens, Jeff Gralnick, a C.B.S. reporter, was getting ready for an interview with a representative of one of the many contractors supplying material to the Gemini program—in this case, the contractor who built the heat shield of the Gemini 3 capsule. Gralnick was armed with a blowtorch and was asking the company representative to hold out a section of heat shield.

"Jeff, get the blowtorch a little closer in, would you?" the voice of the director said.

"O.K.," Gralnick said. He blazed away with the blowtorch. "Mr. Witt, you have a sample of this heat shield here. You have your hand below it. Do you feel the heat at all?" he asked.

"No," the company man said stolidly.

Wussler began shouting something about "the rough cut on the breakfast footage," which was subsequently interpreted to us as "a film about the astronauts eating breakfast—a piece of stock footage we have coming in."

It was now about six o'clock, and it was getting light outside.

"The 6 A.M. decision is *go!*" a voice in the control room shouted.

Less than an hour later, Cronkite left the studio to begin his broadcast of the preparations for the launching, which was scheduled to take place at nine. From seeing him on television during previous launchings, we had got the impression that, against a backdrop view of the launching pad, he was sitting at a desk that was resting on scrubland. Now we saw that the reality was a little different; the open-air desk from which he faced the cameras was not on the ground but on top of the C.B.S. trailer. Cronkite went up there by means of a flight of wooden stairs, and we followed, along with a number of C.B.S. people. From where we stood, Pad 19 looked a long way off; like the gantries along the Cape, it was painted a dull red. The other networks were busy with preparations on the roofs of their trailers. Just to the left of us was the National Broadcasting Company trailer, from which Roy Neal would be reporting the launch. To the right, the American Broadcasting Company people were getting things ready for Jules Bergman to go on camera. Strewn about on the trailer roofs was what seemed enough space equipment to half fill a space capsule; N.B.C. had a large spacecraft control panel for demonstration purposes, and A.B.C. had a full-scale mockup of most of the controls facing the astronauts in Gemini 3, and also an ejection seat. As for the C.B.S. people, they had all sorts of spacecraft equipment downstairs, we were told by a C.B.S. production man—such things as mockups of I.B.M. computers, inertial-guidance machinery, and astronaut food. "A lot of the manufacturers' representatives are out pushing their stuff on each of the networks in turn," the production man said. "I think they have a space-suit guy going the rounds now. I don't know who's getting it first, but we're due to get it for the second orbit." He went on to tell us with pride that C.B.S. had a big card up its competitive sleeve. "We've hired a helicopter to get aerial shots of the Titan lifting off the pad," he said. "We've received permission from N.A.S.A. to go in as close as a mile for the shot. It was Bob Wussler's idea. Ordinarily, helicopters give a terrible jiggle to live video cameras, but we've ordered a special gimbal lens mount that stabilizes the picture almost miraculously. The mount comes from Paris; the outfit that puts it out has used it in various New Wave movies there. In Italy, I understand, it was used in the opening scenes of 'La Dolce Vita,' and here the same make of mount was used for the aerial shots in the Fort Knox scenes in 'Goldfinger.' We consider this to be a new perspective that gives us tremendous capability."

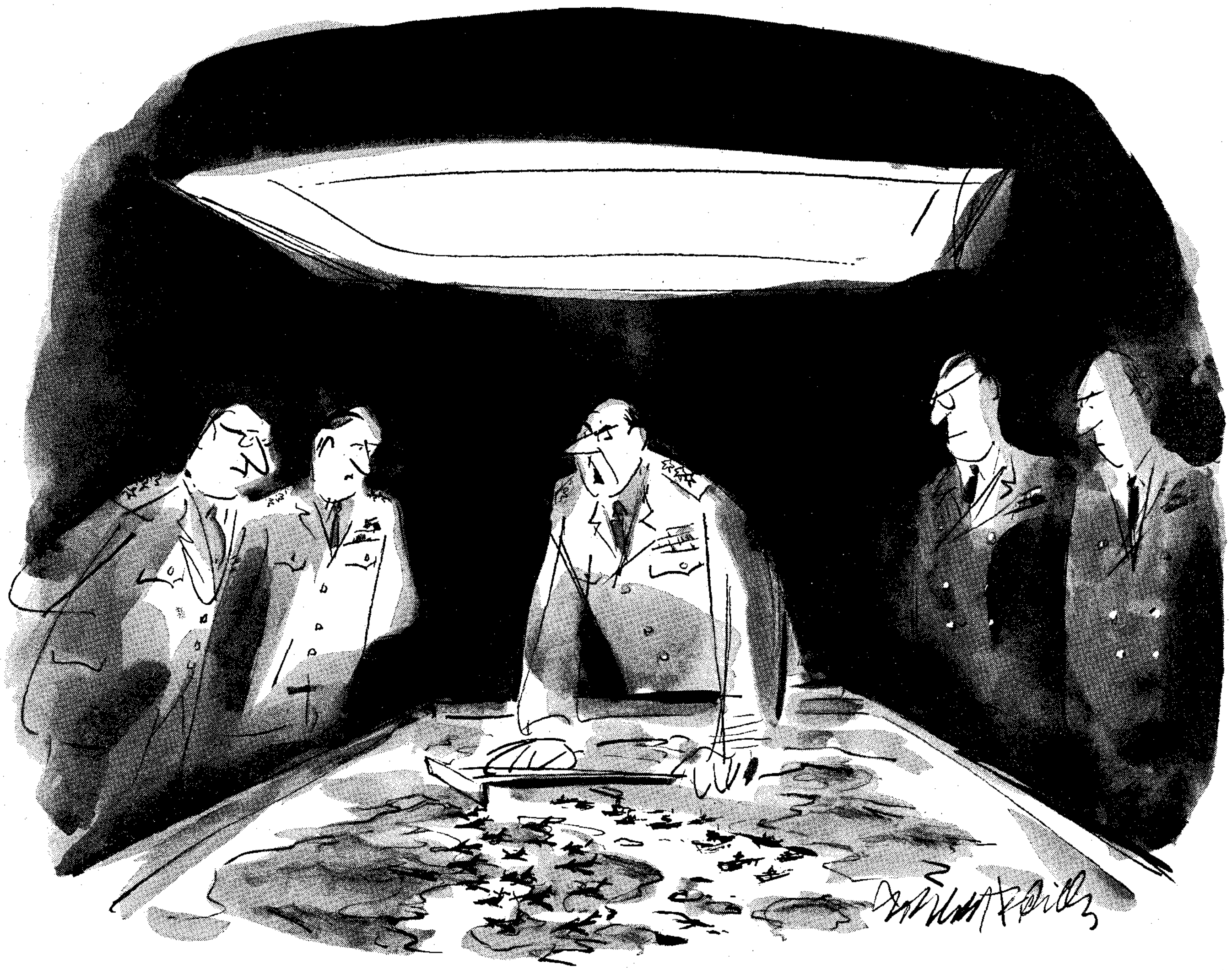
Promptly at seven o'clock, Cronkite began his broadcasting day. "Good morning from Cape Kennedy," he told the camera. "This is Walter Cronkite reporting from our C.B.S. news headquarters for GT-3, the flight of Gemini into outer space—a flight scheduled for just two hours from now."

To our left, an N.B.C. cameraman slowly rose on a platform on top of the long, jackknife-shaped arm of what is called a cherry picker—evidently N.B.C.'s answer to the C.B.S. helicopter.

Cronkite went on, "Out there on Pad 19 stands the great ninety-foot Titan missile in its erector stand, and on top of that the Gemini capsule, ready to receive Gus Grissom and John Young, the astronauts who this morning have a date with destiny out there a hundred and fifty miles above the earth."

The N.B.C. cameraman on the cherry picker descended slightly. We ourself descended from the C.B.S. roof to look around a bit. Outside the studio trailer, a well-dressed man was inflating a bulbous silvery object by means of a small electric pump. "This is a Ballute—a balloon parachute," he told us. "It inflates to about four feet in diameter. It will be used in case a Gemini astronaut has to eject from his capsule on the way up or down. It stabilizes and decelerates him until his parachute can open. I represent Goodyear Aerospace, which makes the Ballute. I was just on Mutual with it. We're waiting to go on N.B.C."

We went back into the control room. "Our status is green and go at this time," the voice of Paul Haney, the representative of Gemini control, was saying over the loudspeaker. Then Cronkite, on screen, said, "The count stands at one hour and thirty-three minutes, with everything looking toward a perfect launch." There was a



"General, I'd appreciate it if you'd stop referring to our all-out retaliatory response as 'tit-for-tat.'"

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shot from the television-pool coverage, with a correspondent saying, "Mrs. Grissom has just arisen. She is preparing breakfast."

"This is mission control, this is mission control," Haney's voice droned over the loudspeaker.

There was a long singing commercial by the Savings & Loan Foundation about "money on the move."

"Stand by, helicopter!" the director shouted.

An aerial shot of Cape Kennedy taken from the C.B.S. helicopter appeared on the screen.

"It's T minus fifty-five minutes and counting," Cronkite said. "Let me tell you quickly of some of the critical points to be watching for in this flight." And he went on to do so, in a fashion that was clear and, considering the technical complexities, simple.

We wandered outside again. A C.B.S. associate producer named Clarence Cross came bounding out of the studio and stood looking at the N.B.C. cherry picker in a suspicious manner. "Oh, well," he said, and went back inside.

We followed him into the control room. "We must explain about the oxidizer," Cronkite was saying on the screen, in connection with a hold in the countdown.

We stayed around and waited for the countdown to resume. Then, since the last seconds of it were to be covered by the networks' pool arrangement, we decided to go up to the roof and see the launching with our own eyes. Our impression of it was quite different from what television had led us to expect: no closeups but, instead, an overwhelming sense of the disparity between the vast expanse of the sky and the faraway silvery rocket shooting up into it—a wide-screen glimpse of mankind's sheer nerve.

When we came down from the roof, Cronkite was on the air again, saying, "They're on their way, they're on their way, for those three orbits—four hours and fifty minutes in space. If they had not got that *go* in that twenty-second decision there, if they had missed that little keyhole in the sky by just a comparatively few feet, by a comparatively few miles an hour in their speed, they would have been given the signal to abort the mission. . . . And this mission of G T - 3 is *go*—a beautiful launch in an almost cloudless sky here at Cape Kennedy. . . . And now we stand by for four hours and fifty minutes of flight through space—actually four hours and about thirty-three minutes—until the retro rockets are fired over the coast of California. . . ."

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CONVERSATION overheard late one night in the Tower East Restaurant, between an earnest young man and an older one:

YOUNG MAN: "When I see the shape people are in these days, it just makes me sick all over."

OLDER MAN: "How do you mean—physically or spiritually?"

YOUNG MAN: "No, I'm talking about their portfolios."

THE STARE

THEN there it was, in the corner of his eye. He turned. The incredibility of her being here, now, at a table in this one restaurant on the one day when he was back in New York, did not check the anticipatory freezing of his heart, for when they had both lived in the city they had always been lucky at finding each other, time after time; and this would be one more time. Already, in the instant between recognition and turning, he had framed his first words; he would rise, with the diffidence she used to think graceful, and go to her and say, "Hey. It's you."

Her face would smile apologetically, lids lowered, and undergo one of its little shrugs. "It's me."

"I'm so glad. I'm so sorry about what happened." And everything would be understood, and the need of forgiveness once again magically put behind them, like a wall of paper flames they had walked through.

It was someone else, a not very young woman whose hair, not really the color of her hair at all, had, half seen, suggested the way her hair, centrally parted and pulled back into a glossy French roll, would cut with two dark wings into her forehead, making her brow seem low and intense and emphasizing her stare. He felt the eyes of his companions at lunch question him, and he returned his attention to them, his own eyes smarting from the effort of trying to press this unknown woman's appearance into the appearance of another. One of his companions at the table—a gentle gray banker whose affection for him, like a generous check, quietly withheld at the bottom a tiny deduction of tact, a modest minus paid as an increment on their mutual security—smiled in such a way as to balk his impulse to blurt, to confess. His other companion was an elderly female underwriter, an ex-associate, whose statistical insight was remorseless but who in personal manner was all feathers and feigned dismay. "I'm seeing ghosts," he explained to her, and she nodded, for they had, all three, with the gay, withering credulity of non-believers, been discussing ghosts. The curtain of conversation descended again, but his palms tingled, and, as if trapped between two mirrors, he seemed to face a diminishing multiplication of her stare.

The first time they met, in an apartment with huge paintings and fragile furniture, she came to the defense of something her husband had said, and he had irritably wondered how a woman of such evident spirit and will could debase herself to the support of statements so asinine, and she must have felt, across the room, his irritation, for she gave him her stare. It was, as a look, both blunt and elusive: somewhat cold, certainly hard, yet curiously wide, and even open—its essential ingredient shied away from being named. Her eyes were the only glamorous feature of a freckled, bony, tomboyish face, remarkable chiefly for its sharp willingness to express pleasure. When she laughed, her teeth were bared like a skull's, and when she stared, her great, grave, perfectly shaped eyes insisted on their shape as rigidly as a statue's.

YOU HAVE A FRIEND
AT THE CHASE MANHATTAN BA

"Not you, Charlie."

Later, when their acquaintance had outlived the initial irritations, he had met her in the Museum of Modern Art, amid an exhibit of old movie stills, and, going forward with the innocent cheerfulness that her presence aroused in him, he had been unexpectedly met by her stare. "We missed you Friday night," she said.

"You did? What happened Friday night?"

"Oh, nothing. We just gave a little party and expected you to come."

"We weren't invited."

"But you *were.* I phoned your wife."

"She never said anything to me. She must have forgotten."

"Well, I don't suppose it matters."

"But it *does.* I'm so sorry. I would have loved to have come. It's very funny that she forgot it; she really just lives for parties."

"Yes." And her stare puzzled him, since it was no longer directed at him; the hostility between the two women existed before he had fulfilled its reason.

Later still, at a party they all did attend, he had, alone with her for a moment, kissed her, and the response of her mouth had been disconcerting; backing off, expecting to find in her face the moist, formless warmth he had felt on his lips, he encountered her stare instead. In the months that unfolded from this, it had been his pleasure to see her stare relax. Her body gathered softness under his; late one night, after yet another party, his wife, lying beside him in the predawn darkness of her ignorance, had remarked, with the cool, fair appraisal of a rival woman, how beautiful she—*she,* the other—had become, and he had felt, half dreaming in the warm bed he had betrayed, justified. Her laugh no longer flashed out so hungrily, and her eyes, brimming with the secret he and she had made, deepened and seemed to rejoin the girlishness that had lingered in the other features of her face. Seeing her across a room standing swathed in the beauty he had given her, he felt a creator's, a father's, pride. There existed, when they came together, a presence of tenderness like a ghostly child who when they parted was taken away and set to sleeping. Yet even in those months, in the depths of their secret, lying together as if in an intimate dungeon, discussing with a gathering urgency what they would do when their secret crumbled and they were exposed, there would now and then glint out at him, however qualified by tears and languor, the unmistakable accusatory hardness. It was accusing, yet that was not its essence; his conscience shied away from naming the pressure that had formed it and that, it imperceptibly became apparent, he was helpless to relieve. Each time they parted, she would leave behind, in the last instant before the door closed, a look that haunted him, like the flat persisting ring of struck crystal.

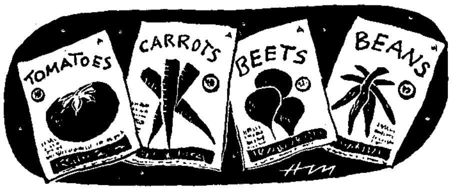
The last time he saw her, all the gentle months had been stripped away and her stare, naked, had become furious. "Don't you love me?" Two households were in turmoil and the rich instinct that had driven him to her had been reduced to a thin need to hide and beg.

"Not enough." He meant it simply, as a fact, as something that already had been made plain.

But she took it as a death blow, and in a face whitened and drawn by the shocks of recent days, from beneath dark wings of tensely parted hair, her stare revived into a life so coldly controlled and adamantly hostile that for weeks he could not close his eyes without confronting it—much as a victim of torture must continue to see the burning iron with which he was blinded.

NOW, back in New York, walking alone, soothed by food and profitable talk, he discovered himself so healed that his wound ached to be reopened. The glittering city bristled with potential prongs. The pale disc of every face, as it slipped from the edge of his vision, seemed to cup the possibility of being hers. He felt her searching for him. Where would she look? It would be her style simply to walk the streets, smiling and striding in the hope of their meeting. He had a premonition—and yes, there, waiting to cross Forty-third Street between two Puerto Rican messenger boys, it was she, with her back toward him; there was no mistaking the expectant tilt of her head, the girlish curve of her high, taut cheek, the massed roll of hair pulled so glossy he used to imagine that the hairpins gave her pain. He drew abreast, timid and prankish, to surprise her profile, and she became a wrinkled painted woman with a sagging lower lip. He glanced around incredulously, and her stare glimmered and disappeared in the wavering wall-window of a modernistic bank. Crossing the street, he looked into the bank, but there was no one, no one he knew—only some potted tropical plants that looked vaguely familiar.

He returned to work. His company, which at his request had moved him away, had lent him for this visit the office of a man on vacation. He managed to concentrate only by imagining that each five minutes were the final segment of time he would have to himself before she arrived. When the phone on his desk rang, he expected the receptionist to announce that a distraught woman with striking eyes was asking for him. When he went into the halls, a secretary flickering out of sight battered his heart with a resemblance. He returned to his borrowed office, and was startled not to find her in it, wryly examining the yellowed children's drawings—another man's children—taped to the walls. The bored afternoon pasted shadows on these walls. Outside his window, the skyscrapers began to glow. He went down the elevator and into the cool crowded dusk thankful for her consideration; it was like her to let him finish his day's work before she declared her presence. She had always assumed, in their scattered hours together, a wife's dutiful attitude toward him. But now, now she could cease considerately hiding, and he could take her to dinner with an easy conscience. He checked his wallet to make sure he had enough money. He decided he would refuse to take her to a play, though undoubtedly she would suggest it. She loved the stage. But they had too little time together to waste it in awareness of a third thing.



He had taken a room at what he still thought of as their hotel. To his surprise, she was not waiting for him in the lobby, which seemed filled with a party, a competition of laughter. Charles Boyer was waiting for the elevator. She would have liked that, sitting on the bench before the desk, waiting and watching, her long legs crossed and one black shoe jabbing the air with the prongs of its heel and toe. He had even prepared his explanation to the clerk; this was his wife. They had had (voice lowered, eyebrows lifted, the unavoidable blush not, after all, inappropriate) a fight, and she had impulsively followed him to New York to make up. Irregular, but this was the way women behaved. So could his single reservation kindly be changed to a double? Thank you.

This little play was so firmly written in his head that he looked into the bar to make sure the leading actress was not somewhere in the wings. The bar was bluely lit and amply patronized by fairies. Their drawled, elaborately

THE GOLDEN FAN

The sun was a fan of gold in the sky.
The tree was black as night.
The shadow man told the little boys
To climb and fetch the light.

Every time the sun was up
The little boys would try
To climb the tree and catch the gold
Before it went down in the sky.

The little boys pushed and screamed and scragged
To be the first at the top,
And one by one they fell off the tree
And the vultures ate them up.

Every time the moon was full
A woman came weeping and cold
To gather the bones of the boys that fell
Before they reached the gold.

But every time a boy reached the top
He became a shadow man,
And told little boys they must climb the tree
And fetch the golden fan.

—GILLIAN STONE

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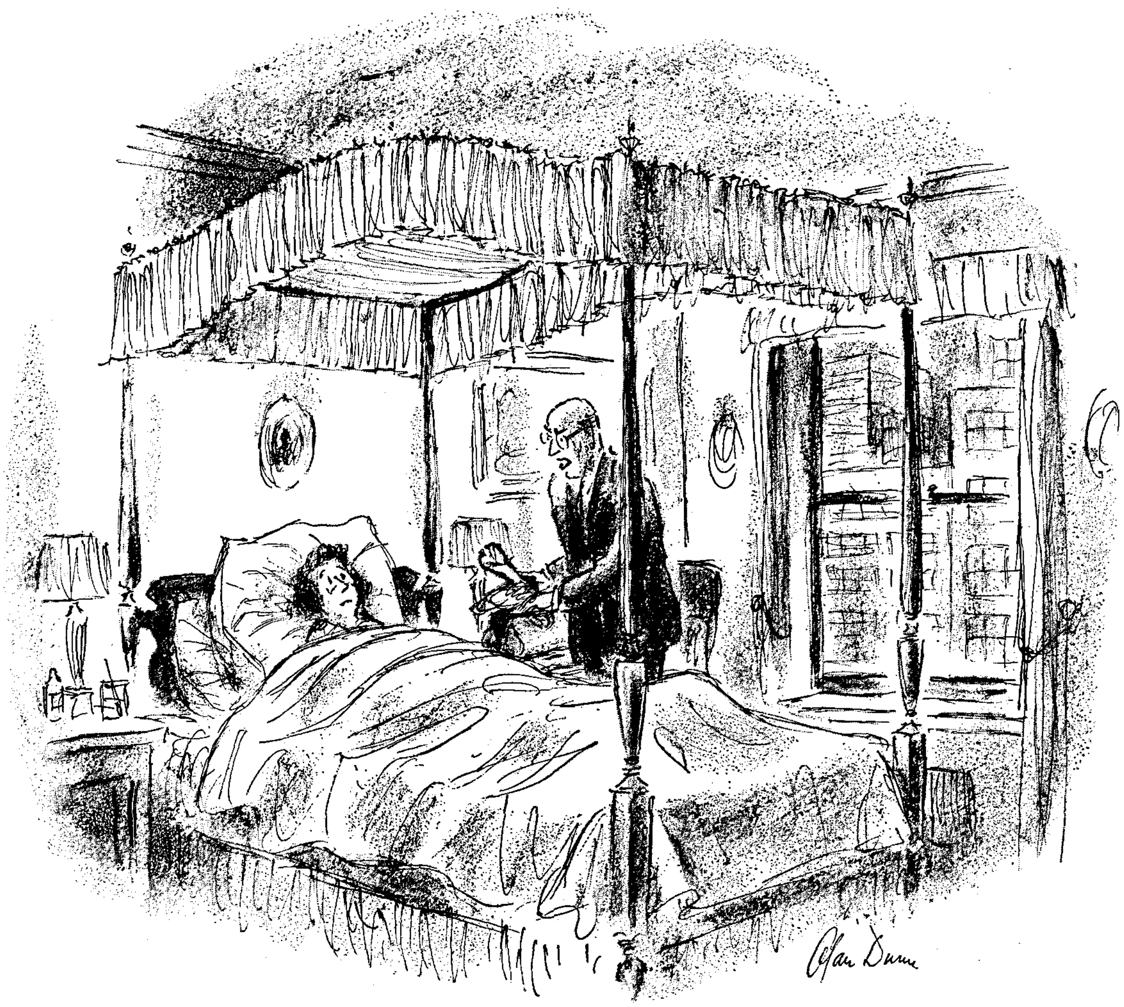

"You'll be all right in a few days. Just stay indoors, keep the windows closed, and stop reading the New York 'Times' Air Pollution Index."

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enunciating voices, discussing musical comedies in tones of peculiar passion, carried to him, and he remembered how she, when he had expressed distaste, had solemnly explained to him that homosexuals were people, too, and how she herself often felt attracted to them, and how it always saddened her that she had nothing, you know—her stare defensively sharpened—to give them. "That old bag, she's overex*posed* herself," one of the fairies stridently declared, of a famous actress.

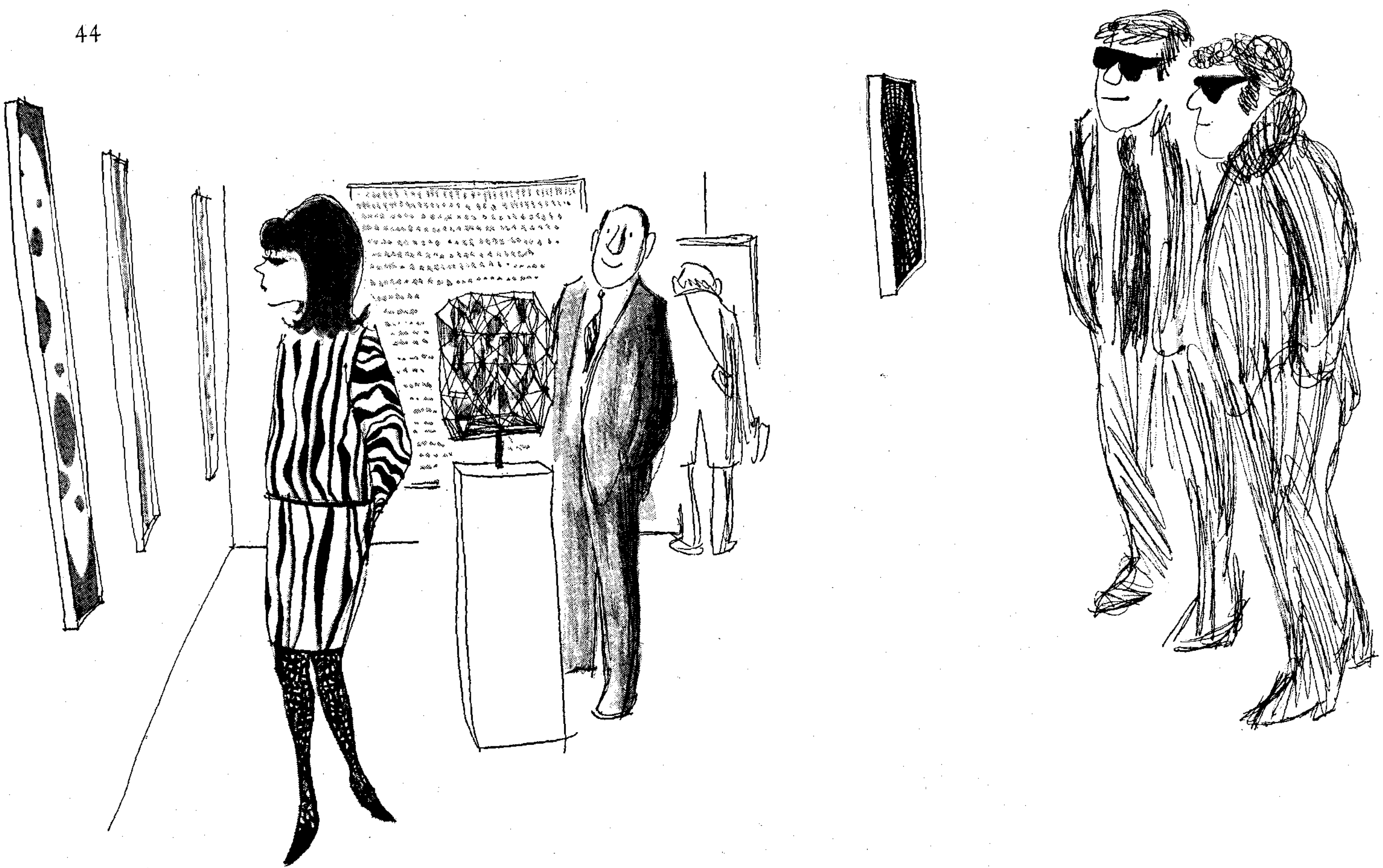
He took the elevator up to his room. It was similar to ones they had shared, but nothing was exactly the same, except the plumbing fixtures, and even these were differently arranged. He changed his shirt and necktie. In the mirror, behind him, a slow curve of movement, like a woman's inquisitive step, chilled his spine; it was the door drifting shut. He rushed from the suffocating vacant room into the streets, to inhale the invisible possibility of finding her. He ate at the restaurant he would have chosen for them both. The waiter seemed fussed, seating a solitary man. The woman of a couple at a nearby table adjusted an earring with a gesture that belonged to her; she had never had her ears pierced, and this naïveté of her flesh had charmed him. He abstained from coffee. Tonight he must court sleep assiduously.

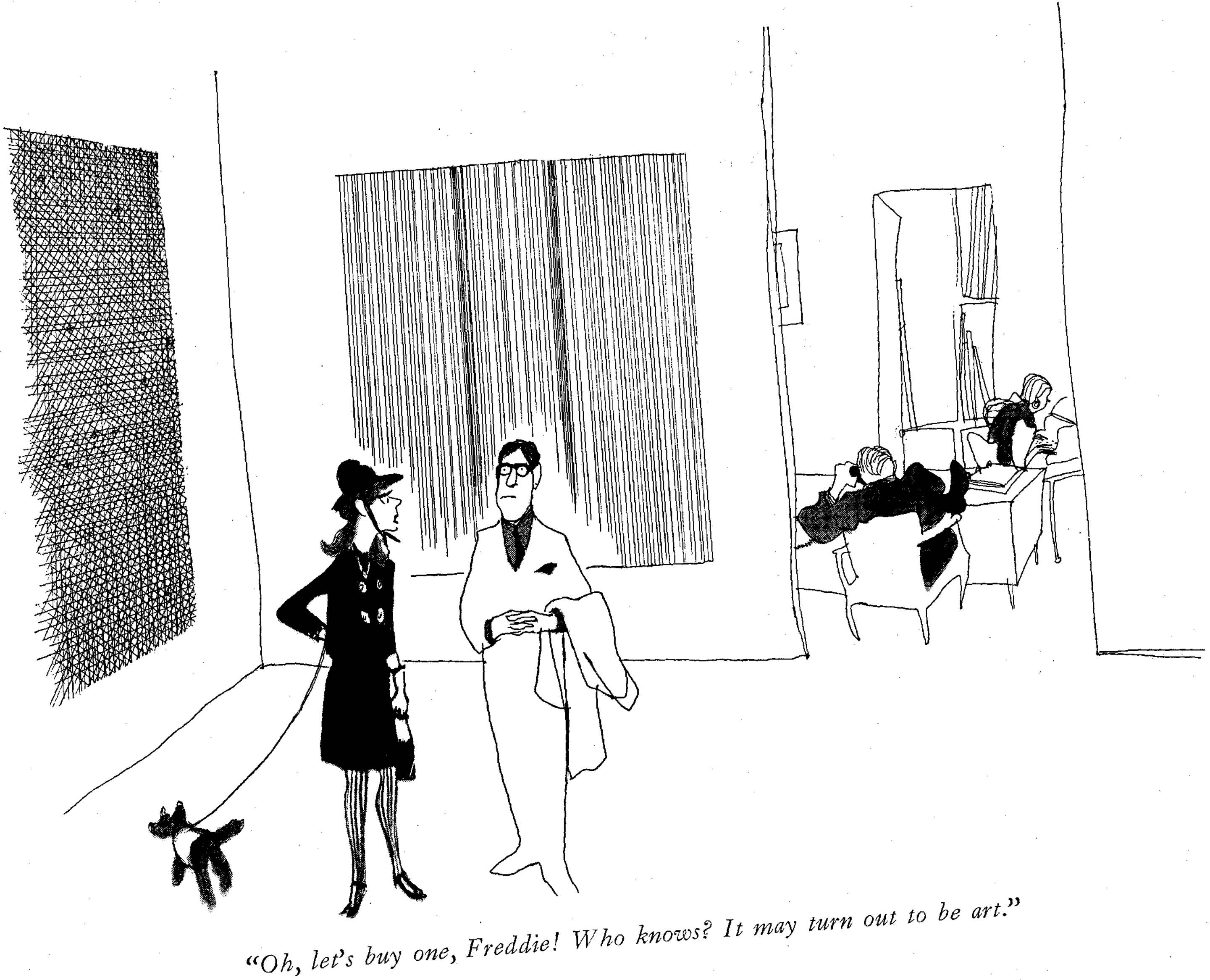
He walked to tire himself. Broadway was garish with the clash of mating—sailors and sweethearts, touts and tarts. Spring infiltrates a city through the blood of its inhabitants. The side streets were hushed like the aisles of long Pullman sleepers being drawn forward by their diminishing perspective. She would look for him on Fifth Avenue; her window-shopper's instinct would send her there. He saw her silhouette at a distance, near Rockefeller Center, and up close he spotted a certain momentary plane of her face that flew away in a flash, leaving behind the rubble of a face he did not know, had never kissed or tranquilly studied as it lay averted on a pillow. Once or twice, he even glimpsed, shadowed in a doorway, huddled on a bench tipping down toward the Promethean fountain, the ghostly child of their tenderness, asleep; but never her, her in the fragrant solidity he had valued with such a strange gay lightness when it was upon him. Statistically, it began to seem wonderful that out of so many faces not one was hers. It seemed only reasonable that he could skim, like interest, her presence from a sufficient quantity of strangers—that he could refine her, like radium, out of enough pitchblende. She had never been reserved with him; this terrible tact of absence was unlike her.

The moon gratuitously added its stolen glow to the harsh illumination around the iceless skating rink. As if sensing his search, faces turned as he passed. Each successive instant shocked him by being empty of her; he knew so fully how this meeting would go. Her eyes would light on him, and her mouth would involuntarily break into the grin that greeted all her occasions, however grave and dangerous; her stare would pull her body forward, and the gathering nearness of his presence would dissolve away the hardness, the controlled coldness, the—what? What was that element that had been there from the beginning and that, in the end, despite every strenuous motion of his heart, he had intensified, like some wild vague prophecy given a tyrannical authority in its fulfillment? What was the thing he had never named, perhaps because his vanity refused to believe that it could both attach to him and exist before him?

He wondered if he were tired enough now. There was an ache in his legs that augured well. He walked back to the hotel. The air of celebration had left the lobby. No celebrity was in sight. A few well-dressed young women, of the style that bloom and wither by thousands in the city's public places, were standing waiting for an escort or an elevator; as he pressed, no doubt redundantly, the button, a face cut into the side of his vision at such an angle that his head snapped around and he almost said aloud, "Don't be frightened. Of course I love you."

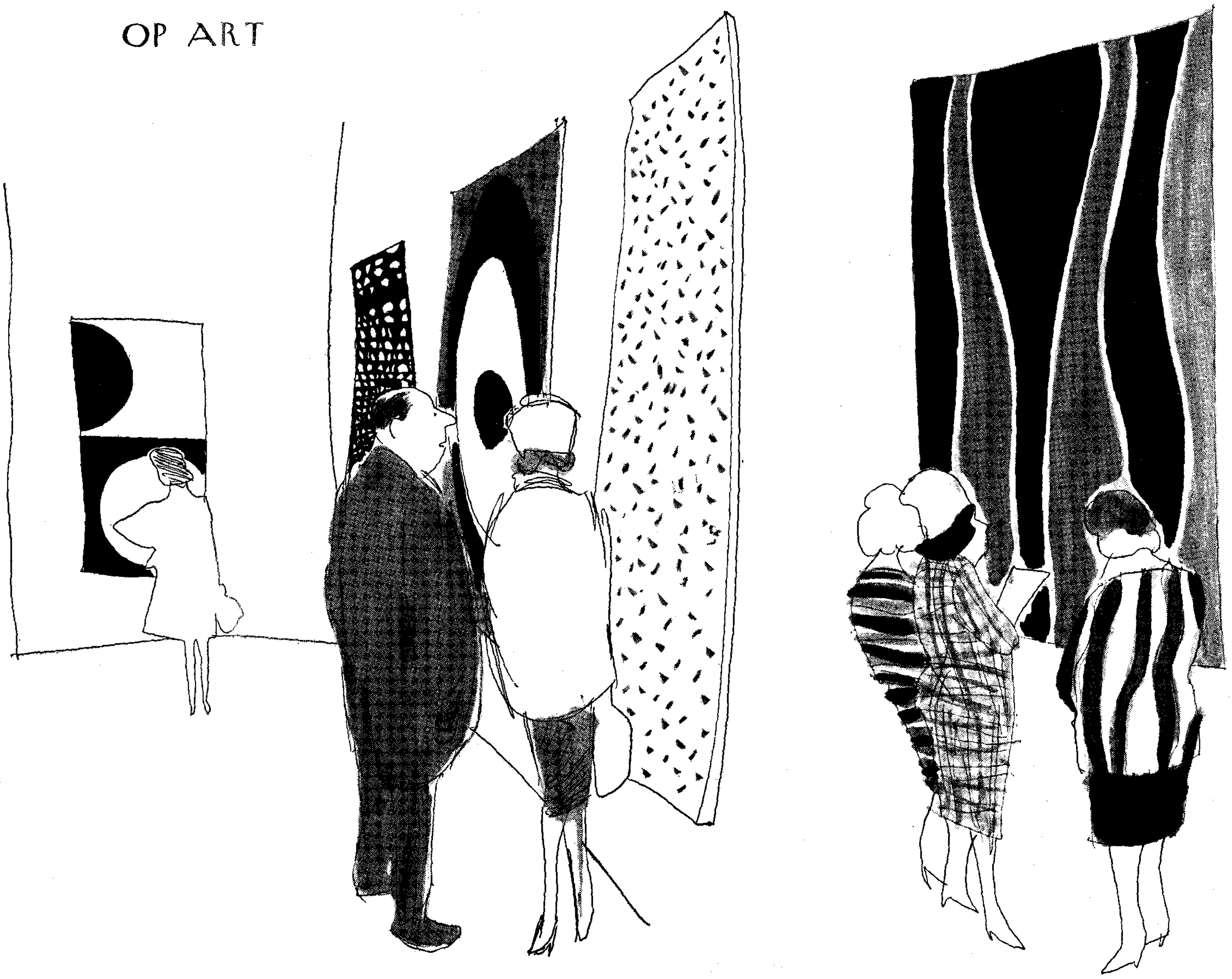
—JOHN UPDIKE



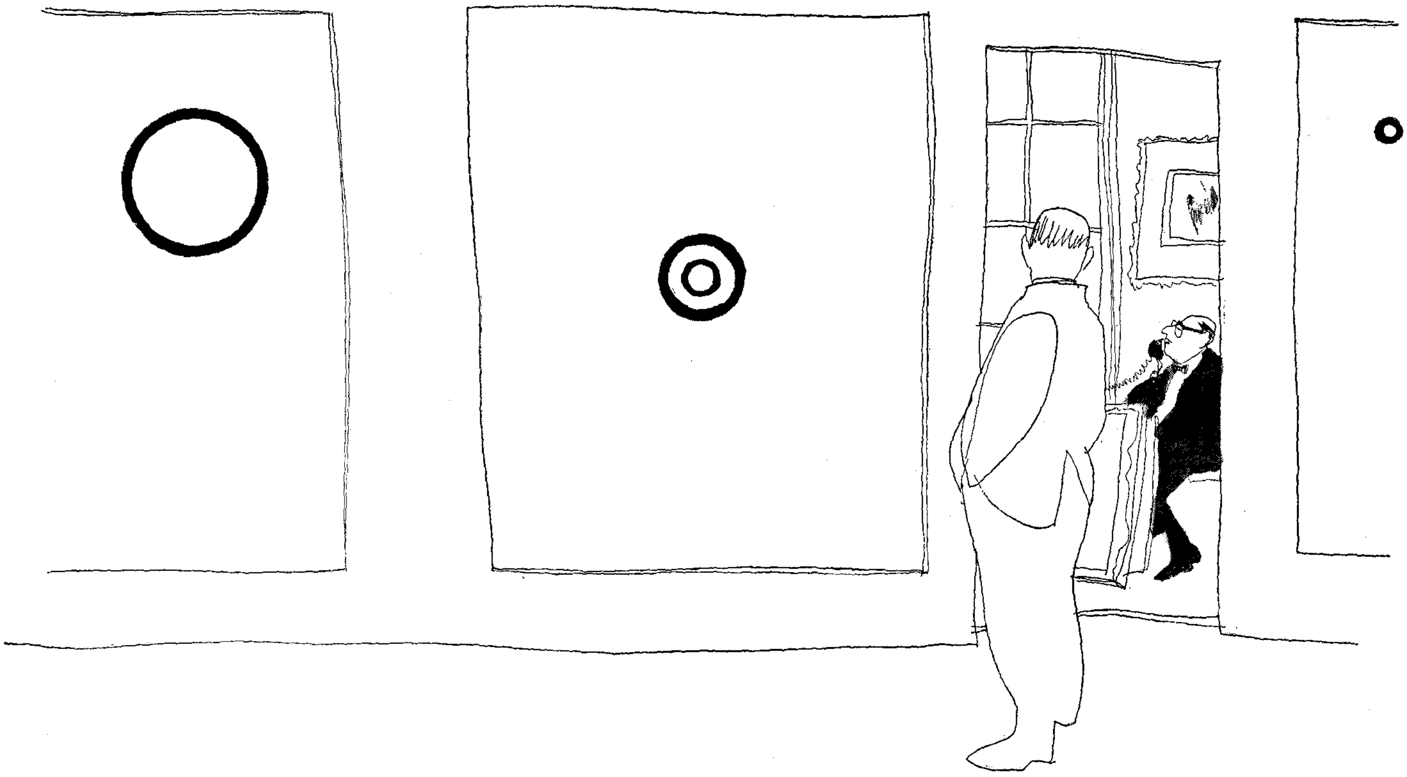


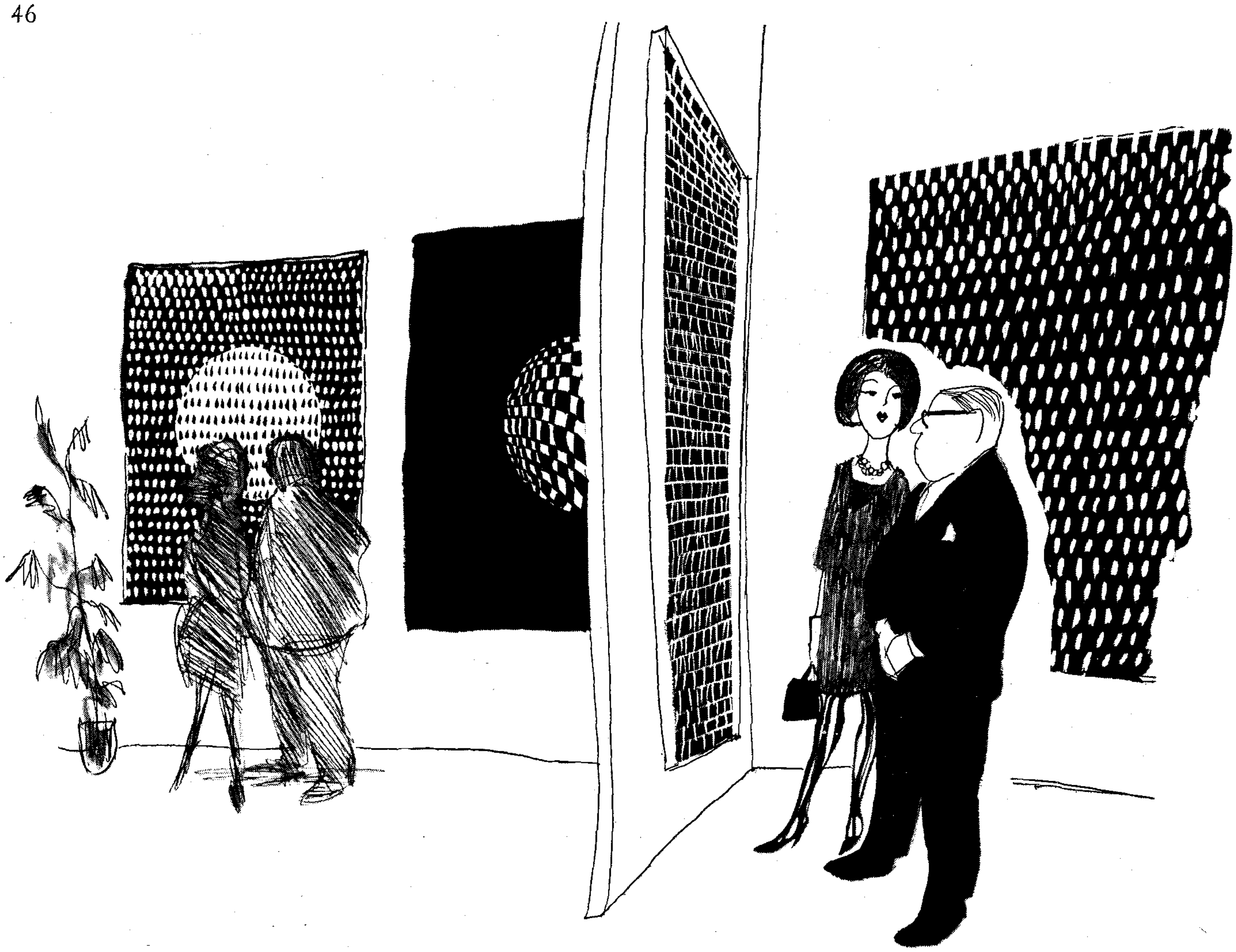
"Oh, let's buy one, Freddie! Who knows? It may turn out to be art."

OP ART

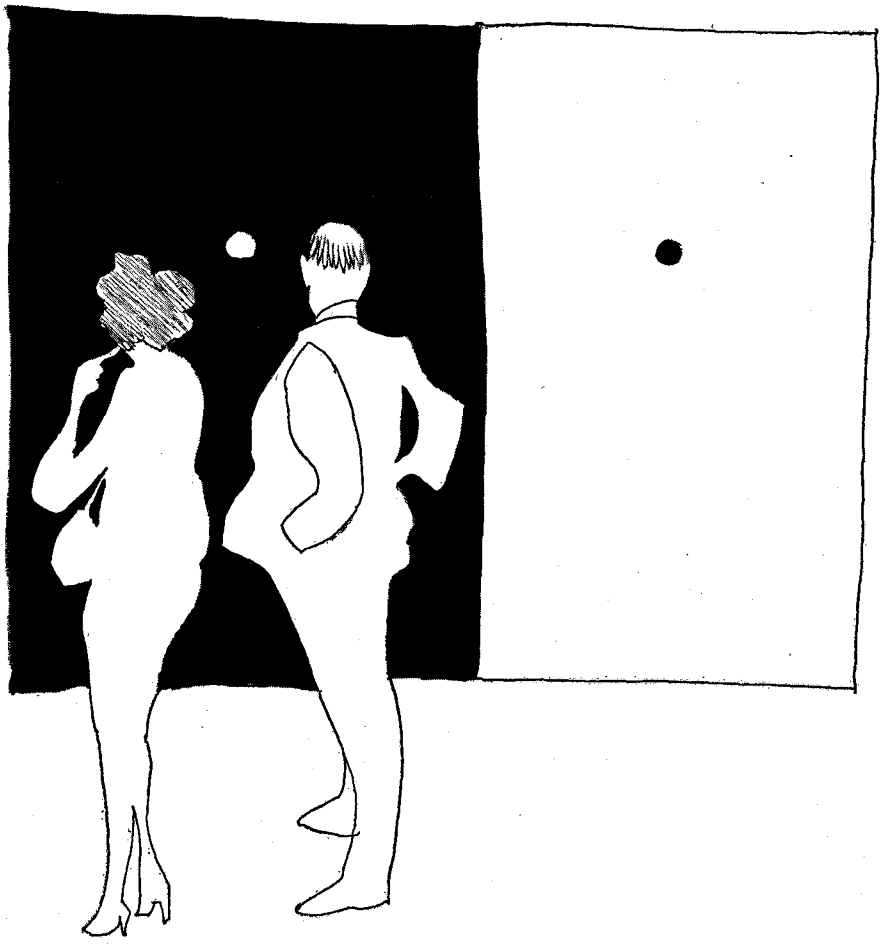


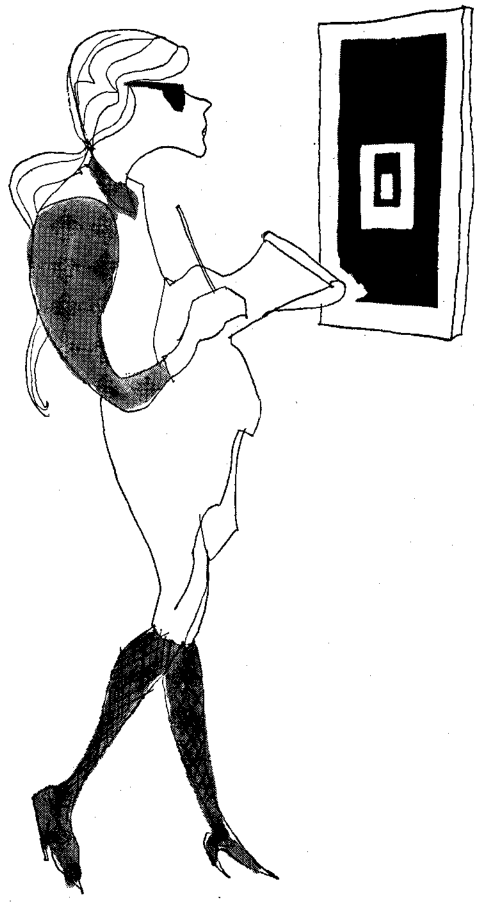
"I like the dots but not the circles."

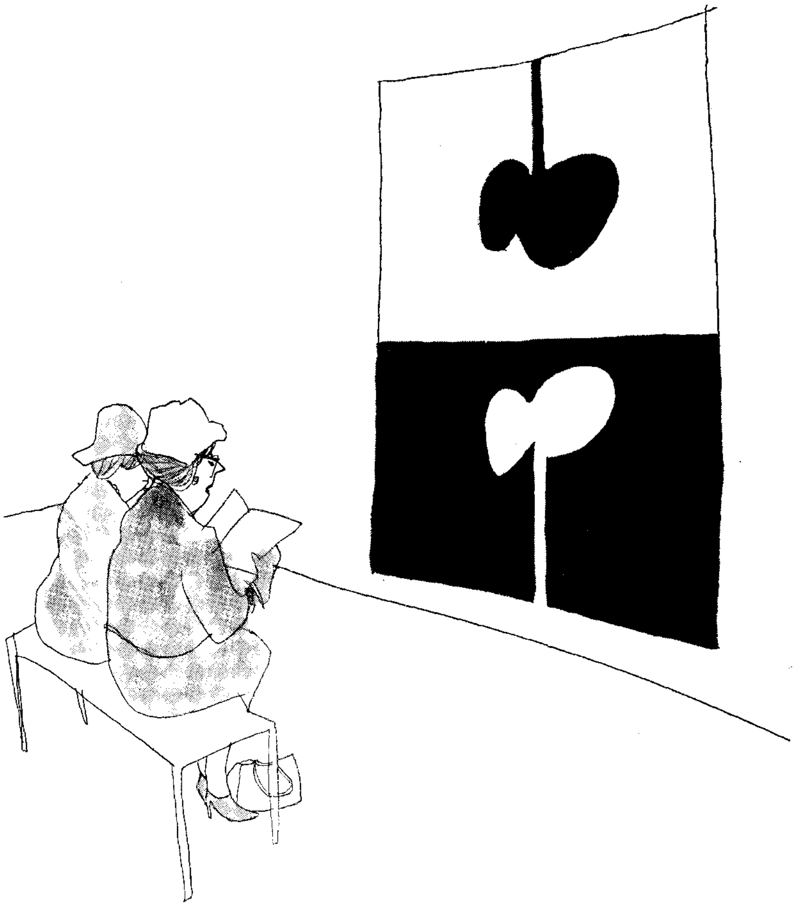




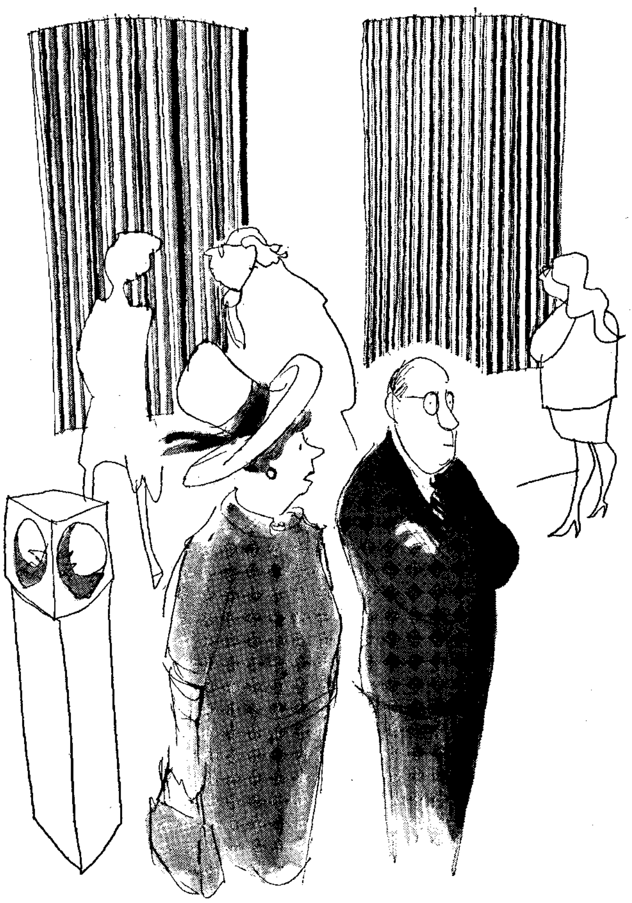
"If we sold our bacon-lettuce-and-tomato Oldenburg, could we buy one of these?"



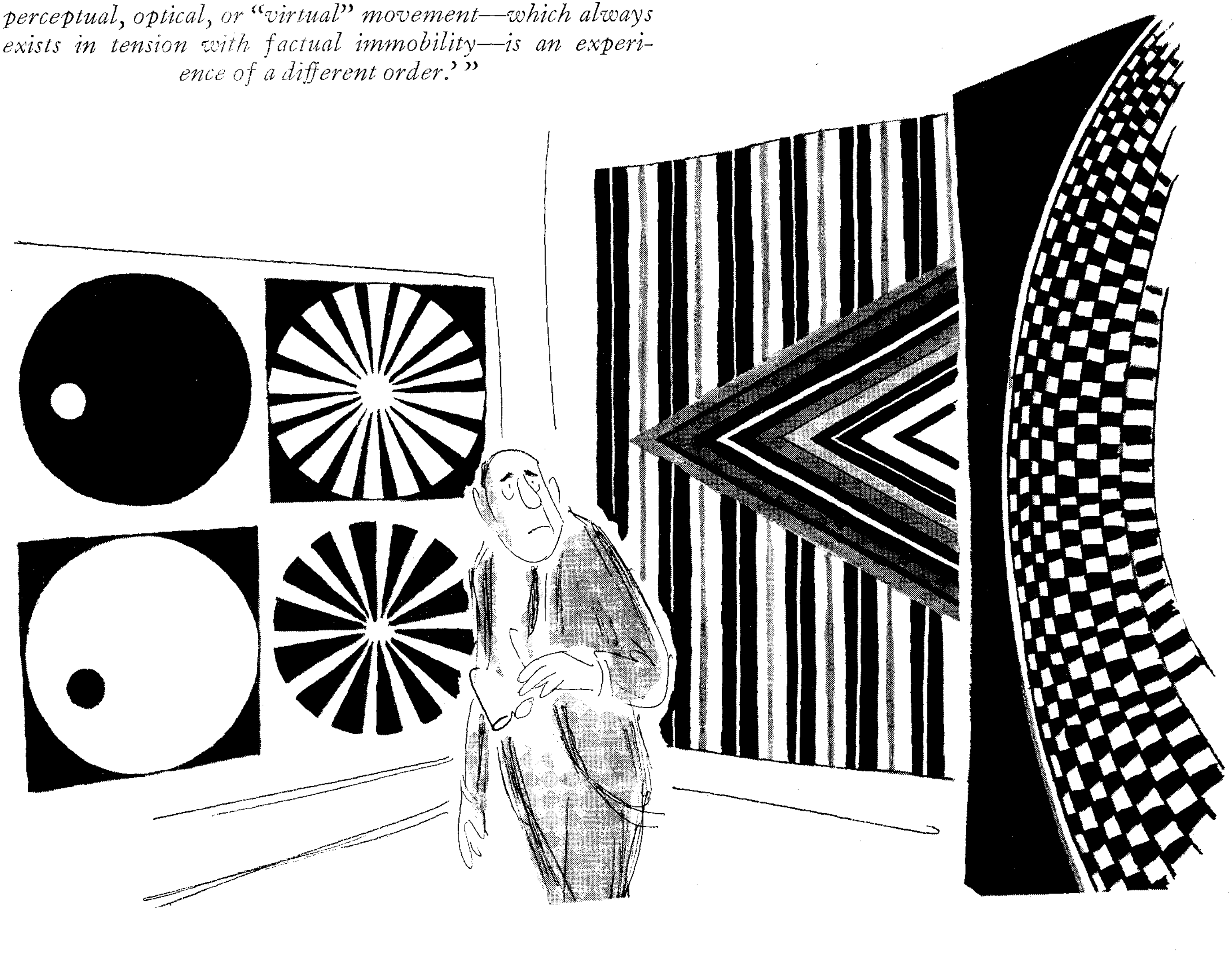


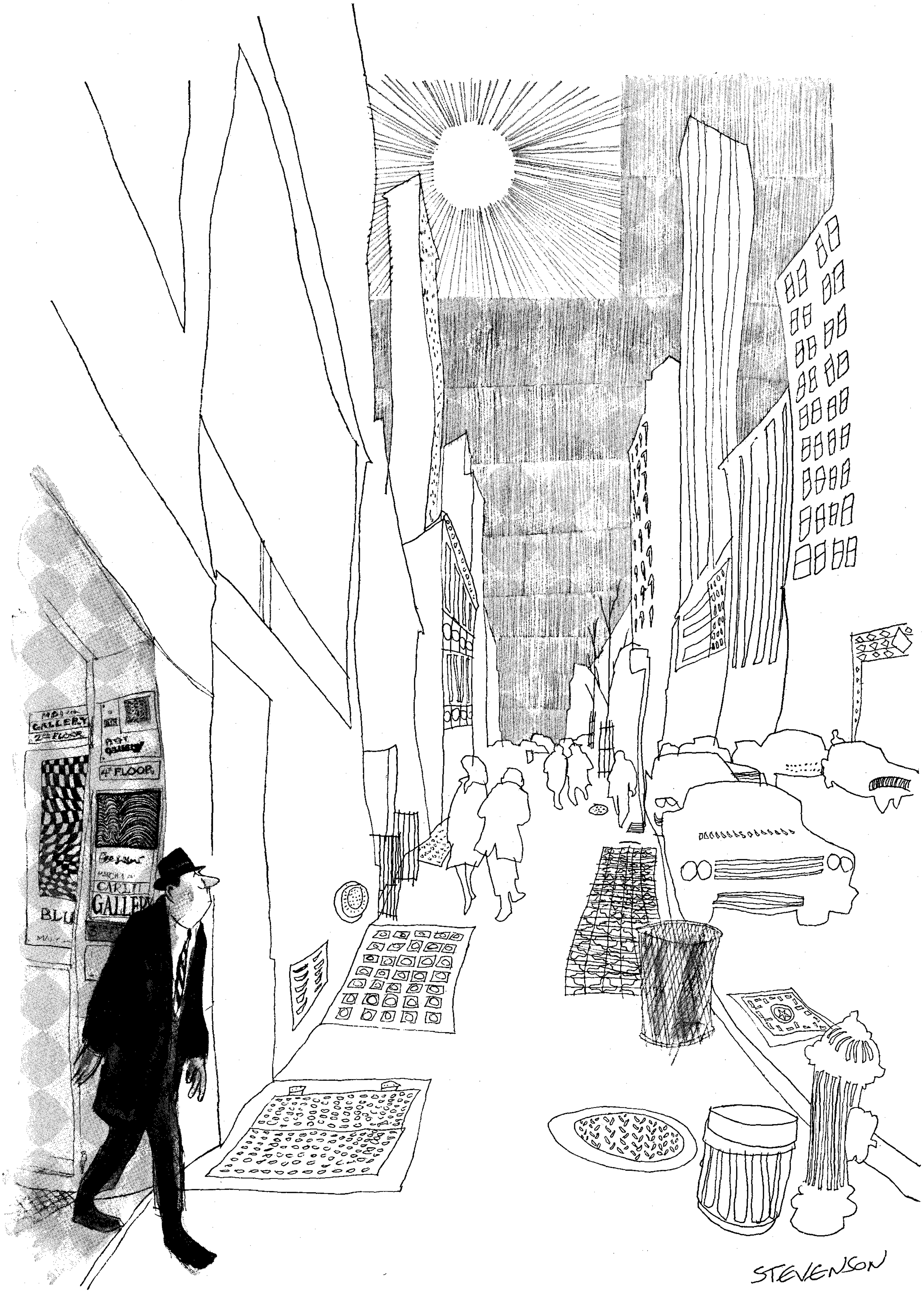


" 'Perceptual and kinetic art have an intertwined development that cannot be totally disentangled; nevertheless perceptual, optical, or "virtual" movement—which always exists in tension with factual immobility—is an experience of a different order.' "



"Is that all you can say—'It's not messy'?"




GALLERY
2nd FLOOR
ART GALLERY
4th FLOOR
CAPIT
GALLER
BLU
STEVENSON

ORPHANS' PROGRESS

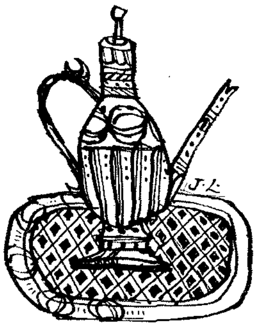
WHEN the Collier children were six and ten, a social worker came to the place where they were living in Montreal, and shortly after that they were taken away from their mother, whom they loved without knowing what the word implied, or even that it existed, and sent to their father's mother in Ontario. Their father was dead. Their mother was no longer capable of looking after them properly. When women turn strange, it happens very rapidly. The first sign is lack of care about clothes and hair, and all at once they are sluts. Drinking slides in. They attract frightening men—at first men without wits, money, affection, or a job, compared with whom the woman seems a monument of character and strength. At the end, the men around them are almost respectable (by contrast) but very unkind. I have more than once seen women get into this state, and the common factors were drink, and dirt, and weeping, and rages, and being preyed upon, and finally seeming so sexually innocent that one is frightened. One says she is alcoholic, she is manic-depressive, the children should be taken away. Yes, they are seeing things they shouldn't, and not getting proper food, and in moral and perhaps physical danger (someday she will set the place on fire); but if the mother still has her qualities—those that attracted, say, her friends or her husband in the first place: warmth, generosity—do you take them away for their own good? One day someone tells—a janitor's wife, an anonymous friend of the husband—and the life that seems safe from inside (to the children) but perilous from without is destroyed. Whether it is the right thing or the wrong thing as far as the children are concerned, it is the end of love.

The children's grandmother was scrupulous about food, and made them drink goat's milk. Two goats were brought by station wagon from fifty miles away. The girls went with the driver to get them. A man in a filling station was frightened by the goats, because of their oblong eyes. The girls were not reflected in the goats' eyes, as they were in each other's. What they remembered afterward of this period when they were living with their grandmother was goat's milk, goat eyes, and the frightened man.

From their grandmother they learned that their mother was French-Canadian but had spoken French and English to them. They had called her Mummy, a habit started when their father was still alive, for he had not learned French. They understood—from their grandmother, and their grandmother's maid, and the social worker who came from Montreal to see their grandmother but had little to say to them—that French was an inferior kind of speech. At first, when they were taken away from their mother, Cathie, the elder girl, would wake up at night holding her head, her elbows on her knees, saying in French, "My head hurts," but a few minutes later, the grandmother having applied cold wrung-out towels, she would say in English, "It's better."

Mildred had pushed out two front teeth by sucking her thumb. She had been sucking her thumb forever, even before they were taken away from their mother. Ontario could not be blamed. Nevertheless, their grandmother told the social worker about it, and the social worker wrote it down.

They did not know, and never once asked, why they had been taken away. When the new social worker, the one in Ontario, said to Cathie, "Were you disturbed because your mother was unhappy?," Cathie said, "She wasn't." When the girls were living with their mother, they knew that sometimes she listened and sometimes could not hear; all the same, she was there. They slept in the same bed, all three. Even when she sat on the side of the bed with her head hanging and her undone jagged-cut hair hiding her eyes, mumbling complaints that were not their concern, the children were close to her and did not know they were living under what would later be called "unsheltered conditions." They didn't know that they were uneducated, and dirty, and in danger. Now they learned that their mother never washed her neck and hair, that she dressed in layers of woollen stuff, covered with grease, and wore men's shoes because some man had left them behind and she liked the shape or the comfort of them. They did not know, until they were told, that they had never been properly fed.



"We ate chicken," said Cathie.

"They say she served it up half raw," said their grandmother's maid. "Surrvet" said the maid for "served," and that was not the way their mother had spoken. "The sheets was so dirty the dirt was like clay. All of yez slept in the one bed," said the maid.

"Yes, we slept together."

The apartment—a loft, they were told, over a garage, not an apartment at all—must still exist, it must be somewhere, with the piano that Mildred, the little one, had banged on with her palms flat. What about the two cats that were always fighting or playing, depending on their disposition? The children's drawings were pinned up on the wall, and there were other pictures.

"When one of the pitchers was moved, there was a square mass of bugs," said the grandmother's maid. "The same shape as the pitcher."

"To the day I die," said the social worker from Montreal to her colleague in Ontario, "I won't forget the screams of Mildred when she was dragged out of that pigsty." This was said in the grandmother's parlor, where the three women—the two social workers and the grandmother—sat with their feet freezing on the linoleum floor. The maid heard, and told the children. She had been in and out, serving coffee, coconut biscuits, and damson preserves in custard made of goat's milk. The room was heated once or twice a year—even the maid said her feet were cold. But "To the day I die" was a phrase worth hearing. She liked the sound of that, and repeated it to the children. The maid was from a place called Waterloo, where, to hear her tell it, no one behaved strangely and all the rooms were warm.

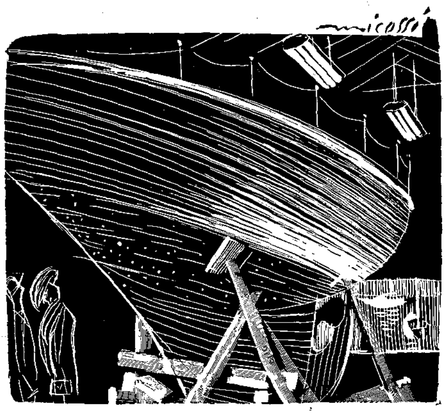
Thumb-sucker Mildred did not remember having screamed, or anything at all except the trip from Montreal by train. "Boy, is your grandmother ever a rich old lady!" said the maid from Waterloo. "If she wasn't, where'd you be? In an orphung asylum. She's a Christian, I can tell you."

They went to school in Ontario now, with children who did not have the same accent or the same vocabulary as children in Montreal. When their new friends liked something, they said it was "smart." A basketball game was "smart," and so was a movie—it did not mean "elegant," it just meant "all right." Ice cream made out of goat's milk was not "smart;" it tasted of hair.

The children's grandmother died when they were seven and eleven, and beginning to speak in the Ontario way. One day when the maid was angry at their grandmother over something, she said, "She's a damned old sow. It's in the mattress and she's lying on it. You can hear the bills crackle when you turn the mattress Saturdays. I hope they find it when she dies is all I can say."

The girls saw their grandmother dead, in the bed, on that mattress. The person crying hardest in the room was the maid. She had suddenly dyed her hair dark red, and the girls did not know her, because of her tears, and her new clothes, bought for the funeral, and because of the way she fondled and kissed them. "We'll never see each other again," said the maid.

NOW that their grandmother had died, the girls went to live with their mother's brother and his wife and their many children, in a section of Montreal called Ahuntsic. They did not see anything that reminded them of Montreal, and did not recall their mother. The parlor here was full of cut glass, which was daily rubbed and polished. The girls slept on a pull-out divan and wrangled about bedclothes. Cathie wanted them pushed down between them in a sort of trough, because she felt a draft, but Mildred complained that the blankets thus arranged were tugged away from her side. She was not properly covered, and afraid of falling on the floor. One of their relations (they had any number here, on their mother's side) made them a present of a box of chocolate almonds, but the cousins they lived with bought exactly the same box, so as to tease them, and started eating the whole box. When Cathie and Mildred rushed to see if their own box was still where they had hidden it, they were bitterly mocked. Every scrap of food they put in their mouths was taken from the mouths of cousins, so they were told. Their cousins made them afraid of ghosts. They put out the lights and said, "Look out, she is coming to get you, all in black!" And when Mildred began to whimper, Cathie said, "Our mother wouldn't try to frighten us." She had not spoken of their mother until now. One of the cousins said, "I'm talking about your old grandmother. Your mother isn't dead." They were shown their father's grave, and made to kneel and pray. Their lives were in the dark now, in the dark of ghosts, whose transparent shadows stood round their bed. Soon they lived in the black of nuns. Language was black, until they forgot their English. Until they spoke French, nothing but French, the family pretended not to understand them, and stared as if they were peering in the dark. They very soon forgot their English.



They could not stay here with these cousins forever, for the flat was too small. When they were eight and twelve, their grandmother's will was probated, the money their grandmother had left them was made available, and they were sent away to school. For the first time in their lives now, the girls did not sleep in the same bed. Mildred slept in a dormitory with the little girls, where a green light burned overhead and a nun rustled and prayed or read beside a green lamp all night long. Mildred was bathed once every fortnight, wearing a rubber apron so that she would not see her own body. In the morning she dressed like the other little girls, sitting on the floor, and hidden by the beds so that they would not see one another. Her thumb, sucked white, was taped to the palm of her hand. She caught glimpses of Cathie sometimes during recreation periods, but Cathie was one of the big girls, and important. She did not play, as the little ones did, but walked up and down with the supervisor, walking backward as the nun walked forward.

One day, looking out of a dormitory window, Mildred saw a rooftop and an open skylight. She said to a girl standing nearby, "That's our house." "What house?" "Where Mummy lives." She said that sentence—three words—in English. She had not thought or spoken "Mummy" since she was six and a half. It turned out that she was lying about the house. Lying was serious; she was made to promenade through the classrooms carrying a large pair of shears and the sign "I AM A LIAR." She did not know the significance of the shears, nor, it seemed, did the nun who decreed the punishment. It had always been associated with lying, and (the nun suddenly remembered) had to do with cutting out the liar's tongue. The tattling girl who had told about "where Mummy lives" was punished, too, and made to carry a wastebasket from room to room with "I AM A BASKET-CARRIER" hung round her neck. This meant talebearer. Everyone was in the wrong.

IN COLORADO

In Colorado, a pair of horses
Stood outside the music tent,
Head to tail under the sun,
While Jennie Tourel sang Ravel.
Parallel bars of faithful brown,
Either way, each faced a mountain.
They flicked their tails from time to time.
The green grass showed through each slow fan.

The music stopped. The horses stood
In a field stippled-in in lateral strokes
In that jagged theatre of rocked sky,
The applause rising and falling away,
And nothing said—there was no one to say—
That the test of a miracle is patience,
For up at the line where pine met snow,
A blinding finish to the time of day

Lit up the hills of Colorado,
Kindled the horses, dyed the grass—
All the world's dizzying colors ran
From crevice to peak, from peak to crevasse,
And a light went on somewhere in space
To tell what it is to be a house
Against the night, the enormous night
Where two brown horses stand up in light.

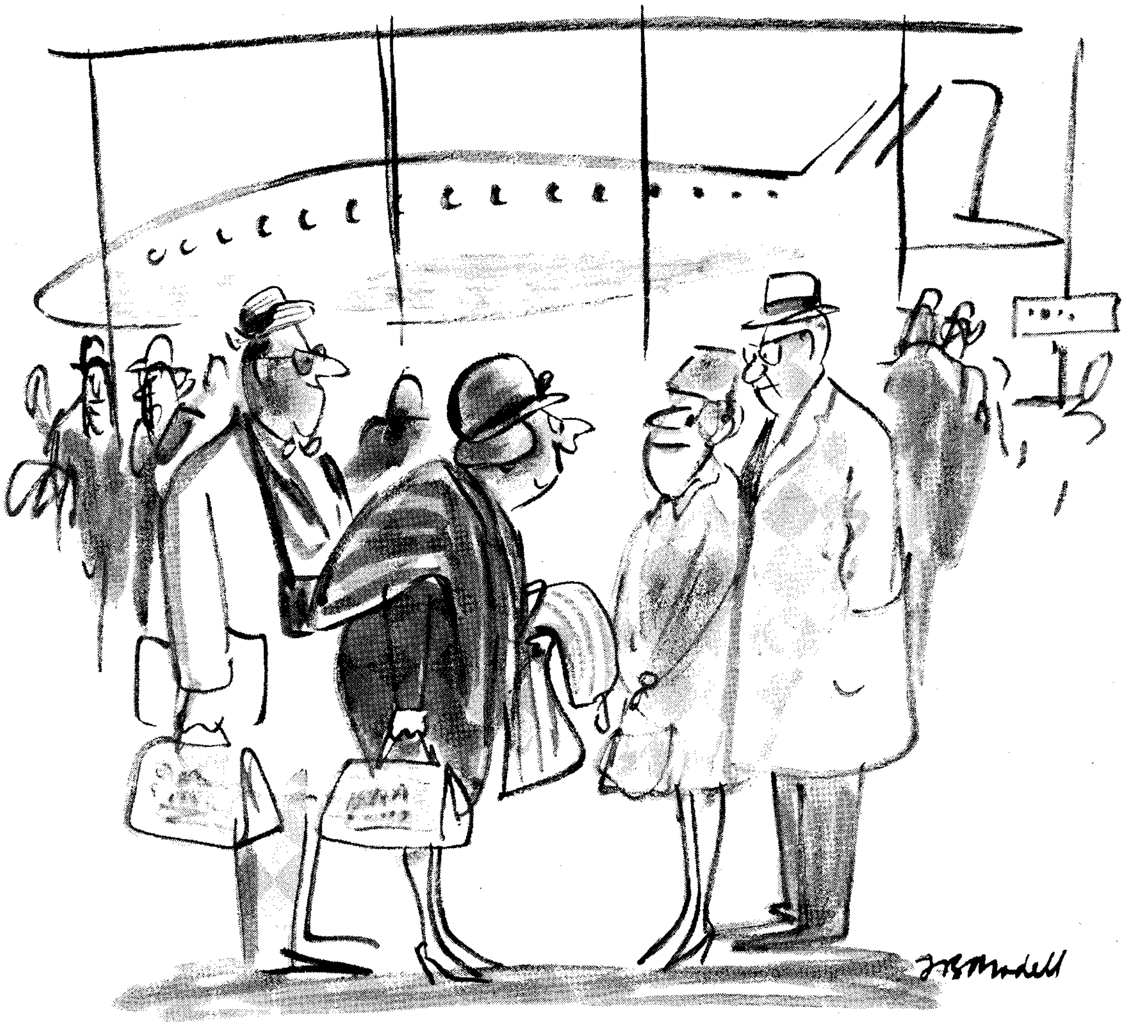
—HOWARD MOSS

• •

Cathie was not obliged to wear a rubber apron in her bath but a muslin shift. She learned the big girls' trick, which was to take it off and dip it in water and then bathe in the ordinary way. When Mildred came round carrying her scissors and her sign, Cathie had had her twice-monthly bath and felt damp and new. She said to someone, "That's my sister," but "sister" was a dark, scowling little thing. "Sister" got into still more trouble. A nun, a stray from Belgium, perhaps as one refugee to another, said to Mildred, swiftly drawing her into a broom cupboard, "Call me *Maman.*" "*Maman,*" said the child, to whom "Mummy" had meaning until the day of the scissors. Who was there to hear what was said in the broom cupboard? What basket-carrier repeated that? Somebody. It was forbidden for nuns to have favorites, forbidden to have pet names for nuns, and the Belgian stray was sent to the damp, wet room behind the chapel and given flower-arranging to attend to. There Mildred found her, by chance, and the nun said, "Get away! Haven't you made enough trouble for me?"

Cathie was told to pray for Mildred, the troublemaker, but forgot. The omission weighed on her. She prayed for her mother, grandmother, father, herself (with a glimpse in the prayer of her own future coffin, white), and for the uncles and aunts and cousins she knew and those she had never met. Her worry about forgetting Mildred in her prayers caused her to invent a formula: "Everyone I have ever known who is dead or alive, anyone I know now who is alive but might die, and anyone I shall ever know in the future." She prayed for her best friend, who wanted, like Cathie, to become a teacher, and for a nun with a mustache, who was jolly, and for her confessor, who liked to hear her playing the "Radetzky March" on the piano. Her hair grew lighter and was brushed and combed by her best friend.

Mildred was suddenly taken out of school and adopted. Their mother's sister, one of the aunts they had seldom seen, had lost a daughter by drowning. She said she would treat Mildred as she did her own small son, and Mildred, who wished to leave the convent school but did not know if she cared to go and live in a place called Chicoutimi, did not decide. She made the grownups decide, and let them take her away.



"It was a lovely trip. We went with 'Kiss Me, Stupid' and came back with 'Father Goose.'"

• •

WHEN the girls were fifteen and nineteen, and Mildred's last name was Desaulniers and not Collier, the sisters were made to meet. Cathie had left school and was studying nursing, but she came back to the convent when she had time off, not because she did not have anywhere else to go but because she did not want to go to any other place. The nuns had said of Cathie, laughing, "She doesn't want to leave—we shall have to push her out." When Cathie's sister, Mildred Desaulniers, came to call on her, the two girls did not know what to say. Mildred wore a round straw hat with a clump of plastic cherries hanging over the brim; her adoptive brother, in long trousers and bow tie, did not get out of the car. He was seven, and had slick, wet-looking hair, as if he had been swimming. "Kiss your sister," said Mildred's mother to Cathie, admonishingly. Cathie did as she was told, and Mildred immediately got back in the car with her brother and snatched a comic book out of his hands.

"Look, Mildred," said her father, and let the car slow down on a particular street. The parents craned at a garage, and at some dirty-legged children with torn sneakers on their feet. Mildred glanced up, and then back at her book. She had no reason to believe she had seen the place before, or would ever again. —MAVIS GALLANT

•

No representative of the whopping one-third of the nation which does not drink at all had been invited. It seems to us that the fact that there is not a single instance of alcoholism among them has some significance.—*National Good Templar.*

At least it makes one thoughtful.

PROFILES

THE TAX—I

BEYOND a doubt, many prosperous and ostensibly intelligent Americans have in recent years done things that to a naïve observer might appear outlandish, if not actually lunatic. Men of inherited wealth, some of them given to the denunciation of government in all its forms and manifestations, have shown themselves to be passionately interested in the financing of state and municipal governments, and have contributed huge sums to this end. Weddings between persons with very high incomes and persons with not so high incomes have tended to take place most often near the end of December and least often during January. Some exceptionally successful people, especially in the arts, have been abruptly and urgently instructed by their financial advisers to do no more gainful work under any circumstances for the rest of the current calendar year, and have followed this advice, even though it sometimes came as early as May or June. Actors and other people with high incomes from personal services have again and again become the proprietors of sand-and-gravel businesses, bowling alleys, and telephone-answering services, doubtless adding a certain *élan* to the conduct of those humdrum establishments. Motion-picture people, as if fulfilling a clockwork schedule of renunciation and reconciliation, have repeatedly abjured their native soil in favor of foreign countries for periods of eighteen months—only to embrace it again in the nineteeth. Petroleum investors have peppered the earth of Texas with speculative oil wells, taking risks far beyond what would be dictated by normal business judgment. Businessmen travelling on planes, riding in taxis, or dining in restaurants have again and again been seen compulsively making entries in little notebooks that, if they were questioned, they would describe as "diaries;" however, far from being spiritual descendants of Samuel Pepys or Philip Hone, they were writing down only what everything cost. And owners and part owners of businesses have arranged to share their ownership with minor children, no matter how young; indeed, in one case a partnership agreement has been delayed pending the birth of one partner.

As hardly anyone needs to be told, all these odd actions are directly traceable to various provisions of the federal income-tax law. Since they deal with birth, marriage, work, and styles and places of living, they give some idea of the scope of the law's social effects, but since they are confined to the affairs of the well-to-do, they give no idea of the breadth of its economic impact. Inasmuch as almost sixty-three million individual returns were filed last year, it is not surprising that the income-tax law is often spoken of as the law of the land that most directly affects the most individuals, and inasmuch as income-tax collections account for almost three-quarters of our government's gross receipts, it is understandable that it is considered our most important single fiscal measure. (Out of a gross from all sources of a hundred and twelve billion dollars for the fiscal year that ended last June 30th, roughly fifty-four and a half billion came from individual income taxes and twenty-three and a third billion from corporation income taxes.) "In the popular mind, it is THE TAX," the economics professors William J. Shultz and C. Lowell Harriss declare in their book "American Public Finance," and the writer David T. Bazelon has suggested that the economic effect of the tax has been so sweeping as to create two quite separate kinds of United States currency—before-tax money and after-tax money. At any rate, no corporation is ever formed, nor are any corporation's affairs conducted for as much as a single day, without the lavishing of earnest consideration upon the income tax, and hardly anyone in any income group can get by without thinking of it occasionally, while some people, of course, have had their fortunes or their reputations, or both, ruined as a result of their failure to comply with it. As far afield as Venice, an American visitor was recently jolted to find on a brass plaque affixed to a coin box for contributions to the maintenance fund of the Basilica of San Marco the words "Deductible for U.S. Income-Tax Purposes."

A good deal of the attention given to the income tax is based on the proposition that the tax is neither logical nor equitable. Probably the broadest and most serious charge is that the law has close to its heart something very much like a lie; that is, it provides for taxing incomes at steeply progressive rates, and then goes on to supply an array of escape hatches so convenient that hardly anyone, no matter how rich, need pay the top rates or anything like them. For 1960, taxpayers with reportable incomes of between two hundred thousand and five hundred thousand dollars paid, on the average, about 44 per cent, and even those few who reported incomes of over a million dollars paid well under 50 per cent—which happened to be just about the percentage that a single taxpayer was supposed to pay, and often did pay, if his income was forty-two thousand dollars. Another frequently heard charge is that the income tax is a serpent in the American Garden of Eden, offering such tempting opportunities for petty evasion that it induces a national fall from grace every April. Still another school of critics contends that because of its labyrinthine quality (the basic statute, the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, runs to more than a thousand pages, and the court rulings and Internal Revenue Service regulations that elaborate it come to seventeen thousand) the income tax not only results in such idiocies as gravel-producing actors and unborn partners but is in fact that anomaly, a law that a citizen may be unable to comply with by himself. This situation, the critics declare, leads to an undemocratic state of affairs, for only the rich can afford the expensive professional advice necessary to minimize their taxes legally.

The income-tax law *in toto* has virtually no defenders, even though most fair-minded students of the subject agree that its effect over the half century that it has been in force has been to bring about a huge and healthy redistribution of wealth. When it comes to the income tax, we almost all want reform. As reformers, however, we are largely powerless, the chief reasons being the staggering complexity of the whole subject, which causes many people's minds to go blank at the very mention of it, and the specific, knowledgeable, and energetic advocacy by small groups of the particular provisions they benefit from. Like any tax law, ours has a kind of immunity to reform; the very riches that people accumulate through the use of tax-avoidance devices can be—and constantly are—applied to fighting the elimination of those devices. Such influences, combined with the fierce demands made on the Treasury by defense spending and other rising costs of government, have brought about two tendencies so marked that they have assumed the shape of a natural political law: In the United States it is comparatively easy to raise tax rates and to introduce tax-avoidance devices, and it is comparatively hard to lower tax rates and to eliminate tax-avoidance devices. Or so it seemed until 1964, when half of this natural law was spectacularly challenged by legislation, originally proposed by President Kennedy and pushed forward by President Johnson, that reduced the basic rates on individuals in two stages from a bottom of 20 per cent to a bottom of 14 per cent and from a top of 91 per cent to a top of 70 per cent, and reduced the top tax on corporations from 52 per cent to 48 per cent—all in all, by far the largest tax cut in our history. If the cut works out as planned—if, that is, it stimulates the national economy to such an extent that enough revenue to keep the government running is produced at the lower rates—it will represent an epoch-making reversal in the trend of United States taxation. Meanwhile, however, the other half of the natural law remains immaculate. To be sure, the proposed tax changes advanced by President Kennedy included a program of substantial reforms to eliminate tax-avoidance devices, but so great was the outcry against the reforms that Kennedy himself soon abandoned most of them, and virtually none of them have been enacted; on the contrary, the new law actually extends or enlarges one or two of the devices.

"Let's face it, Clitus, we live in a tax era. Everything's taxes," one lawyer says to another in Louis Auchincloss's book of short stories called "Powers of Attorney," and the second lawyer, a traditionalist, can enter only a token demurrer. Considering the omnipresence of the income tax in American life, however, it is odd how rarely one encounters references to it in American fiction. This omission probably reflects the subject's lack of literary elegance, but it may also reflect a national uneasiness about the income tax—a sense that we have willed into existence, and cannot will out of existence, a presence not wholly good or wholly bad but, rather, so immense, outrageous, and morally ambiguous that it cannot be encompassed by the imagination. How in the world, one may ask, did it all happen?

An income tax can be truly effective only in an industrial country where there are many wage and salary earners, and the annals of income taxation up to the present century are comparatively short and simple. The universal taxes of ancient times, like the one that brought Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem just before the birth of Jesus, were invariably head taxes, with one fixed sum to be paid by everybody, rather than income taxes. Before about 1800, only two important attempts were made to establish income taxes—one in Florence during the fifteenth century, and the other in France during the eighteenth. Generally speaking, both represented efforts by grasping rulers to mulct their subjects. According to the foremost historian of the income tax, the late Edwin R. A. Seligman, the Florentine effort withered away as a result of corrupt and inefficient administration. The eighteenth-century French tax, in the words of the same authority, "soon became honeycombed with abuses" and degenerated into "a completely unequal and thoroughly arbitrary imposition upon the less well-to-do classes," and, as such, it undoubtedly played its part in whipping up the murderous

"He's got it! The Frug!"

"It's a long way to go for a pail of water."

• •

fervor that went into the French Revolution. The rate of the *ancien-régime* tax, which was enacted by Louis XIV in 1710, was 10 per cent, a figure that was cut in half later, but not in time; the revolutionary regime eliminated the tax along with its perpetrators. In the face of this cautionary example, Britain enacted an income tax in 1798 to help finance her participation in the French revolutionary wars, and this was, in several respects, the first modern income tax; for one thing, it had graduated rates, progressing from zero, on annual incomes under sixty pounds, to 10 per cent, on incomes of two hundred pounds or more, and, for another, it was complicated, containing a hundred and twenty-four sections, which took up a hundred and fifty-two pages. Its unpopularity was general and instantaneous, and a spate of pamphlets denouncing it soon appeared; one pamphleteer, who purported to be looking back at ancient barbarities from the year 2000, spoke of the income-tax collectors of old as "merciless mercenaries" and "brutes . . . with all the rudeness that insolence and self-important ignorance could suggest." After yielding only about six million pounds a year for three years—in large part because of widespread evasion—it was repealed in 1802, after the Treaty of Amiens, but the following year, when the British treasury again found itself in straitened circumstances, Parliament enacted a new income-tax law. This one was extraordinarily far ahead of its time, in that it included a provision for the withholding of income at the source, and, perhaps for that reason, it was hated even more than the earlier tax had been, even though its top rate was only half as high. At a protest meeting held in the City of London in July, 1803, several speakers made what, for Britons, must surely have been the ultimate commitment of enmity toward the income tax. If such a measure were necessary to save the country, they said, then they would reluctantly have to choose to let the country go.

Yet gradually, despite repeated setbacks, and even extended periods of total oblivion, the British income tax began to flourish. This may have been, as much as anything else, a matter of simple habituation, for a common thread runs through the history of income taxes everywhere: Opposition is always at its most reckless and strident at the very outset; with every year that passes, the tax tends to become stronger and the voices of its enemies more muted. Britain's income tax was repealed the year after the victory at Waterloo, was revived in a halfhearted way in 1832, was sponsored with enthusiasm by Sir Robert Peel a decade later, and remained in effect thereafter. The basic rate during the second half of the nineteenth century varied between 5 per cent and less than 1 per cent, and it was only 2½ per cent, with a modest surtax on high incomes, as late as 1913. The American idea of very high rates on high incomes eventually caught on in Britain, though, and the top British bracket will soon be 91.25 per cent.

Elsewhere in the world—or at least in the economically developed world—country after country took the cue from Britain and instituted an income tax at one time or another during the nineteenth century. Post-revolutionary France soon enacted an income tax, but then repealed it and managed to get along without one for a number of years in the second half of the century; eventually, though, the loss of revenue proved to be intolerable, and the tax returned, to become a fixture of the

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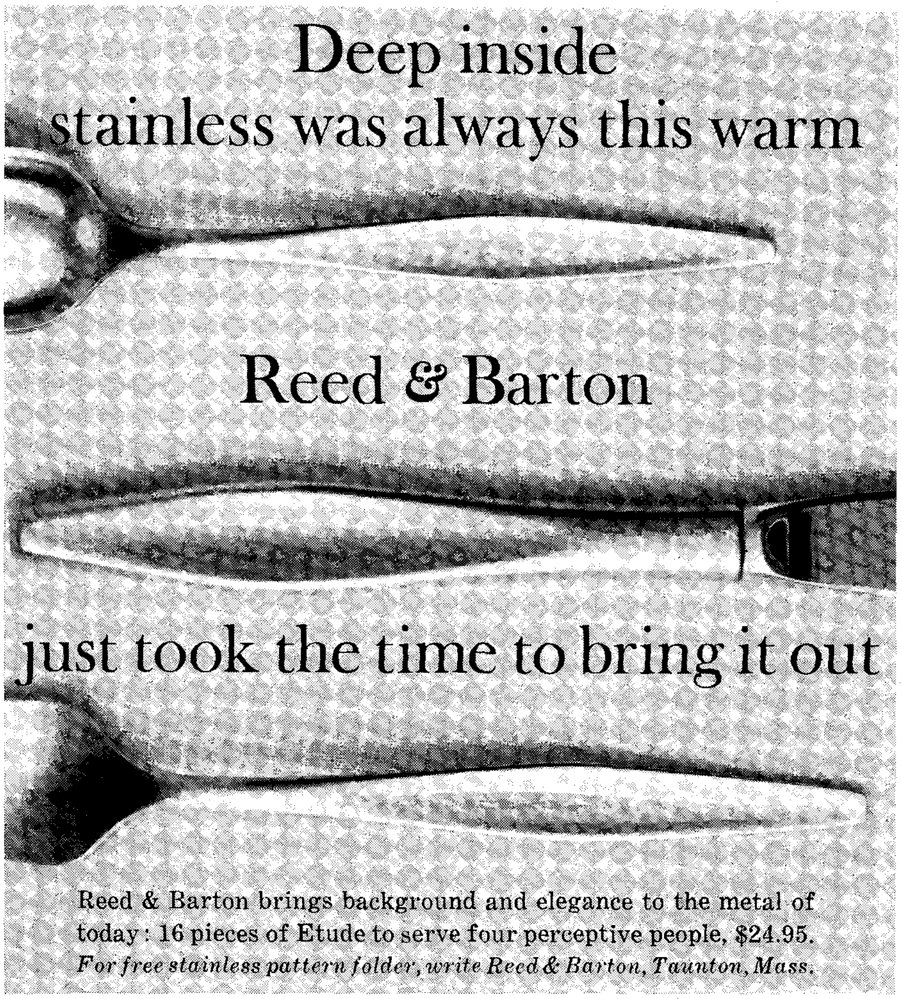
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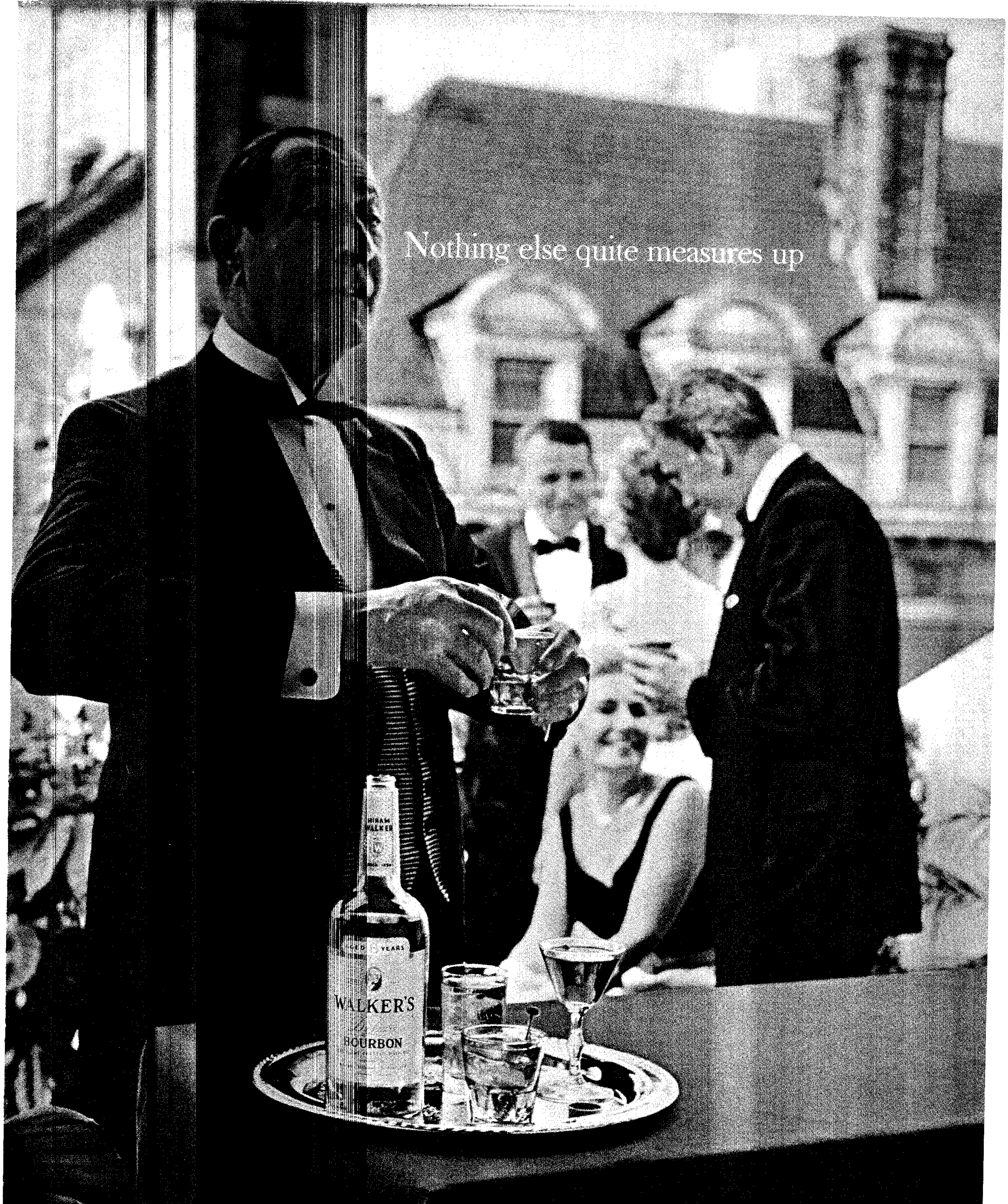
French economy. An income tax was one of the first, if not one of the sweetest, fruits of Italian unity, while several of the separate states that were to combine into the German nation had income taxes even before they were united. By 1911, income taxes also existed in Austria, Spain, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Greece, Luxembourg, Finland, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and India.

As for the United States, the enormous size of whose income-tax collections and the apparent docility of whose taxpayers are now the envy of governments everywhere, it was a laggard in the matter of instituting an income tax and for years was an inveterate backslider in the matter of keeping one on its statute books. It is true that in Colonial times there were various revenue systems bearing some slight resemblance to income taxes—in Rhode Island at one point, for example, each citizen was supposed to guess the financial status of ten of his neighbors, in regard to both income and property, in order to provide a basis for tax assessments—but such schemes, being inefficient and subject to obvious opportunities for abuse, were short-lived. The first man to propose a federal income tax was President Madison's Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander J. Dallas; he did so in 1814, but a few months later the War of 1812 ended, the demand for government revenue eased, and the Secretary was hooted down so decisively that the subject was not revived until the time of the Civil War, when both the Union and the Confederacy enacted income-tax bills. Before 1900, very few new income taxes appear to have been enacted anywhere without the stimulus of a war. National income taxes were—and until quite recently largely remained—war and defense measures. In June of 1862, prodded by public concern over a public debt that was increasing at the rate of two million dollars a day, Congress reluctantly passed a law providing for an income tax at progressive rates up to a maximum of 10 per cent, and on July 1st President Lincoln signed it into law, along with a bill to punish the practice of polygamy. (The next day, stocks on the New York Exchange took a dive, which was probably not attributable to the polygamy bill.)

"I am taxed on my income! This is perfectly gorgeous! I never felt so important in my life before," Mark Twain wrote in the Virginia City, Nevada, *Territorial Enterprise* after he had paid his first income-tax bill, for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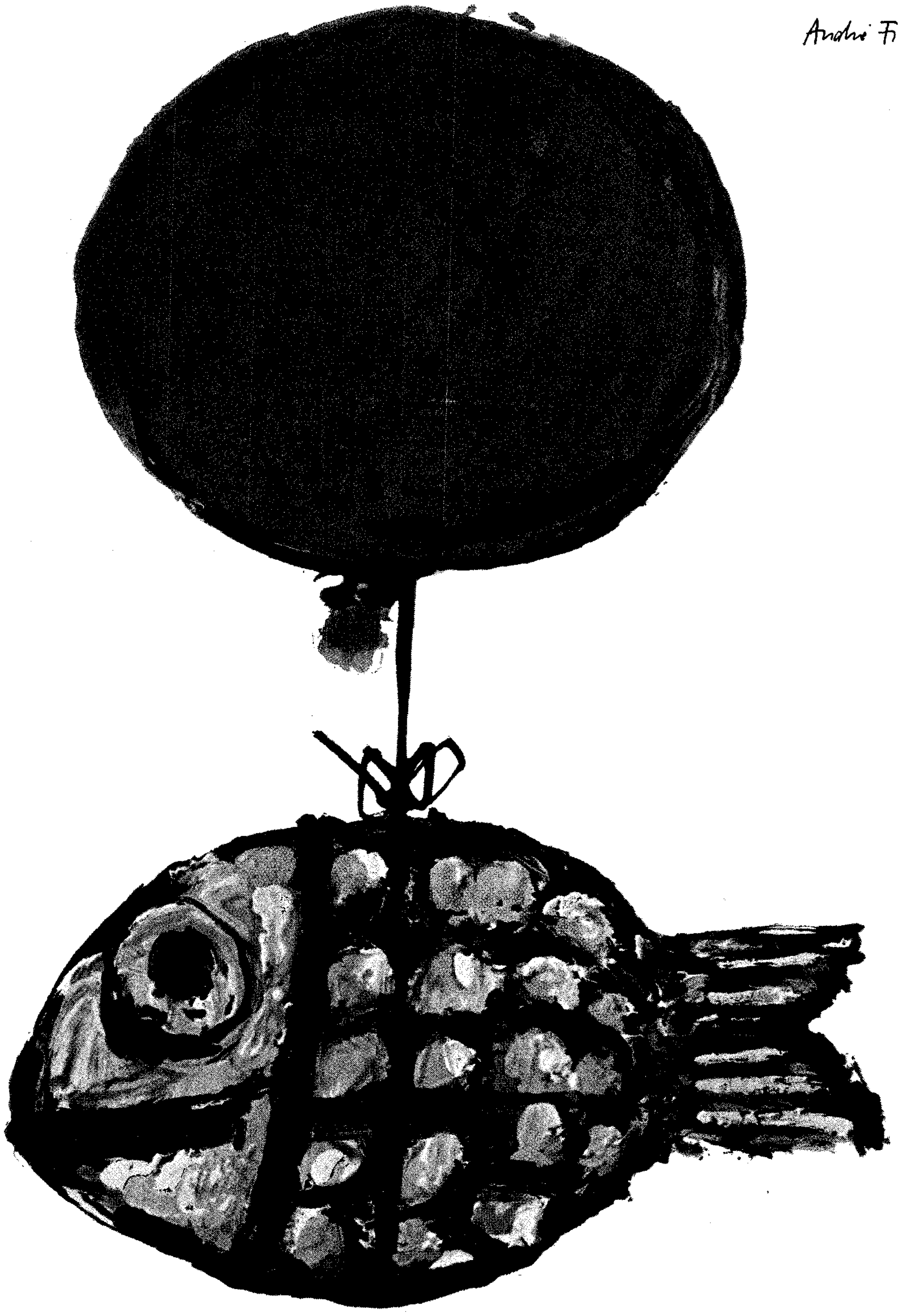

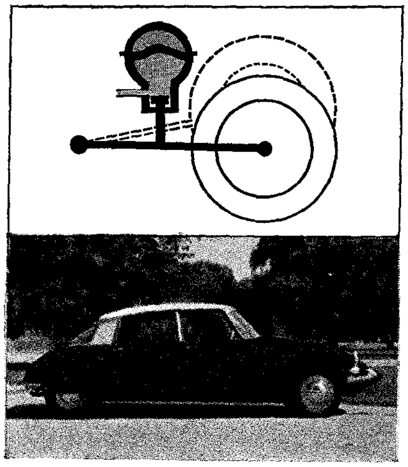

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the year 1864—$36.82, including a penalty of $3.12 for being late. Although few other taxpayers were so enthusiastic, the law remained in force until 1872. It was, however, subjected to a succession of rate reductions and amendments, one of them being the elimination, in 1865, of its progressive rates, on the arresting ground that collecting 10 per cent on high incomes and lower rates on lower incomes constituted undue discrimination against wealth. Annual revenue collections mounted from two million dollars in 1863 to seventy-three million in 1866, and then descended sharply. For two decades, beginning in the early eighteen-seventies, the very thought of an income tax did not enter the American mind, apart from rare occasions when some Populist or Socialist agitator would propose the establishment of such a tax designed specifically to soak the urban rich. Then, in 1893, when it had become clear that the country was relying on an obsolete revenue system that put too little burden on businessmen and members of the professions, President Cleveland proposed an income tax. The outcry that followed was shrill. Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, the father of the Sherman Antitrust Act, called the proposal "socialism, communism, and devilism," and another senator spoke darkly of "the professors with their books, the socialists with their schemes . . . [and] the anarchists with their bombs," while over in the House a congressman from Pennsylvania laid his cards on the table in the following terms:

> An income tax! A tax so odious that no administration ever dared to impose it except in time of war. . . . It is unutterably distasteful both in its moral and material aspects. It does not belong to a free country. It is class legislation. . . . Do you desire to offer a reward to dishonesty and to encourage perjury? The imposition of the tax will corrupt the people. It will bring in its train the spy and the informer. It will necessitate a swarm of officials with inquisitorial powers. . . . Mr. Chairman, pass this bill and the Democratic Party signs its death warrant.

The proposal that gave rise to these fulminations was for a tax at a uniform rate of 2 per cent on income in excess of four thousand dollars, and it was enacted into law in 1894. The Democratic Party survived, but the new law did not. Before it could be put into force, it was thrown out by the Supreme Court, on the ground that it violated the Constitutional provision forbidding "direct" taxes unless they were apportioned among the states according to population (curiously, this

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point had not been raised in connection with the Civil War income tax), and the income-tax issue was dead again, this time for a decade and a half. In 1909, by what a tax authority named Jerome Hellerstein has called "one of the most ironic twists of political events in American history," the Constitutional amendment (the sixteenth) that eventually gave Congress the power to levy taxes without apportionment among the states was put forward by the implacable opponents of the income tax, the Republicans, who took the step as a political move, confidently believing that the amendment would never be ratified by the states. To their dismay, it was ratified in 1913, and later that year Congress enacted a graduated tax on individuals at rates ranging from 1 per cent to 7 per cent, and also a flat tax of 1 per cent on the net profits of corporations. The income tax has been with us ever since.

By and large, its history since 1913 has been one of rising rates and of the seasonable appearance of special provisions to save people in the upper brackets from the inconvenience of having to pay those rates. The first sharp rise took place during the First World War, and by 1918 the bottom rate was 6 per cent and the top one, applicable to taxable income in excess of a million dollars, was 77 per cent, or far more than any government had previously ventured to exact on income of any amount. But the end of the war and the "return to normalcy" brought a reversal of the trend, and there followed an era of low taxes for rich and poor alike. Rates were reduced by degrees until 1925, when the standard rate scale ran from 1½ per cent to an absolute top of 25 per cent, and, furthermore, a great majority of the country's wage earners were relieved of paying any tax at all by being allowed personal exemptions of fifteen hundred dollars for a single person, thirty-five hundred dollars for a married couple, and four hundred dollars for each dependent. This was not the whole story, for it was during the twenties that special-interest provisions began to appear, stimulated into being by the complex of political forces that has accounted for their increase at intervals ever since. The first important one, adopted in 1922, established the principle of favored treatment for capital gains; this meant that money acquired through a rise in the value of investments was, for the first time, taxed at a lower rate than money earned in wages or for services—as, of course, it still is today. Then, in 1926, came the

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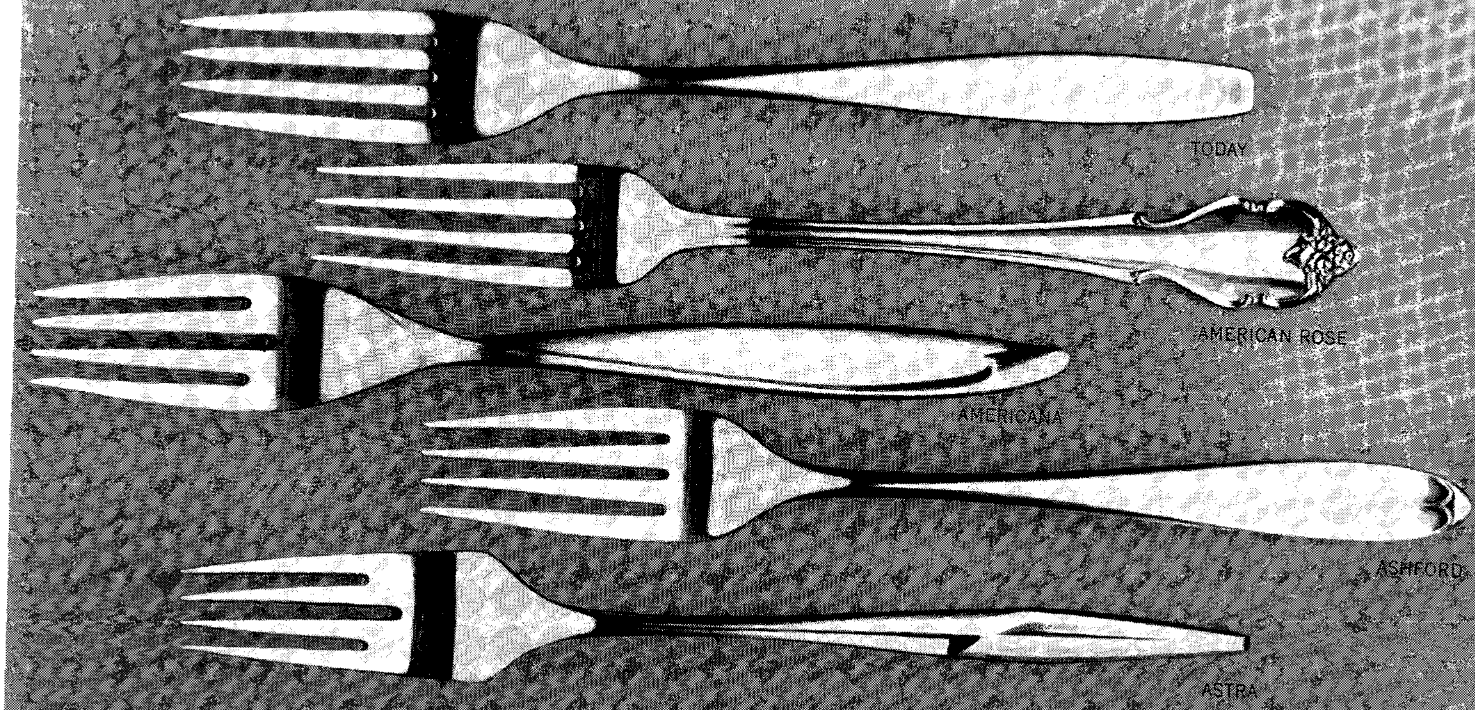

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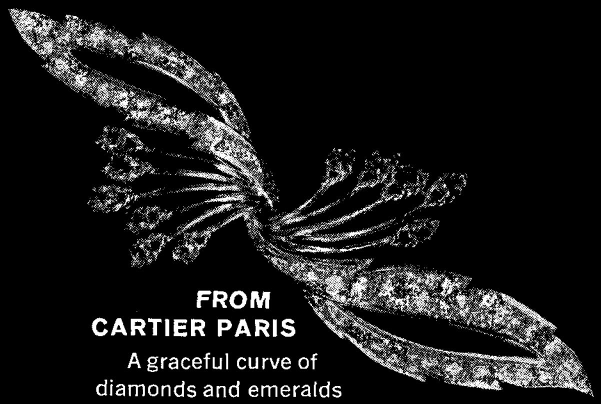

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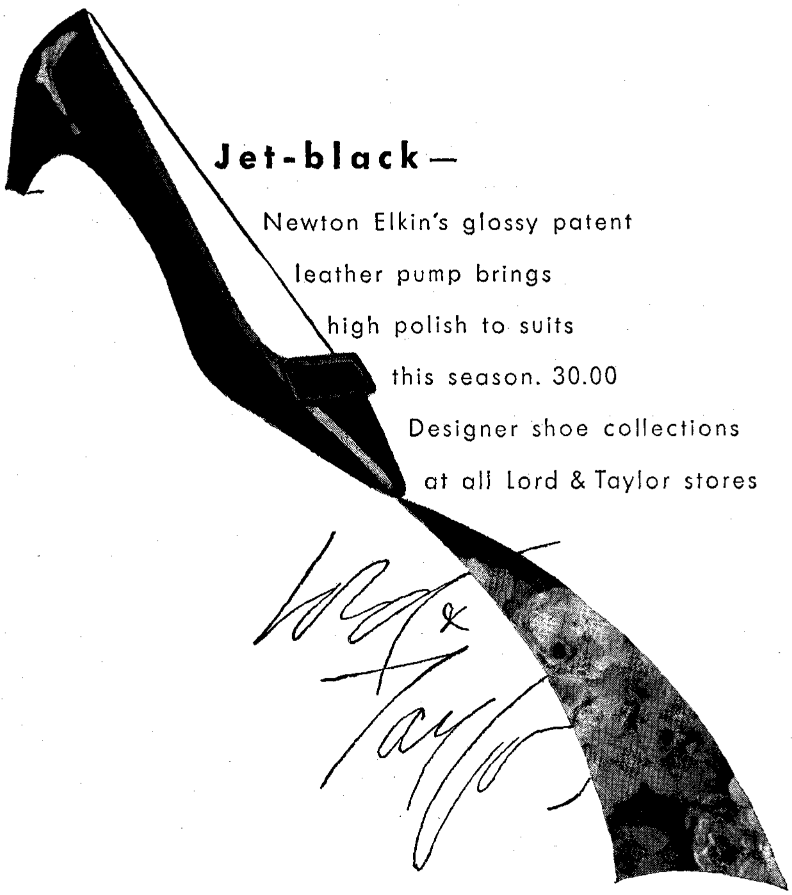

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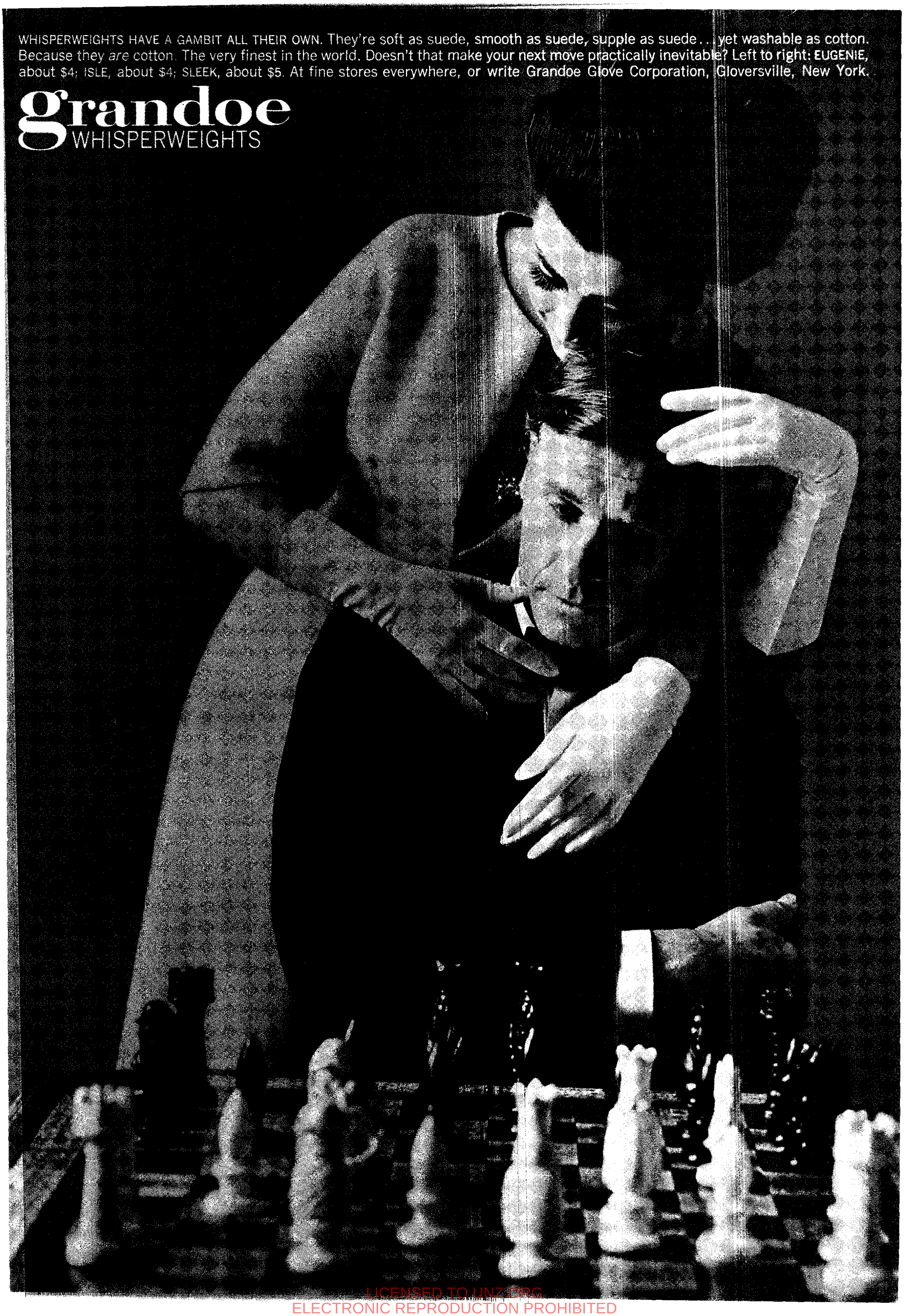
loophole that has undoubtedly caused more gnashing of teeth among those not in a position to profit by it than any other—the percentage depletion allowance on petroleum, which permits the owner of a producing oil well to deduct from his taxable income up to 27½ per cent of his gross annual income from the well and to keep deducting that much year after year, even though he has deducted the original cost of the well many times over. Whether or not the twenties were a golden age for the American people in general, they were assuredly a golden age for the American taxpayer.

The depression and the New Deal brought with them a trend toward higher tax rates and lower exemptions, which led up to a truly revolutionary era in federal income taxation—that of the Second World War. By 1936, largely because of greatly increased public spending, rates in the higher brackets were roughly double what they had been in the late twenties, and the very top bracket was 79 per cent, while, at the low end of the scale, personal exemptions had been reduced to the point where a single person was required to pay a small tax even if his income was only twelve hundred dollars. (As a matter of fact, at that time most industrial workers' incomes did not exceed twelve hundred dollars.) In 1944 and 1945, the rate scale for individuals reached its historic peak—23 per cent at the low end and 94 per cent at the high one—while income taxes on corporations, which had been creeping up gradually from the original 1913 rate of 1 per cent, reached the point where some companies were liable for 80 per cent. But the revolutionary thing about wartime taxation was not the very high rates on high incomes; indeed, in 1942, when this upward surge was approaching full flood, a new means of escape for high-bracket taxpayers appeared, or an old one widened, for the period during which stocks or other assets must be held in order to benefit from the capital-gains provision was reduced from eighteen months to six. What was revolutionary was the rise of industrial wages and the extension of substantial tax rates to the wage earner, making him, for the first time, an important contributor to government revenue. Abruptly, the income tax became a mass tax.

And so it has remained. Although taxes on big and middle-sized businesses settled down to a flat rate of 52 per cent, rates on individual income did not change significantly between 1945



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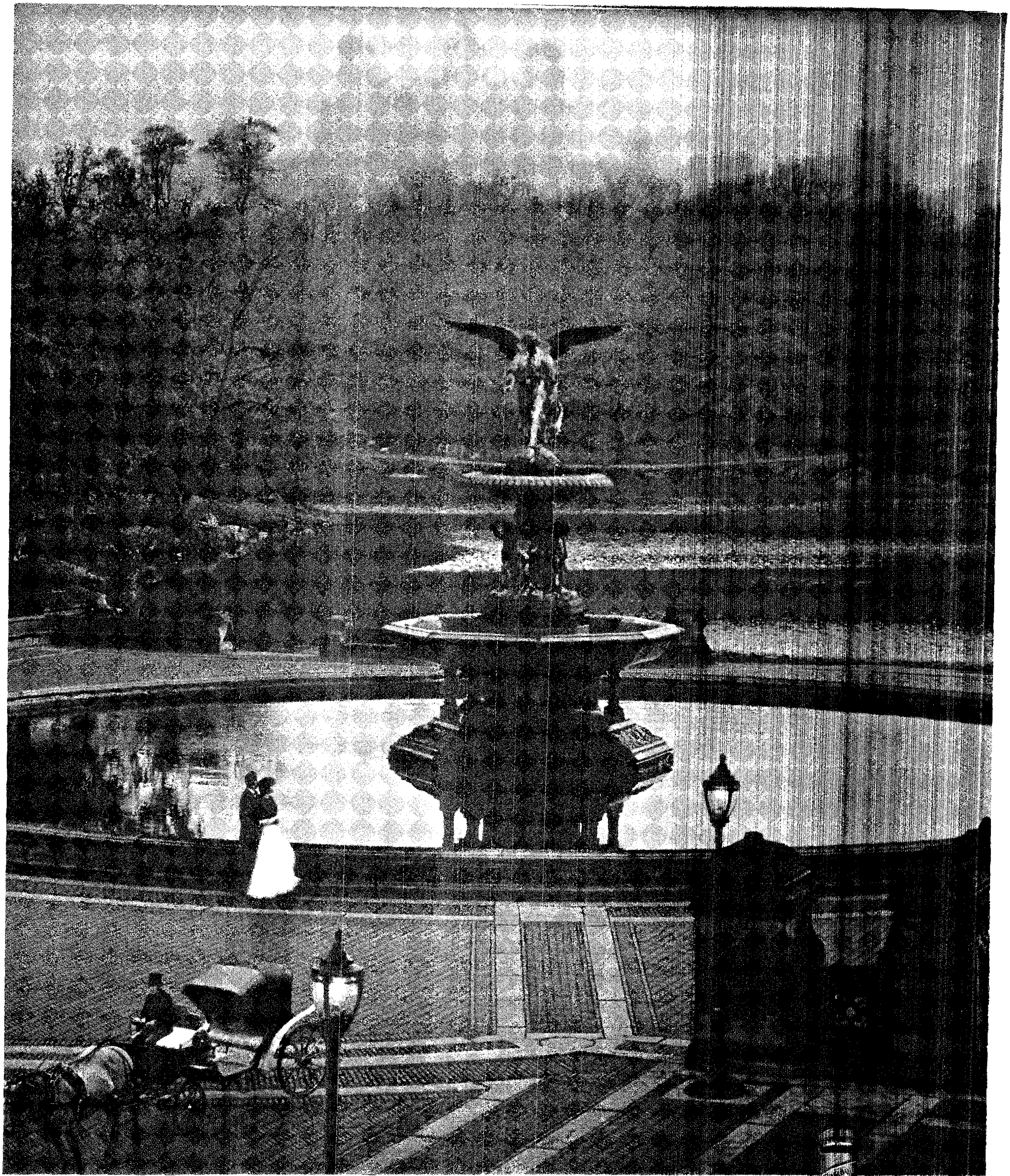

Evenings that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE

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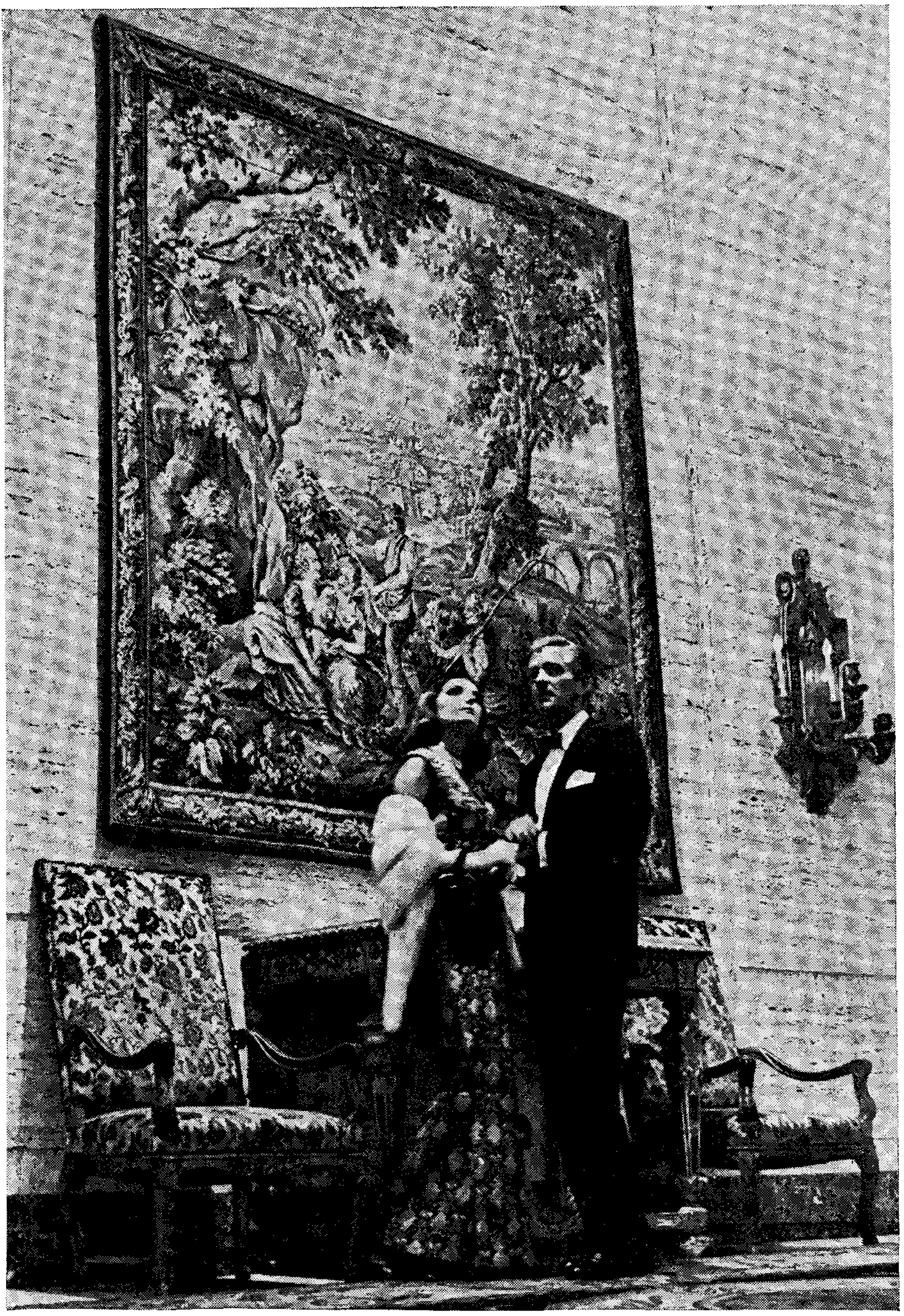
and 1964. (That is to say, the basic rates did not change significantly; there were temporary remissions, amounting to anywhere from 5 per cent to 17 per cent of the sums due under the basic rates, during the years 1946 through 1950.) The range was from 20 per cent to 91 per cent until 1950; there was a small rise during the Korean War, but it went right back there in 1954. In 1950, another important escape route, the so-called "restricted stock option," opened up, enabling some corporate executives to be taxed on part of their compensation at low capital-gains rates. The significant change, invisible in the rate schedule, has been a continuation of the one begun in wartime; namely, the increase in the proportionate tax burden carried by the middle and lower income groups. Paradoxical as it may seem, the evolution of our income tax has been from a low-rate tax relying for revenue on the high income group to a high-rate tax relying on the middle and lower-middle income groups. The Civil War levy, which affected only one per cent of the population, was unmistakably a rich man's tax, and the same was true of the 1913 levy. Even in 1918, at the height of the budget squeeze produced by the First World War, less than four and a half million Americans, of a total population of more than a hundred million, had to file income-tax returns at all. In 1933, in the depths of the depression, only three and three-quarters million returns were filed, and in 1939 an élite consisting of seven hundred thousand taxpayers, of a population of a hundred and thirty million, accounted for nine-tenths of all income-tax collections, while in 1960 it took some thirty-two million taxpayers—something over one-sixth of the population—to account for nine-tenths of all collections, and a whopping big nine-tenths it was, totalling some thirty-five and a half billion dollars, compared to less than a billion in 1939.

The historian Seligman wrote in 1911 that the history of income taxation the world over consisted essentially of "evolution toward basing it on ability to pay." One wonders what qualifications he might add, on the basis of the American experience since then, if he were still alive. Of course, one reason people with middle incomes pay far more in taxes than they used to is that there are far more of them. Changes in the country's social and economic structure have been as big a factor in the shift as the structure of the income tax has. It remains probable, though, that, in actual practice, the aboriginal in-



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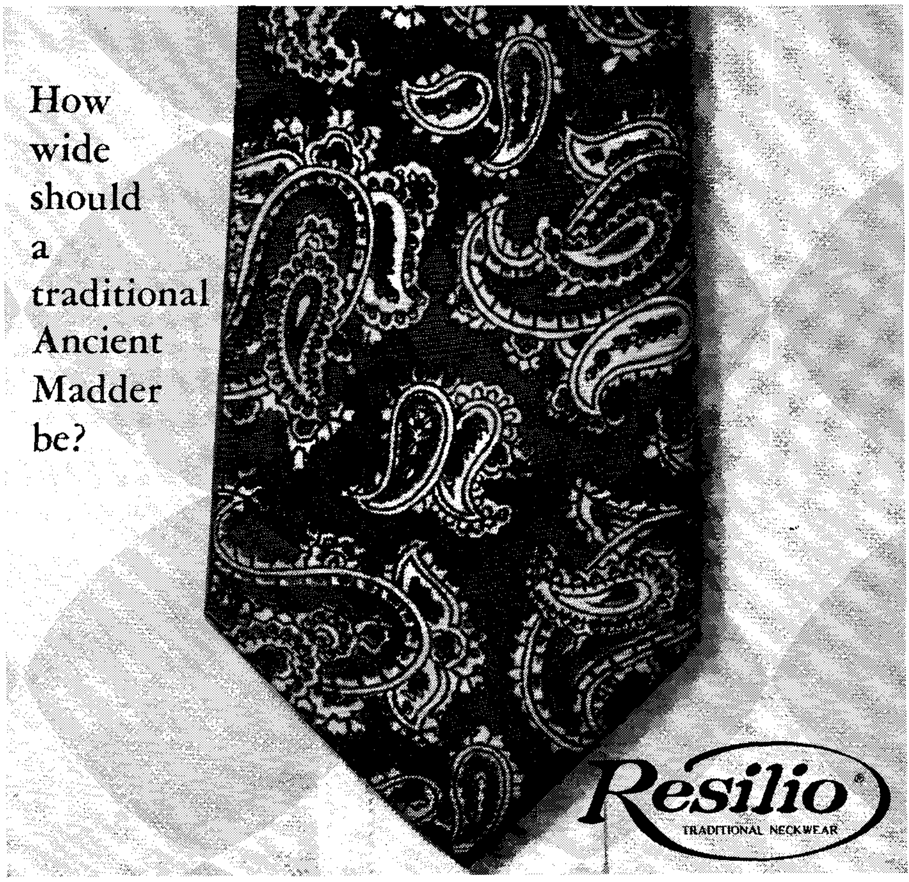

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come tax of 1913 extracted money from citizens with stricter regard to their ability to pay than the present income tax does.

WHATEVER the faults of our income-tax law, it is beyond question the best-obeyed income-tax law in the world, and income taxes are now ubiquitous, from the Orient to the Occident and from pole to pole. (Practically all of the dozens of new nations that have come into being over the past few years have adopted income-tax measures. Walter H. Diamond, the editor of a publication called *Foreign Tax & Trade Briefs*, has noted that as little as a decade ago he could rattle off the names of two dozen countries, large and small, that did not tax the individual, but that nowadays the only names he can rattle off are those of a couple of British colonies, Bermuda and the Bahamas; a couple of tiny republics, San Marino and Andorra; three oil-rich Middle Eastern countries, the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, Kuwait, and Qatar; and two rather inhospitable countries, Monaco and Saudi Arabia, which tax the incomes of resident foreigners but not those of nationals. Even Communist countries have income taxes, though they count on them for only a small percentage of their total revenue; Russia applies different rates to different occupations, shopkeepers and ecclesiastics being in the high tax bracket, artists and writers near the middle, and laborers and artisans at the bottom.) Evidence of the superior efficiency of tax collecting in the United States is plentiful; for instance, our costs for administration and enforcement come to only about forty-four cents for every hundred dollars collected, as against a rate more than twice as high in Canada, more than three times as high in England, France, and Belgium, and many times as high in other places. This kind of American efficiency is the despair of foreign tax collectors. About a year ago, Mortimer M. Caplin, who was Commissioner of Internal Revenue from January, 1961, until last July, held consultations with the leading tax administrators of six Western European countries, and the question heard again and again was "How do you do it? Do they *like* to pay taxes over there?" Of course, they do not, but, as Caplin said at the time, "we have a lot going for us that the Europeans haven't." One thing we have going for us is tradition. American income taxes originated and developed not as a result of the efforts of monarchs to fill their

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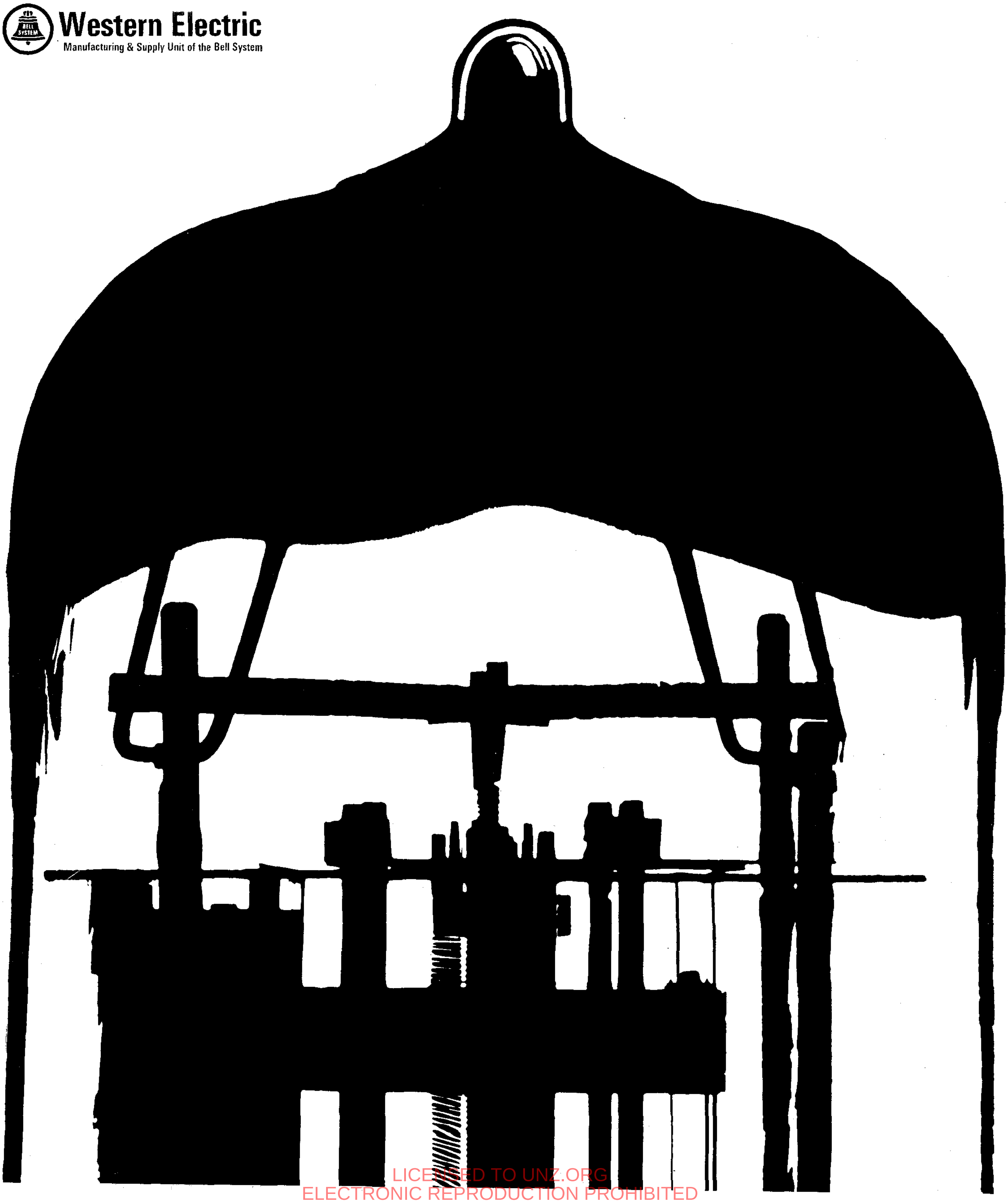
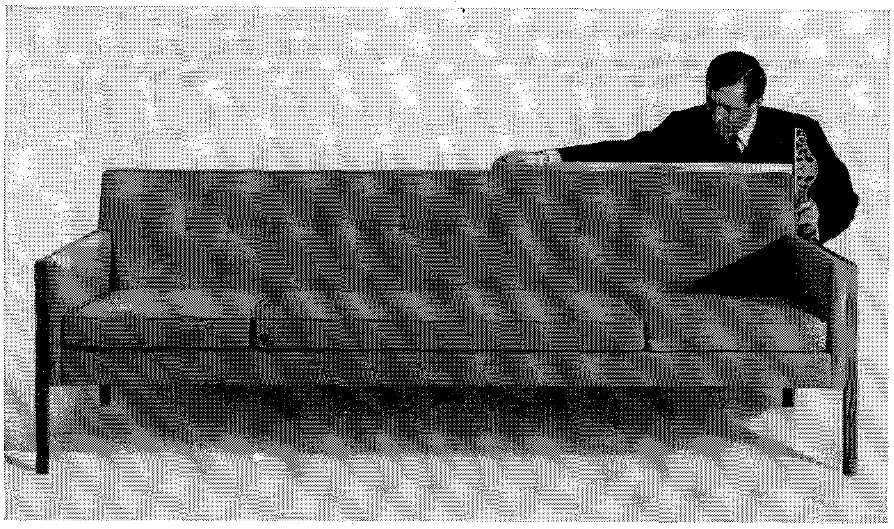


coffers at the expense of their subjects but as a result of the efforts of an elected government to serve the general interest. A widely travelled tax lawyer observed not long ago, "In most countries, it's impossible to engage in a serious discussion of income taxes, because they aren't taken seriously." They are taken seriously here, and part of the reason is the power and skill of our income-tax police force, the Internal Revenue Service.

Unquestionably, the "swarm of officials" feared by the Pennsylvania congressman in 1894 has come into being—and there are those who would add that the officials have the "inquisitorial powers" he also feared. As of the beginning of 1965, the Internal Revenue Service had approximately sixty thousand employees, including more than six thousand revenue officers and more than twelve thousand revenue agents, and these eighteen thousand men, possessing the right to inquire into every penny of everyone's income and into matters like exactly what was discussed at an expense-account meal, and armed with the threat of heavy punishments, have powers that might reasonably be called inquisitorial. But the I.R.S. engages in many activities besides actual tax collecting, and some of these suggest that it exercises its despotic powers in an equitable way, if not actually in a benevolent one. Notable among the additional activities is a taxpayer-education program on a scale that occasionally inspires an official to boast that the I.R.S. runs the largest university in the world. As part of this program, it puts out dozens of publications explicating various aspects of the law, and it is proud of the fact that the most general of these—a blue-covered pamphlet entitled "Your Federal Income Tax," which is issued annually and can be bought for forty cents at any District Director's office—is so popular that it is often reprinted by private publishers, who sell it to the unwary for a dollar or more, pointing out, with triumphant accuracy, that it is an official government publication. (Since government publications are not copyrighted, this is perfectly legal.) The I.R.S. also conducts "institutes" on technical questions every December for the enlightenment of the vast corps of "tax practitioners"—accountants and lawyers—who will shortly be preparing the returns of individuals and corporations. It puts out elementary tax manuals designed specially for free distribution to any high schools that ask for them—and, according to one I.R.S. official, some eighty-five per cent of



neo-Georgian

"Time for a renaissance," declared George Schwartz, high-rising Manhattan architect, when he spotted this sofa in Metropolitan's new catalog. So he sold his rattan furniture to Trader Vic's, his Tiffany lamp to a wax museum, then filled his flat with Metropolitan, the furniture imported from San Francisco. "Greatest architectural feat since the Golden Gate Bridge," said George of the sofa that sparked the Schwartz Renaissance. Its foam cushions and buttonless tufted back are suspended breathtakingly between slender arms and legs of solid walnut. Write for our free brochure or our new 102-page catalog, yours for $2 from Metropolitan Furniture Corporation, 1355 Market Street, San Francisco.

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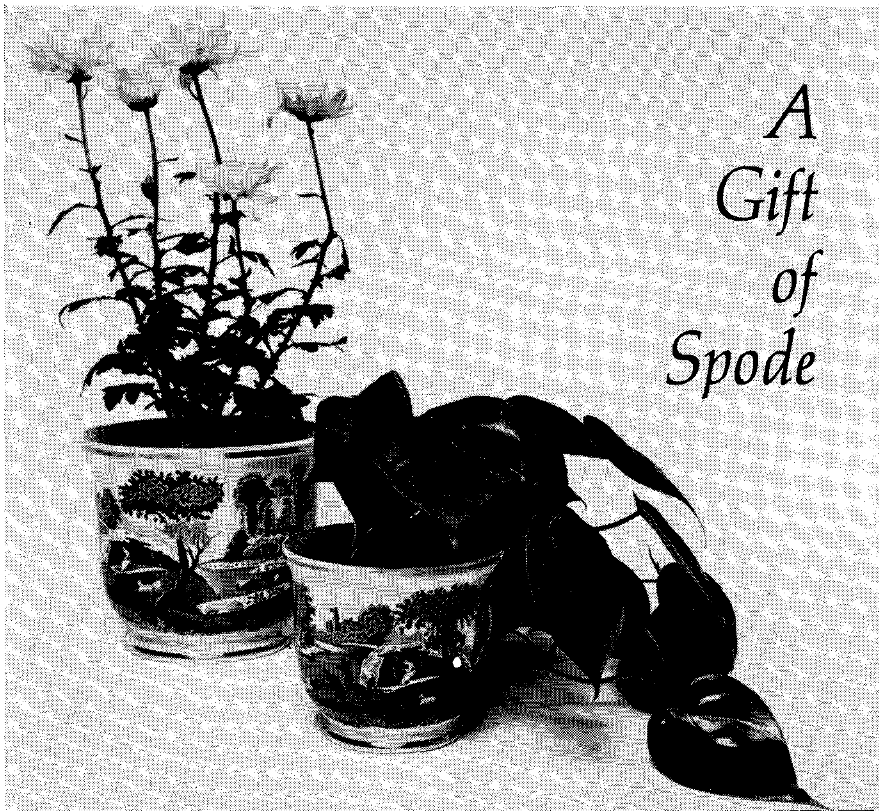

Cache Pots, in Spode's "Italian Scenes," are again in fashion, as indeed one would expect of a pattern some two hundred years old. Two sizes: 6″ high, 5½″ diam., $15.50; 4½″ high, 4¼″ diam., $9.75. At the best store you know.

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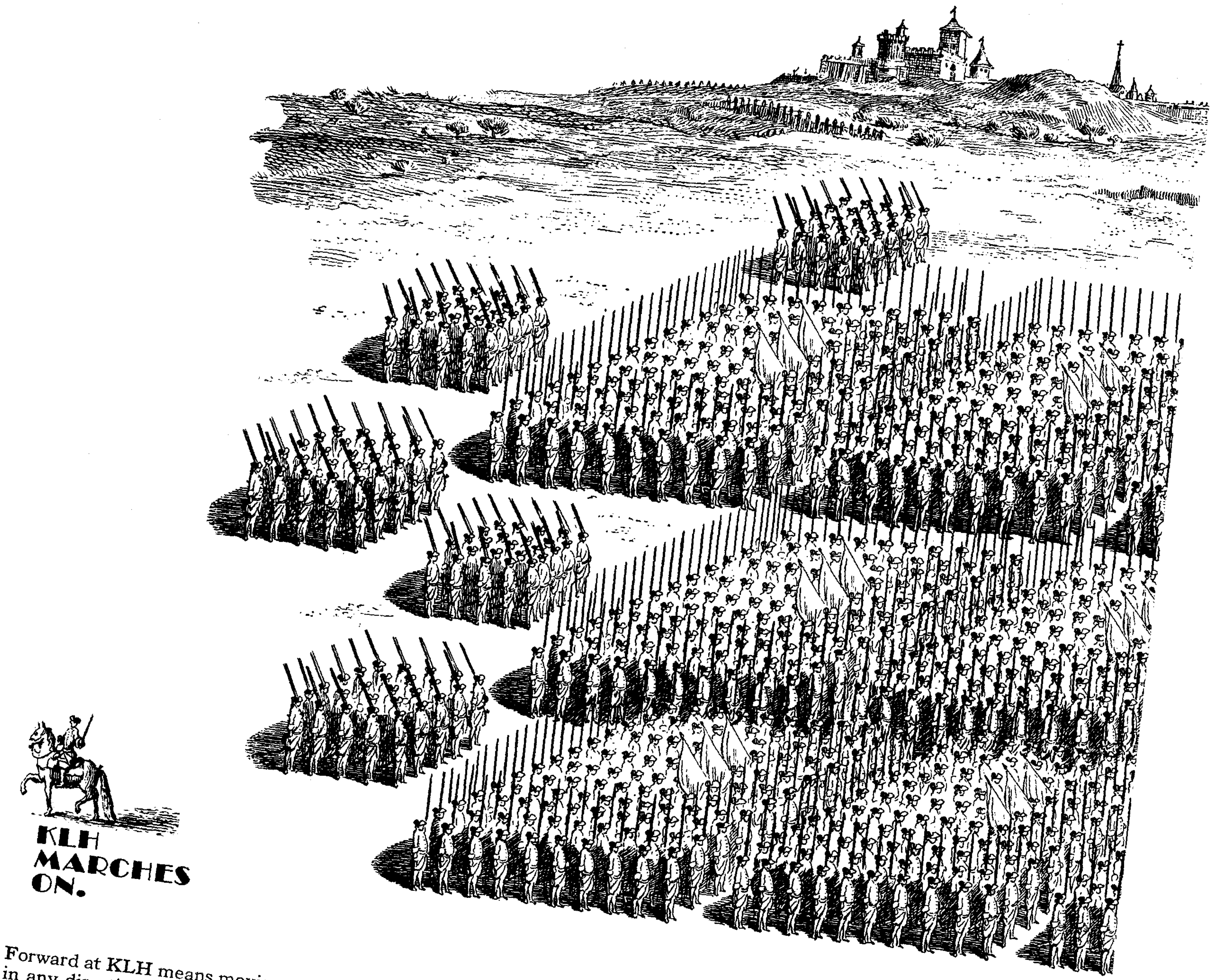

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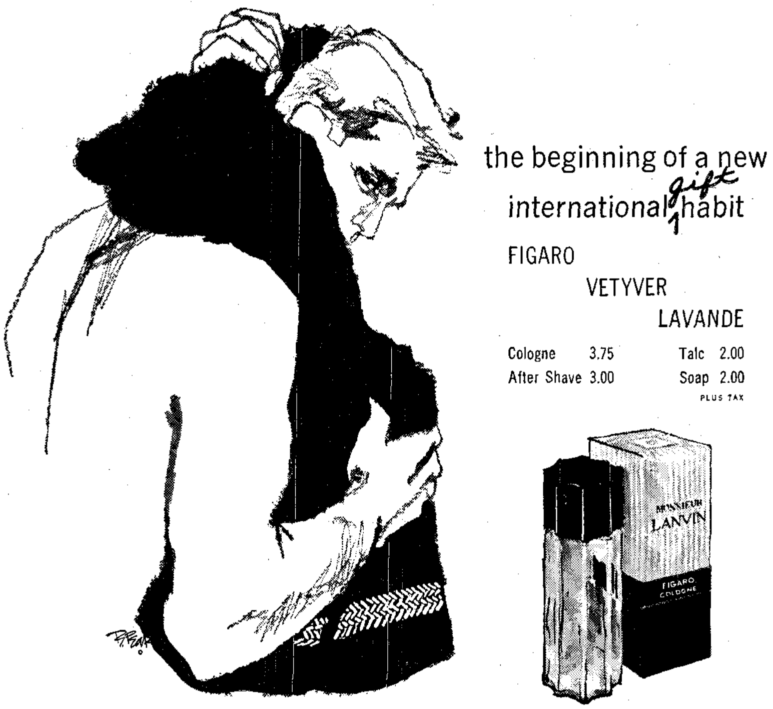
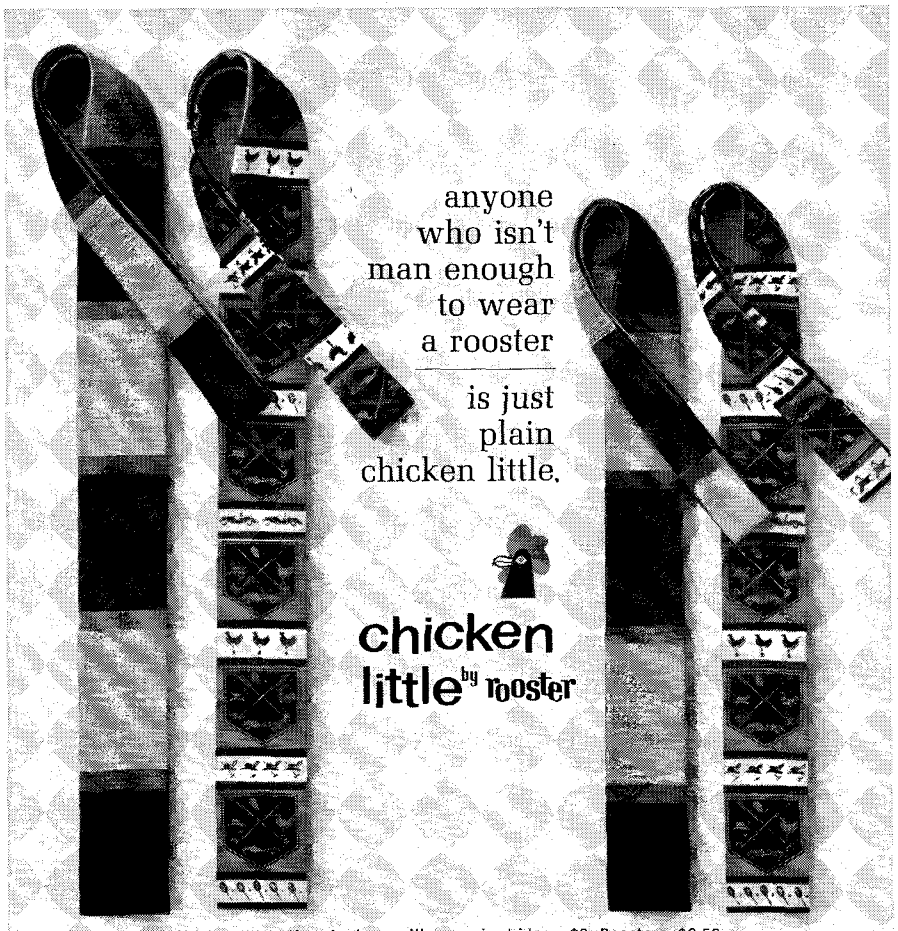
American high schools *do* ask for them. (The question of whether schoolchildren ought to be spending their time boning up on the tax laws is one that the I.R.S. considers to be outside its scope.) Furthermore, just before the tax deadline each year, the I.R.S. goes on television with spot advertisements offering tax pointers and reminders. It is proud to say that, of the various spots, a clear majority have been in the interests of protecting taxpayers from overpaying.

In the fall of 1963, the I.R.S. took a big step toward increasing the efficiency of its collections still further, and, by a feat worthy of the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," it has managed to present the step to the public as a grandmotherly move to help everybody out. The step is the establishment of a so-called national-identity file, involving the assignment to every taxpayer of an account number (usually his Social Security number), and if it works out according to plan, it should practically eliminate the problem created by people who fail to declare their income from corporate dividends or from interest on bank accounts or bonds—a form of evasion that is thought to have been costing the Treasury hundreds of millions a year. But that is not all. When the number is entered in the proper place on a return, "this will make certain that you are given immediate credit for taxes reported and paid by you, and that any refund will be promptly recorded in your favor"—so Commissioner Caplin commented brightly on the front cover of last year's tax-return forms. The I.R.S. is now taking another giant step—the adoption of a system for automating a large part of the tax-checking process, in which seven regional computers will collect and collate data that will be fed into a master data-processing center at Martinsburg, West Virginia. This installation, which can make a quarter of a million number comparisons per second, is not yet in full operation but is already called the Martinsburg Monster. At present, between four and five million returns a year are given a complete audit, and all returns are checked for mathematical errors. Some of this mathematical work is being done by computers and some by people, but by 1967, when the computer system is expected to be going full blast, *all* the mathematical work will be done by machine, thus presumably freeing many I.R.S. employees to subject even more returns to detailed audits. According to a publication authorized by the I.R.S., though, "the

FIGARO



MONSIEUR LANVIN



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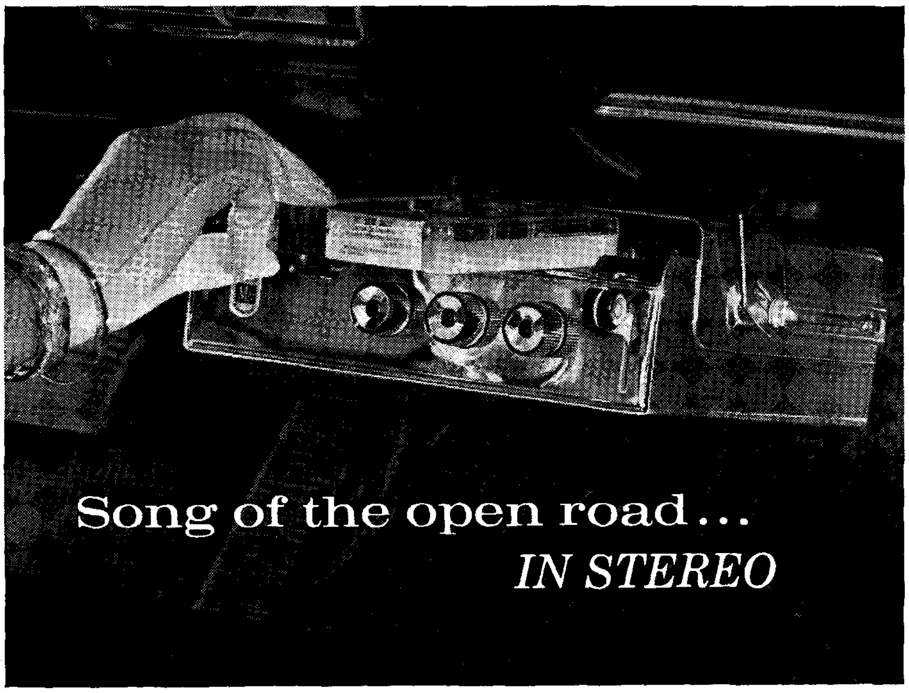

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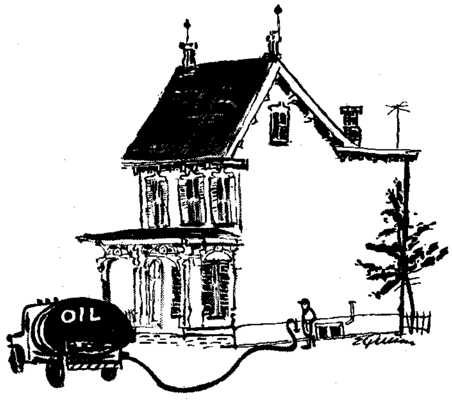
capacity and memory of the [computer] system will help taxpayers who forget prior year credits or who do not take full advantage of their rights under the laws." In short, it will be a *friendly* monster.

If the mask that the I.R.S. has presented to the country in recent years has worn a rather ghastly expression of benignity, the immediate explanation is probably nothing more sinister than the fact that Caplin, the man who dominated it in those years, is a cheerful extrovert and a natural politician, and that his influence continues to be felt under the man who was appointed to succeed him as Commissioner last December—a young Washington lawyer named Sheldon S. Cohen, who took over the job after a six-month interim during which an I.R.S. career man named Bertrand M. Harding served as Acting Commissioner. (When Caplin resigned as Commissioner, he stepped out of politics, at least temporarily, becoming a top executive of Prentice-Hall, Inc., which publishes, among other things, a variety of tax services for businessmen.) Caplin is widely considered to have been one of the best Commissioners of Internal Revenue in history, and, at the very least, he was certainly an improvement on two fairly recent occupants of the post, one of whom, some time after leaving it, was convicted and sentenced to two years in prison for evading his own income taxes, and the other of whom subsequently ran for public office on a platform of opposition to any federal income tax—as a former umpire might stump the country against baseball. Among the accomplishments that Caplin, a small, quick-spoken, dynamic man in his forties who grew up in New York City and used to be a University of Virginia law professor, is credited with as Commissioner is the abolition of the practice that had previously been alleged to exist of assigning collection quotas to I.R.S. agents. He gave the top echelons of I.R.S. an air of in-



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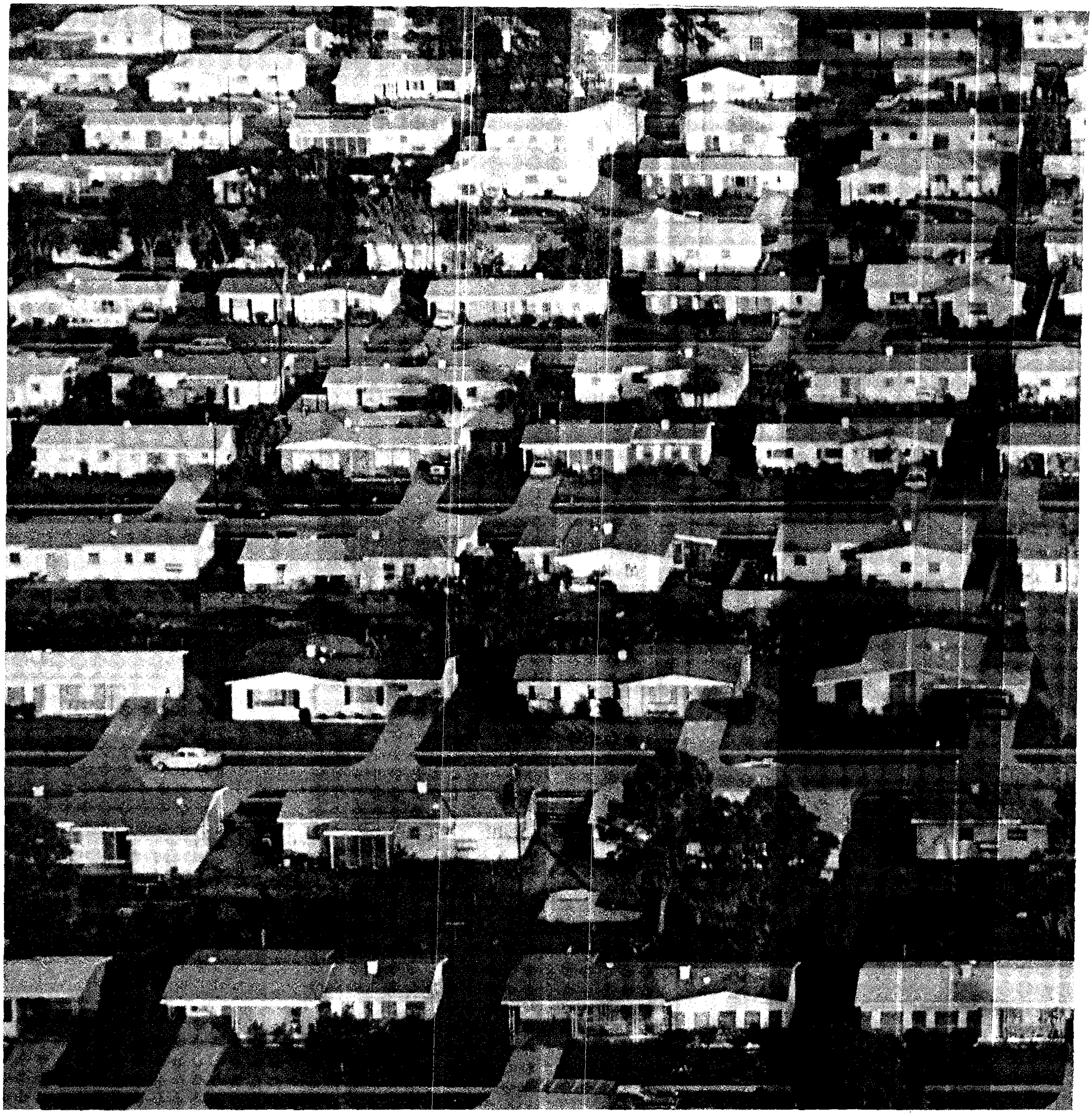

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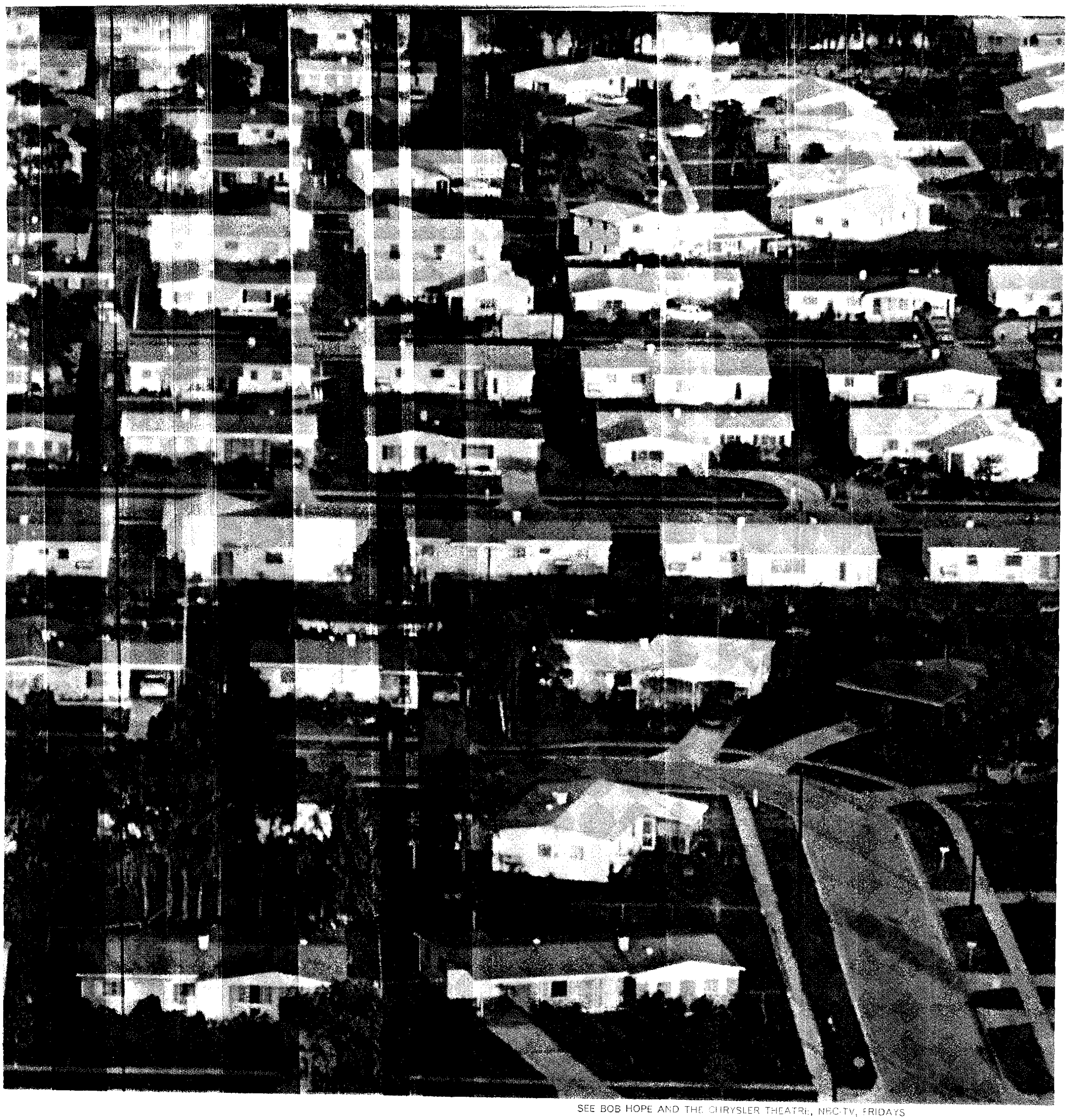

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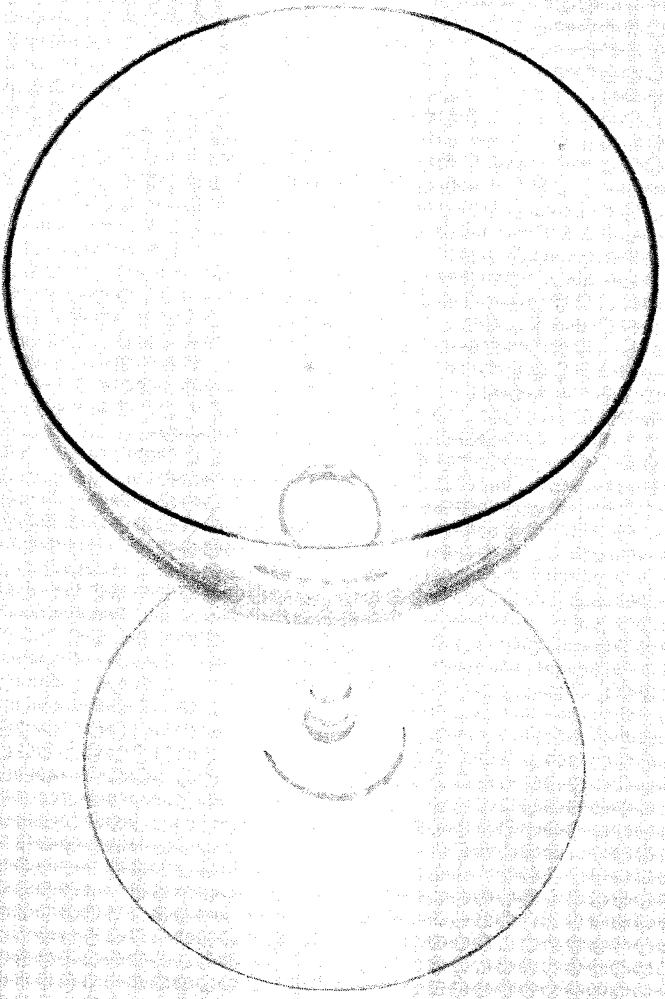

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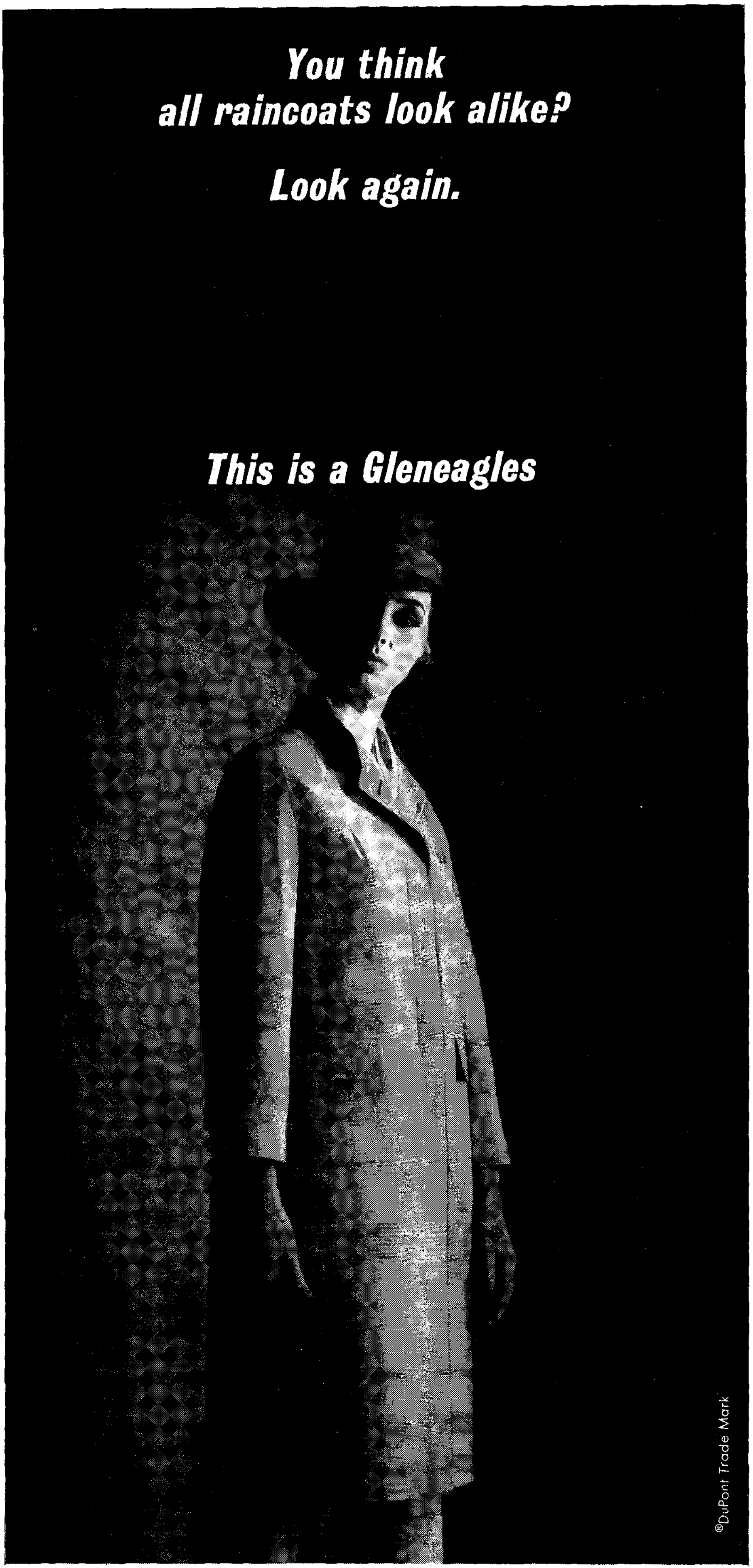
tegrity beyond cavil, and, what was perhaps most striking, managed the strange feat of projecting to the nation a sort of enthusiasm for taxes, considered abstractly. Thus he managed to collect them with a certain style—a sort of subsidiary New Frontier, which he called the New Direction. The chief thrust of the New Direction was to put increased emphasis on education leading toward increased voluntary compliance with the tax law, instead of concentrating on the search for and prosecution of conscious offenders. In a manifesto that Caplin issued to his swarm of officials in the spring of 1961, he wrote, "We all should understand that the Service is not simply running a direct enforcement business aimed at making $2 billion in additional assessments, collecting another billion from delinquent accounts, and prosecuting a few hundred evaders. Rather, it is charged with administering an enormous self-assessment tax system which raises over $90 billion from what people themselves put down on their tax returns and voluntarily pay, with another $2 or $3 billion coming from direct enforcement activities. In short, we cannot forget that 97 per cent of our total revenue comes from self-assessment or voluntary compliance, with only three per cent coming directly from enforcement. *Our chief mission is to encourage and achieve more effective voluntary compliance.* . . . The New Direction is really a shift in emphasis. *But it is a very important shift.*" It may be, though, that the true spirit of the New Direction is better epitomized on the jacket of a book entitled "The American Way in Taxation," edited by Lillian Doris, which was published in 1963 with the blessing of Caplin, who wrote the foreword. "Here is the exciting story of the largest and most efficient tax collecting organization the world has ever known—the United States Internal Revenue Service!" the jacket announces, in part. "Here are the stirring events, the bitterly-fought legislative battles, the dedicated civil servants that have marched through the past century and left an indelible imprint on our nation. You'll thrill to the epic legal battle to kill the income tax . . . and you'll be astonished at the future plans of the I.R.S. You'll see how giant computers, now on the drawing boards, are going to affect the tax collection system and influence the lives of many American men and women in new and unusual ways!"

In any event, it is debatable whether the New Direction watchword of "voluntary compliance" can be used to de-



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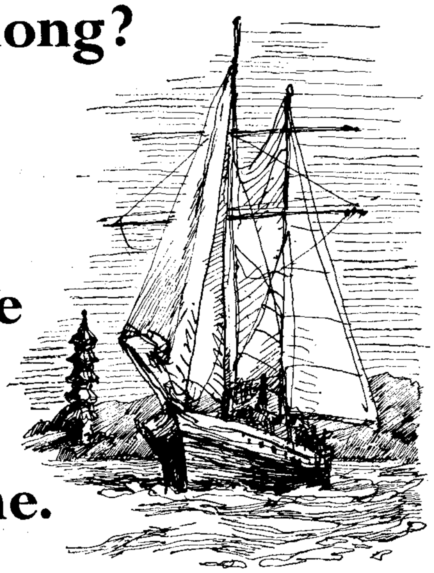

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scribe a system of tax collection under which some three-quarters of all collections from individuals are obtained through withholding at the source, under which the I.R.S. and its Martinsburg Monster lurk to catch the unwary evader, and under which the punishment for evasion runs up to five years in prison per offense in addition to extremely heavy financial penalties. Caplin, however, did not seem to feel a bit of concern over this point. With tireless good humor, he made the rounds of the nation's organizations of businessmen, accountants, and lawyers, giving luncheon talks in which he praised them for their voluntary compliance in the past, exhorted them to greater efforts in the future, and assured them that it was all in a good cause. "We're still striving for the human touch in our tax administration," declared the essay on the cover of last year's tax-return forms, which Caplin signed, and which he says he composed in collaboration with his wife. "I see a lot of humor in this job," he told a caller a few hours after remarking to a luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis Club of Washington at the Mayflower Hotel, "Last year was the fiftieth anniversary of the income-tax amendment to the Constitution, but the Internal Revenue Service somehow or other didn't seem to get any birthday cakes." This might perhaps be considered a form of gallows humor, except that the hangman is not supposed to be the one who makes the jokes.

Cohen, the new Commissioner, is a born-and-bred Washingtonian who, in 1952, graduated from George Washington University Law School at the top of his class; served in a junior capacity with the I.R.S. for the next four years; practiced law in Washington for seven years after that, eventually becoming a partner in the celebrated firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter; at the beginning of 1964 returned to the I.R.S., as its chief counsel; and a year later, at the age of thirty-seven, became the youngest Commissioner of Internal Revenue in history. A man with close-cropped brown hair, candid eyes, and a guileless manner that makes him seem even younger than he is, Cohen comes from the chief counsel's office with the reputation of having uplifted it both practically and philosophically; he was responsible for an administrative reorganization that has been widely praised as making faster decisions possible, and for a demand that the I.R.S. be consistent in its legal stand in cases against taxpayers (that it refrain from taking one position on a fine point of Code in-

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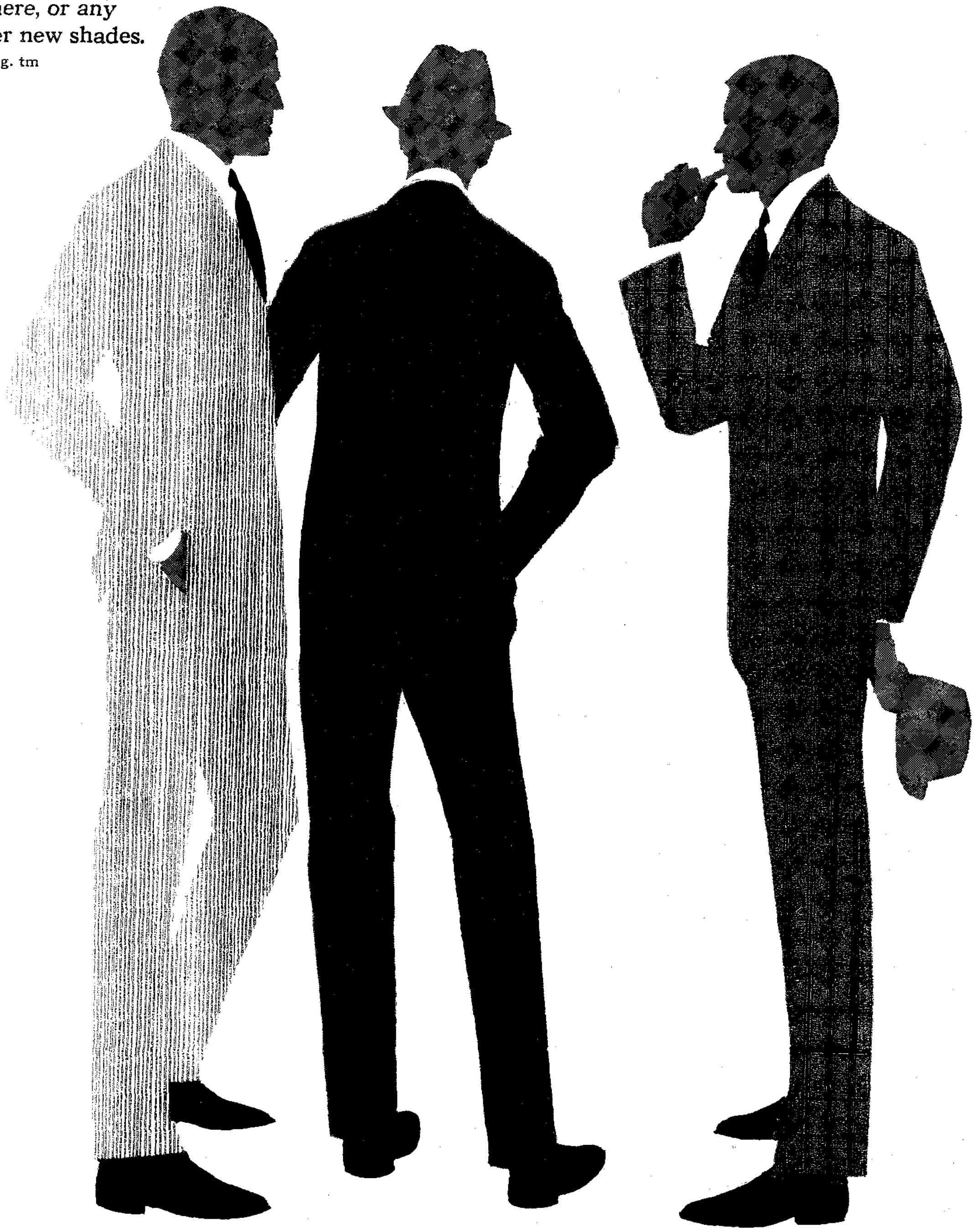

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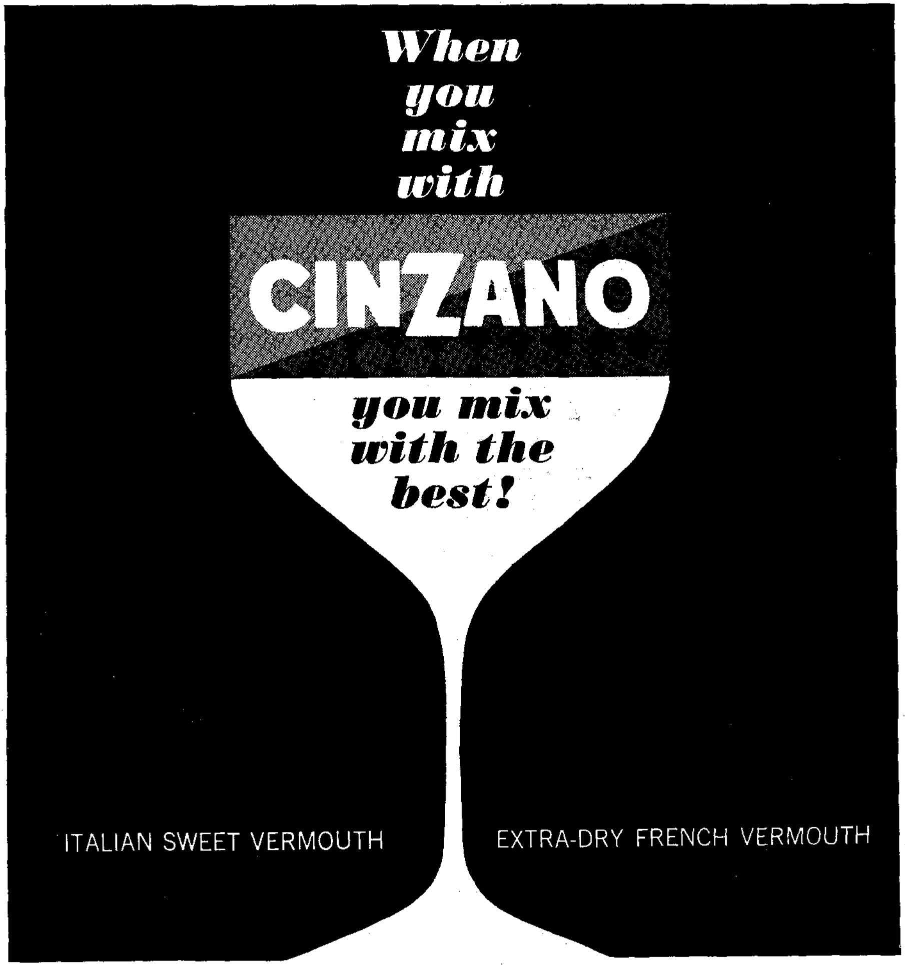

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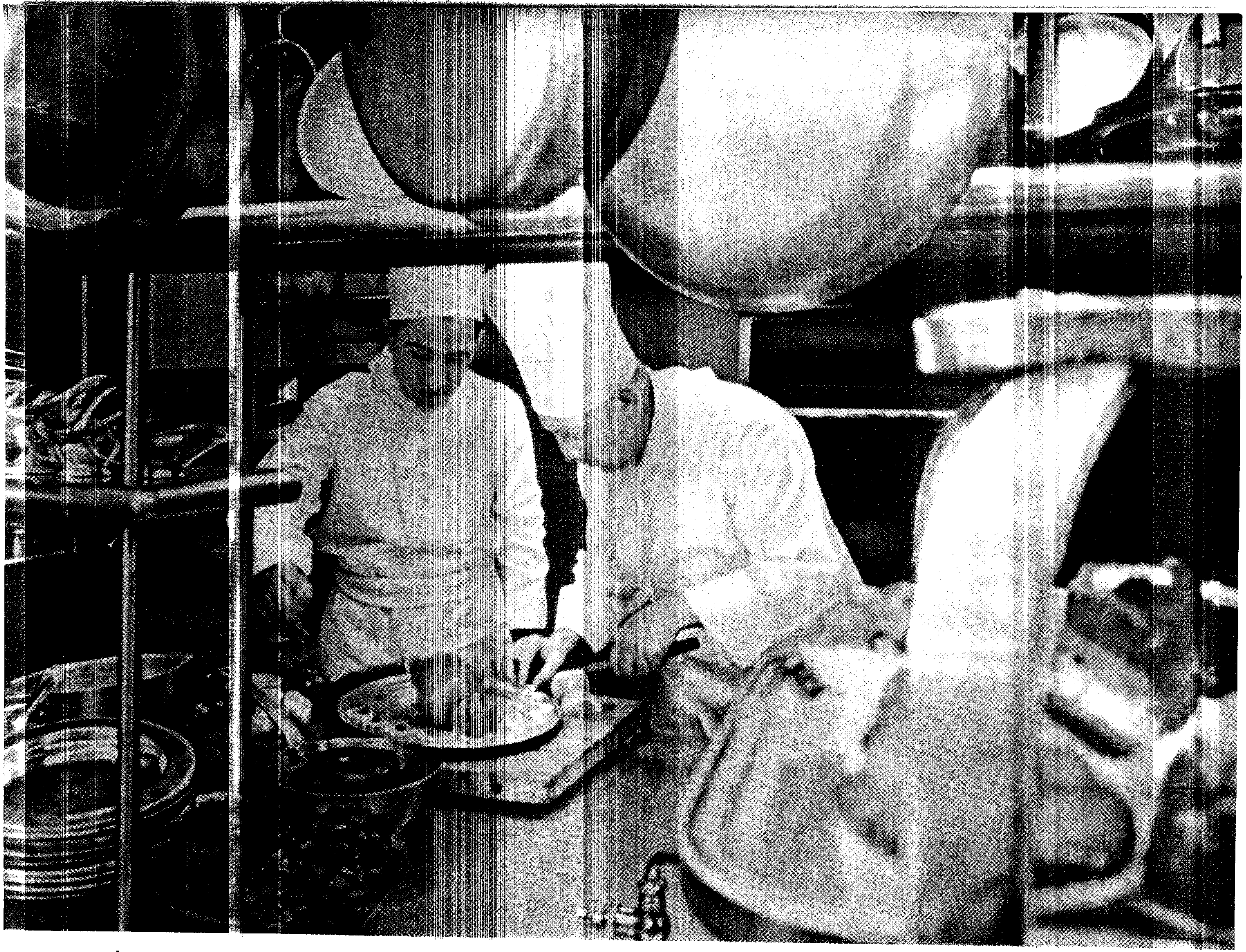
terpretation in Philadelphia, say, and the opposite position on the same point in Omaha), which is considered a triumph of high principle over governmental greed. In general, Cohen says, he intends to continue Caplin's policies—to emphasize "voluntary compliance," to strive for agreeable, or at least not *dis*agreeable, relations with the taxpaying public, and so on. He is a less gregarious and a more reflective man than Caplin, however, and doubtless this difference will have its effect on the I.R.S. as a whole. It is already known that he plans to stick relatively close to his desk, leaving the luncheon-circuit pep talks to subordinates. "Mort was wonderful at that sort of thing," Cohen said the other day. "Public opinion of the Service is high now as a result of his big push in that direction. We want to keep it high without more pushing on my part. Anyhow, I couldn't do it well—I'm not made that way."

A charge that has often been made, and continues to be made, is that the office of Commissioner carries with it far too much power. The Commissioner has no authority to propose changes in rates or initiate other new tax legislation—the authority to propose rate changes belongs to the Secretary of the Treasury, who may or may not seek the Commissioner's advice in the matter, and the enactment of new tax laws is, of course, the job of Congress and the President—but tax laws, since they must cover so many different situations, are necessarily written in rather general terms, and the Commissioner is solely responsible (subject to reversal in the courts) for writing the regulations that are supposed to explain the laws in detail. And sometimes the regulations are a bit cloudy themselves, and in such cases who is better qualified to explain *them* than their author, the Commissioner? Thus it comes about that almost every word that drops from the Commissioner's mouth, whether at his desk or at luncheon meetings, is immediately distributed by the various tax publishing services to tax accountants and lawyers all over the country and is gobbled up by them with an avidity not always accorded the remarks of an appointed official. Because of this, some people see the Commissioner as a virtual tyrant. Others, including both theoretical and practical tax experts, disagree. Jerome Hellerstein, who is a law professor at New York University Law School as well as a tax adviser, says, "The latitude of action given the Commissioner is great, and it's true that he



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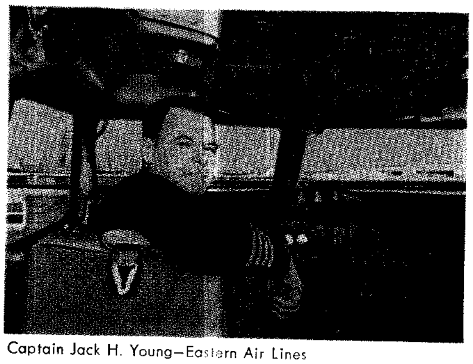

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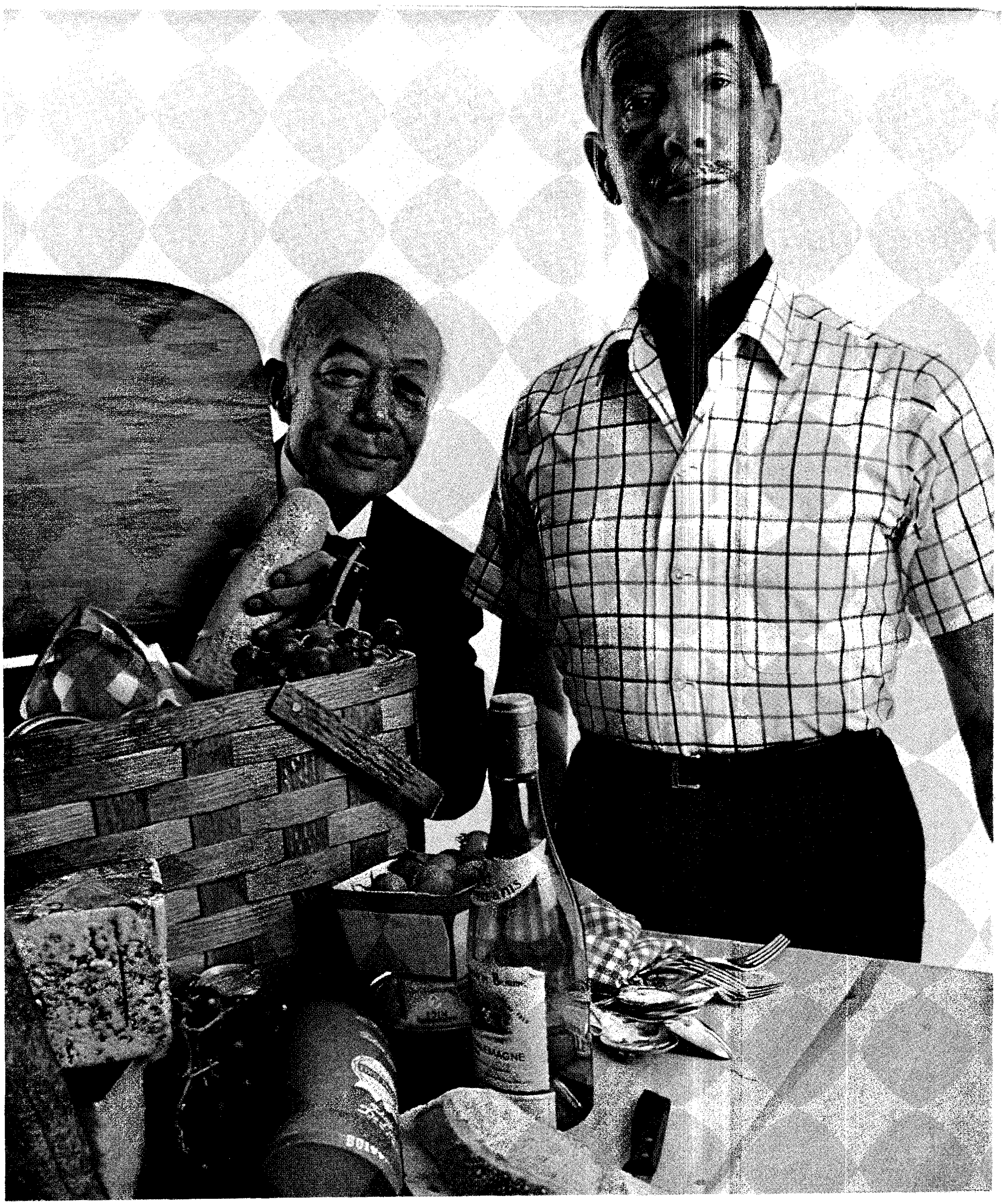

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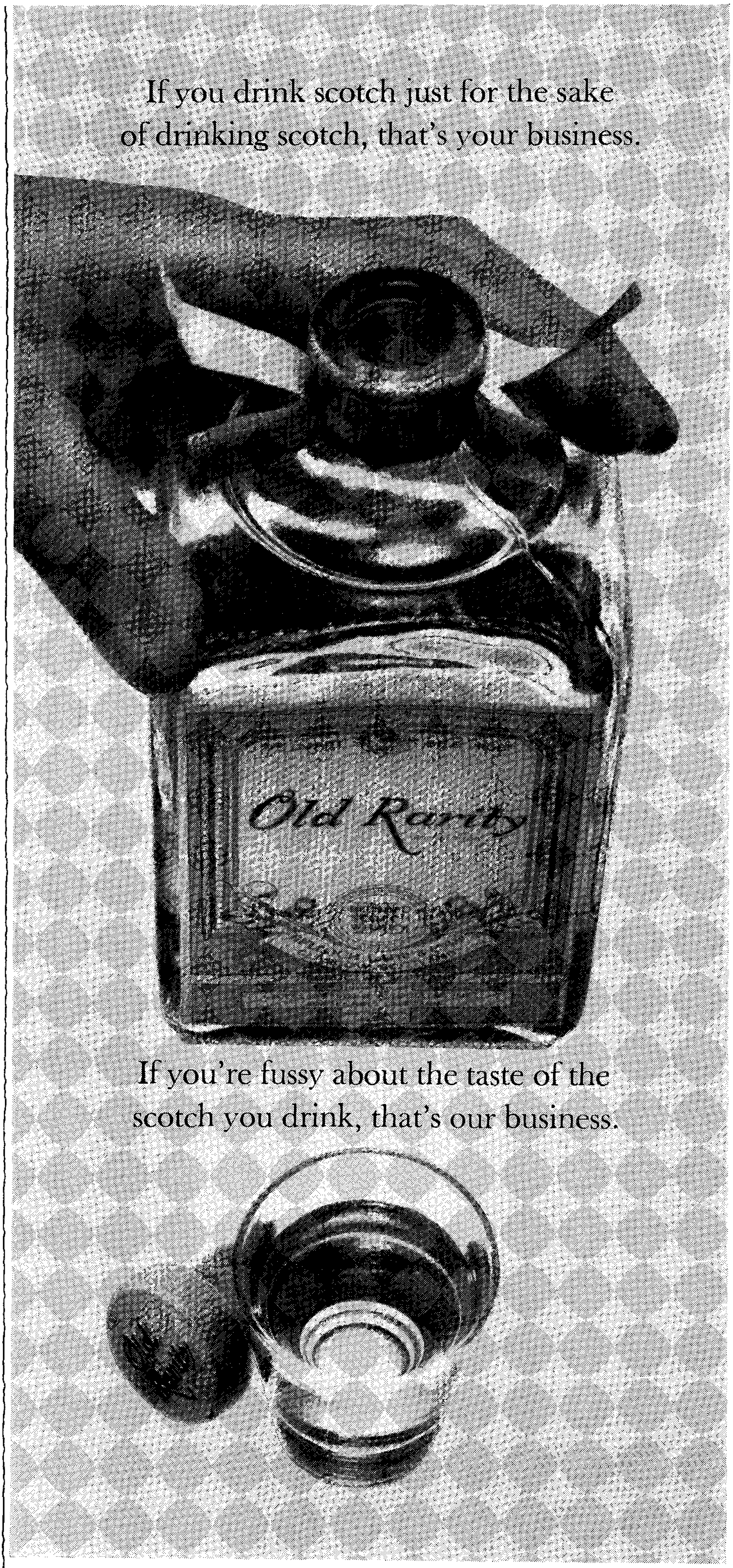
can do things that may affect the economic development of the country as well as the fortunes of individuals and corporations. But if he had small freedom of action, it would result in rigidity and certainty of interpretation, and would make it much easier for tax practitioners like me to manipulate the law to their clients' advantage. The Commissioner's latitude gives him a healthy unpredictability."

IT is patent that Caplin did not knowingly abuse his power, and that Cohen is most unlikely to do so. Upon visiting first one man and then the other in the Commissioner's office, I found that both conveyed the impression of being men of high intelligence who were living—as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has said that Thoreau lived—at a high degree of moral tension. And the cause of the moral tension is not hard to find; it almost surely stems from the difficulty of presiding over compliance, voluntary or involuntary, with a law of which one does not very heartily approve. In 1958, when Caplin appeared—as a witness versed in tax matters, rather than as Commissioner of Internal Revenue—before the House Ways and Means Committee, he proposed an across-the-board program of reforms, including, among other things, either the total elimination or a drastic curbing of favored treatment for capital gains; the lowering of percentage depletion rates on petroleum and other minerals; the withholding of taxes on dividends and interest; and the eventual drafting of an entirely new income-tax law to replace the 1954 Code, which he declared had led to "hardships, complexities, and opportunities for tax avoidance." Shortly after Caplin left office last summer, he explained in detail what his ideal tax law would be like. Compared to the present tax law, it would be heroically simple, with loopholes eliminated, and most personal deductions and exemptions eliminated, too, and with a rate scale ranging from 10 to 50 per cent.

In Caplin's case, the resolution of moral tension, insofar as he achieved it, was not entirely the result of rational analysis. "Some critics take a completely cynical view of the income tax," he mused one day during his stint as Commissioner. "They say, in effect, 'It's a mess, and nothing can be done about it.' I can't go along with that. True, many compromises are necessary, and will continue to be. But I refuse to accept a defeatist attitude. There's a mystic quality about our tax system. No



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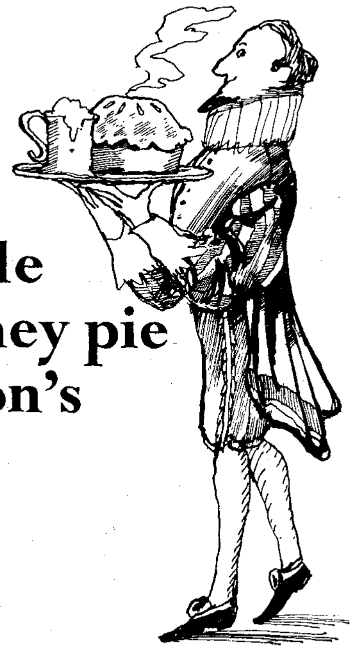

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matter how bad it may be from the technical standpoint, it has a vitality because of the very high level of compliance." He paused for quite a long time, perhaps finding a flaw in his own argument; in the past, after all, universal compliance with a law has not always been a sign that it was either intelligent or just. Then he went on, "Looking over the sweep of years, I think we'll come out well. Probably a point of crisis of some kind will make us begin to see beyond selfish interests. I'm optimistic that fifty years from now we'll have a pretty good tax."

As for Cohen, he was working in the legislation-drafting section of the I.R.S. at the time the present Code was written, and he had a hand in its composition. One might suppose that this fact would cause him to have a certain proprietary feeling toward it, but apparently that is not so. "Remember that we had a Republican administration then, and I'm a Democrat," he says. "When you are drafting a statute, you operate as a technician. Any pride you may feel afterward is pride in technical competence." So Cohen can reread his old prose, now enshrined as law, with neither elation nor remorse, and he has not the slightest hesitation about endorsing Caplin's opinion that the Code leads to "hardships, complexities, and opportunities for tax avoidance." He is more pessimistic than Caplin about finding the answer in simplification. "Perhaps we can move the rates down and get rid of some deductions," he says, "but then we may find we need new deductions, in the interests of fairness. I suspect that a complex society requires a complex tax law. If we put in a simpler code, it would probably be complex again in a few years." —JOHN BROOKS

(*This is the first of two articles on the income tax.*)

•

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No. What about the boot-fetish crowd?

•

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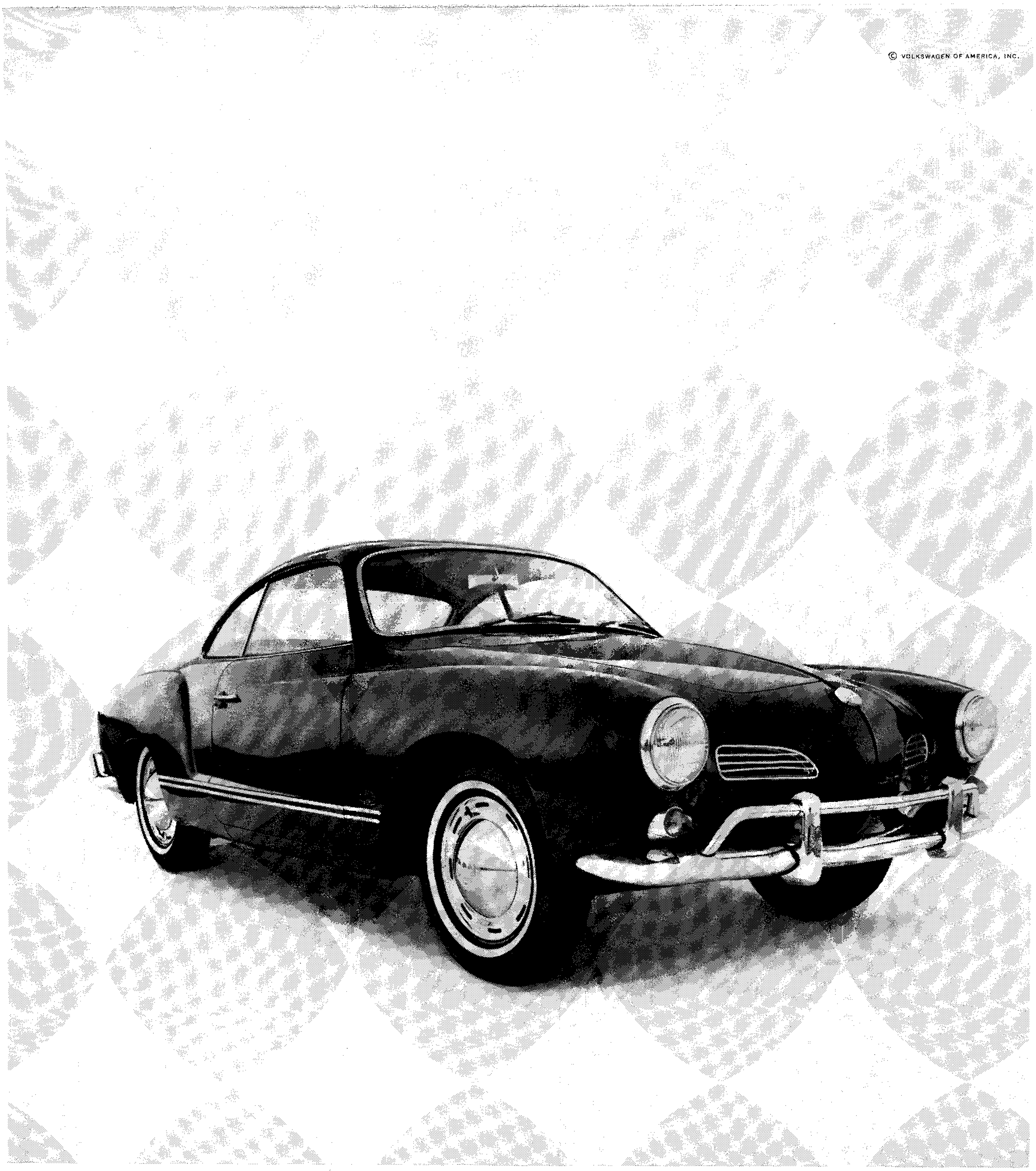

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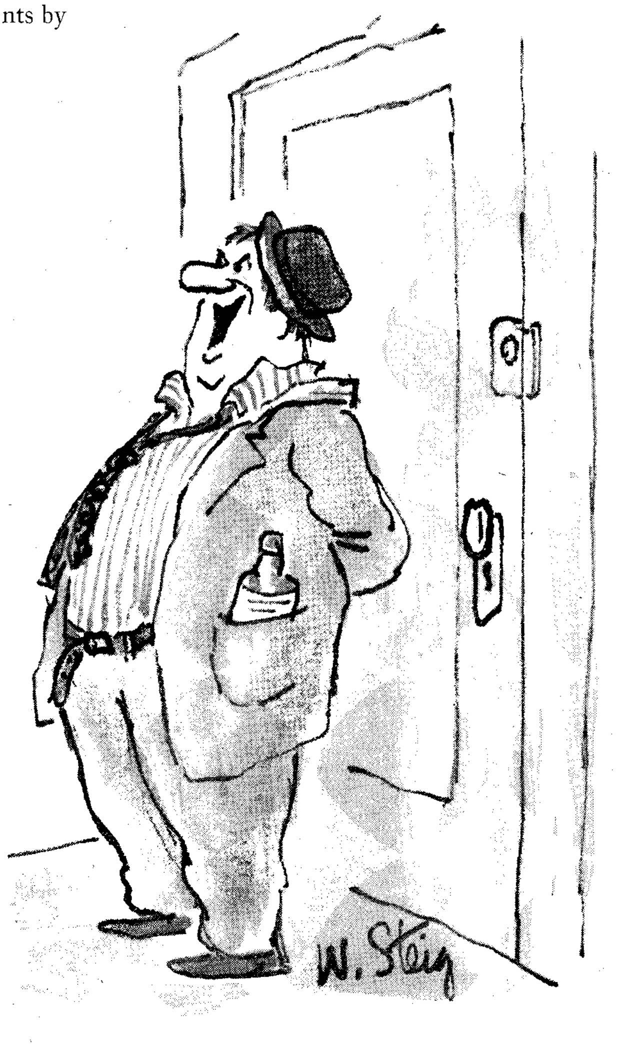
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

TOWARD the end of the first half of "Judith"—APA's final offering at the Phoenix—Rosemary Harris, as Judith, is in Holofernes' tent, the victim of a cruel practical joke suggested by an old procuress. A particularly vengeful and repellent lackey has passed himself off as Holofernes, and she, carried away by her mission, has kissed him passionately, only to be contemptuously brushed aside. Now he and some other soldiers in the tent are approaching her with drawn daggers. She realizes that she has been fooled, and is terrified, but instead of calling on God for help, she cries out "Holofernes! Holofernes!" and Paul Sparer, as the general, slowly enters and speaks a few harsh commands to the menacing soldiers. The curtain comes down for intermission, but the play is aloft. Up to then, and in spite of some wonderful moments by Miss Harris, the production has occasionally seemed hollow or pageanty, or even a bit blurred, but from then on it barely touches earth. It is Jean Giraudoux's own ironic, philosophical, and always theatrical retelling of the Apocryphal story about the beautiful and charming Jewish maiden who is forced by popular and rabbinical demand to save Israel from the invading army of Holofernes by entering his tent and his bed and then killing him. Judith is a proud girl, as romantic about herself as everyone else is, and once she has agreed to become a heroine and martyr, she cannot be diverted from her purpose, even by a young soldier who is in love with her, or by a prostitute who is more than eager to replace her. Give Giraudoux the themes of love, virginity, religious mysticism, organized religion, and romanticism, and he is in his element. There is nothing casual or superficial about his irony; the wit strikes deep. The lines, studded with epigrams and paradoxes, reflect the mischief and playfulness of his sparking mind and the penetration of his ideas and feelings.

In the second half, there are two marvellous scenes. The first is the wooing of Judith by Holofernes, although she is already won. He is delighted by her and by her delight in herself, and he points out the joys that are possible when one is free of God. Miss Harris bites her thumb like a little girl and asks whether it is innocence he is offering her. "I offer you for tonight, and for as long as you like, the gift of utter simplicity and the calm that goes with it," he says. They are interrupted, but only for a few moments, and when at last she goes off to his bedroom, she is rapturous. The second scene comes near the end. It is morning. The chief rabbi and the cantor come to Holofernes' tent, at first angry with Judith for what they think is her betrayal of their trust, and then, when they find Holofernes murdered, determined to make her a kind of holy paragon. She will have none of that. She killed Holofernes not for God but for love, and she hopes to join him shortly. The rabbi is stern. Suddenly the lights dim, and a spotlight falls on a guard who has been sprawled, drunk and silent, on a bench at the side of the stage. He tells her that she is mistaken; God has been watching over her and protecting her all night long, and he, an angel of God, was her right arm that drove home the fatal dagger. She protests that she was made for love and pleasure, not martyrdom, but he brushes her protests aside and almost convinces her. The lights go up, and she resumes her conversation with the rabbi, who has been standing frozen in the dimness during her interlude with the guard. She agrees to return to the city and do whatever bleak and pious things are expected of her, but just before she leaves, the guard speaks again, to tell the truth—that she did indeed kill for love. But it is too late; the process of sanctity is under way.



"I'm home! Where's the reception committee?"

Clayton Corzatte, effective as ever, is ideally cast in the role of the guard, and he plays it with his characteristic bite and intensity. Mr. Sparer's Holofernes is the best performance I have ever seen him give, with no posing or mannerisms or intoning; instead, all the attractiveness and strength of this worldly, intelligent, amused pagan are made clear. As for the enchanting Miss Harris—well, one thing about a star performance (and that is what hers is) is that it is mysterious. What she gives to Judith is life itself, and there is no telling, really, how she does it. It is a pity that M. Giraudoux didn't live to see her. The other members of the company, under Ellis Rabb's firm and inventive direction, are, variously, fairish, not a bit good, and quite good. But even the fairish and inadequate performances never get in the way of the play, which is all that matters. John K. Savacool's translation sounds fine.

UP to now, the New Playwrights series, at the Cherry Lane, has been terribly disappointing, but Joseph Morgenstern's "Lovey," which opened and mysteriously closed

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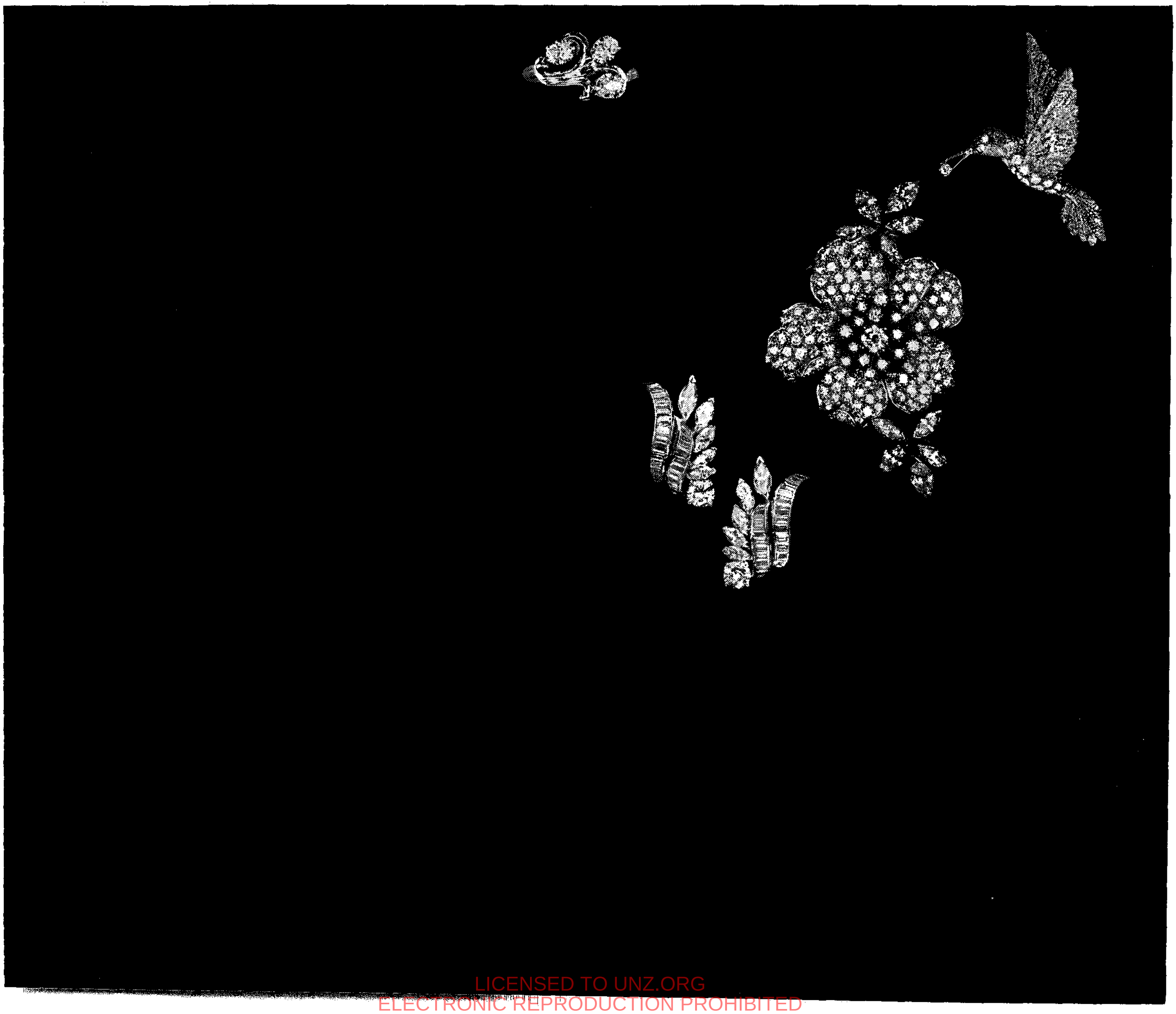

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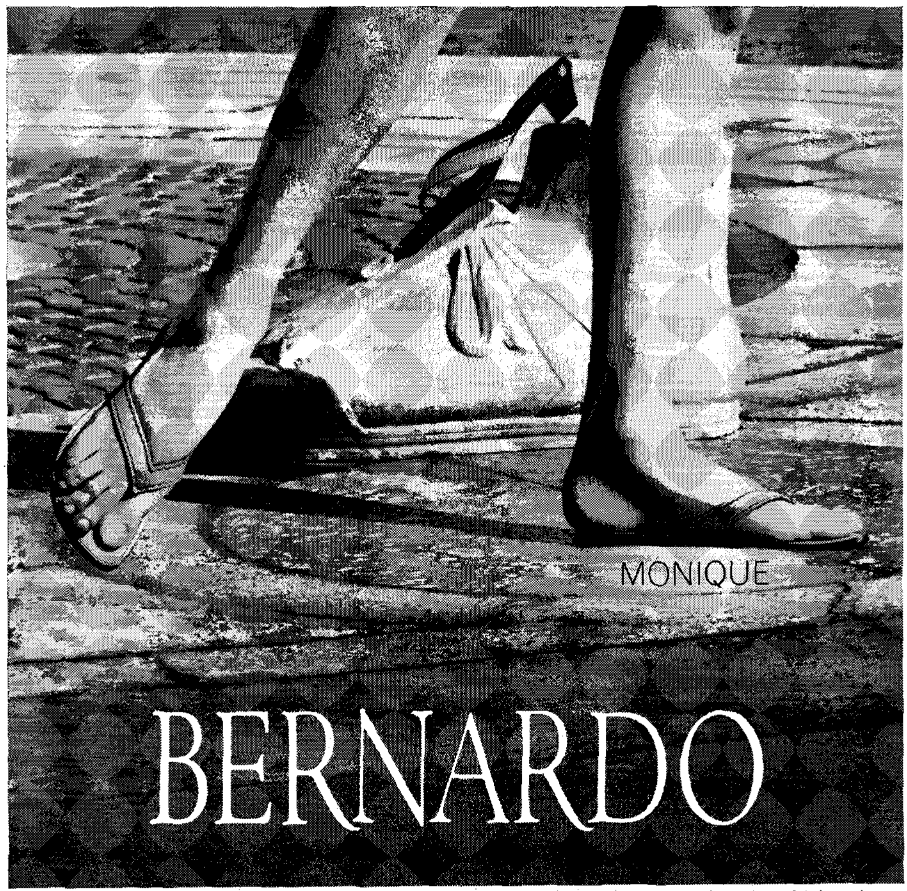
Everything!

rose marie reid



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there last week, made the whole thing worth while, at least for me. There has been so much bleating these days—among dramatists, demi-dramatists, and drips—about the difficulties of "communicating" that you'd have thought there was no more to be said. There was. Mr. Morgenstern had the boldness to write a comedy on the subject and to deal with several serious, even tragic, matters with a kind of dry, wisecracking humor that was never out of place, although it did very occasionally seem a bit strained or forced. The setting of "Lovey" is a tacky motel bedroom somewhere in the South. A moment or two before the curtain rises, a middle-aged couple named Varnum have arrived from New York in their Rolls-Royce with, hidden under a blanket in the back seat, their Negro maid, the Lovey of the title. The object of their trip is to pick up and bring back with them Lovey's daughter, a young woman in her thirties who is about to be released from the mental hospital where she has spent most of her life, but their immediate object is to sneak Lovey out of the car and into the second bedroom of their suite while the attention of the redneck night clerk is temporarily diverted. Once they get her inside, one of the several problems they must deal with is to prepare her for what lies ahead, since Lovey is someone who doesn't readily take to information, being easily sidetracked into reminiscence or argument. Most of the humor, indeed, hinges on the impossibility of the maid and her employers getting through to each other.

James Coco, as Varnum, and Cynthia Belgrave, as Lovey, were perfect foils for each other. Mr. Coco, a portly fellow with a round-eyed, round face, knows how to mine every bit of wit as well as meaning, and even feeling, in a line, and Miss Belgrave achieved a mysterious, stubborn stolidity, aided by a thick, uncompromising down-home dialect. As for Mr. Morgenstern, he shows signs of being a natural dramatist as well as a funny one. The play really is what it is about—which, come to think of it, may have been too much of a novelty for the neighborhood. The characters are not types but people who represent only themselves, and if there were any symbols or metaphors or wisps of allegory drifting around the stage, I missed them.—Edith Oliver

•

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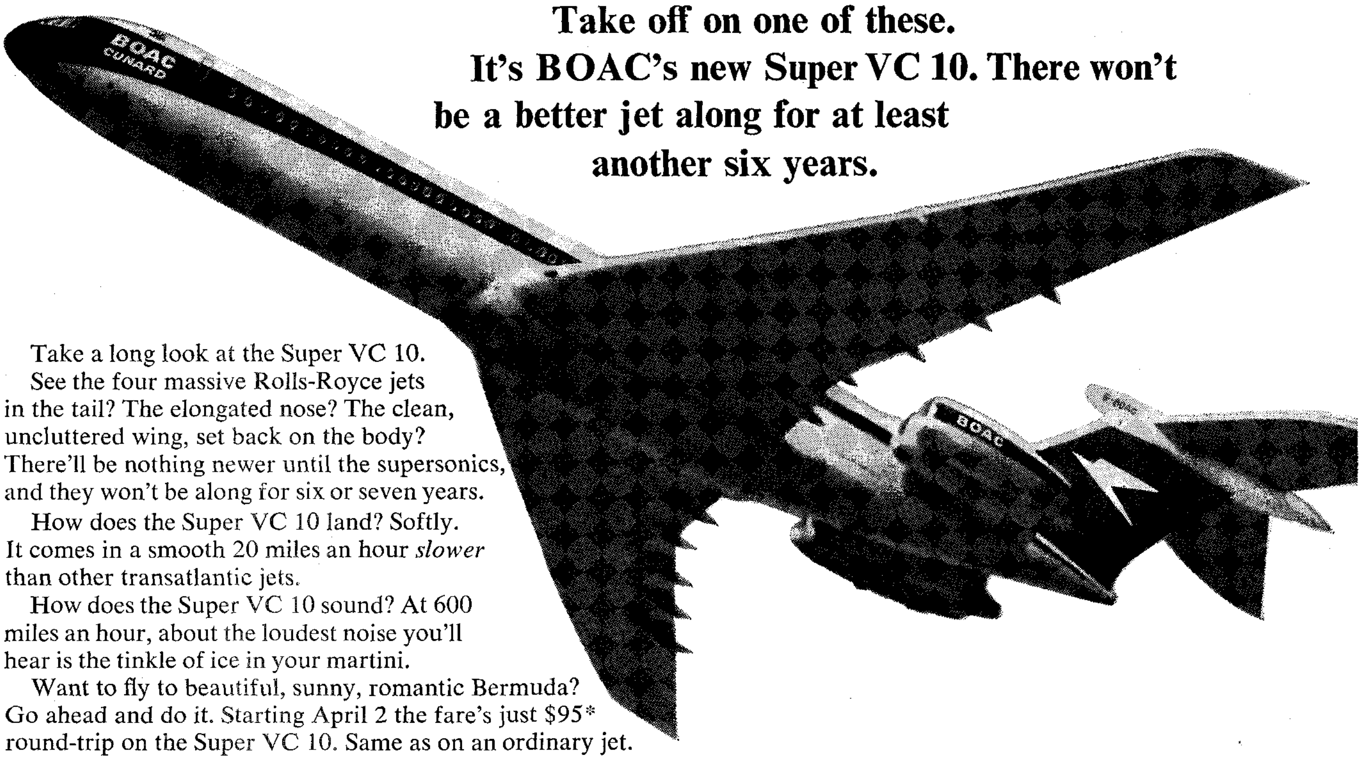

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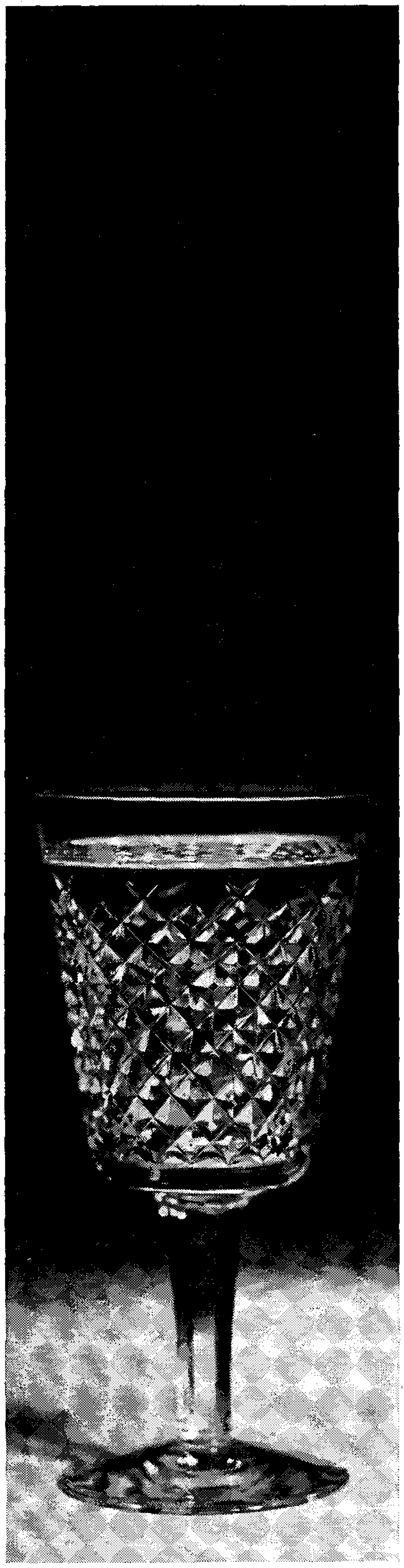

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

LIII—HONOLULU, HAWAII

ALT., 951. Pop., 294,194. "*Aloha*" is a powerful word in Honolulu. Say "*Aloha*," and doors open. "Believe me, you not only *can* say '*Aloha*' at all times of the day and night, and for practically all purposes, but you find that you *do* say '*Aloha*' at all times of the day and night," a resident of Honolulu recently told a visitor.

"*Aloha*," said the visitor, and a door opened.

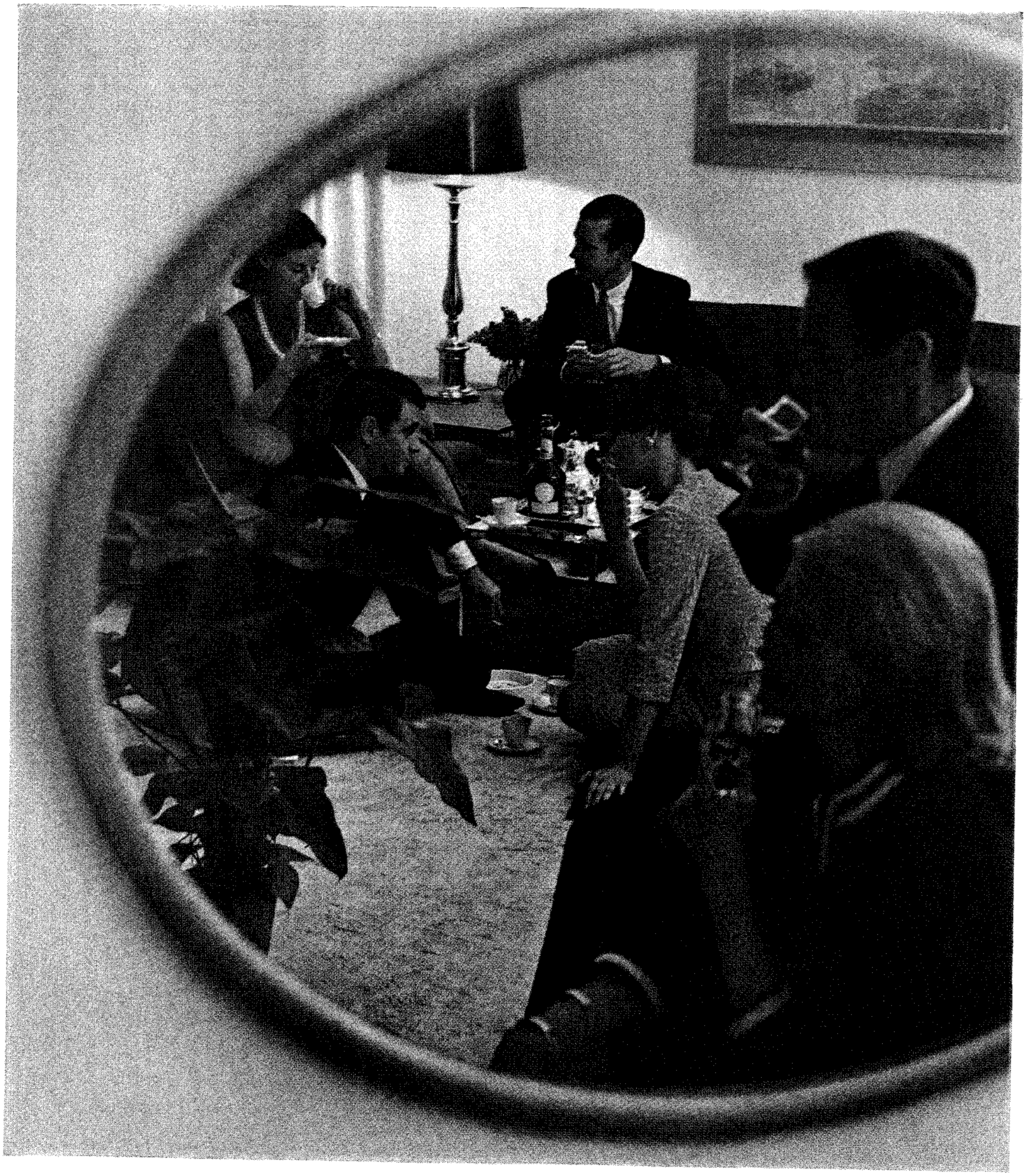
The visitor found himself walking into the lobby of an old-fashioned high-ceilinged, white-pillared, Maugham-type hotel. "*Aloha*," said a young lady wearing a dazzling red muu-muu. A three-ring *lei* of pastel orchids was draped around her neck. She draped a similar *lei* around the neck of the visitor. "I am to be your guide for this evening," said the young lady. "You are in beautiful Waikiki, a few miles from downtown Honolulu, on the beautiful island of Oahu, Honolulu County, U.S.A. The island of Oahu has about five-sixths of the population of the Hawaiian Islands and about ten per cent of the land area. All around you are glittering hotels, fine shops, and international restaurants, and *makai*—toward the sea—you can hear the soft sound of the turquoise combers breaking gently on beautiful Waikiki Beach. Behind us are the *maunas*—mountains—topped with swiftly moving gossamer rain clouds. Shiny white high-rise buildings have become the trademark of our progress on this volcanic island that rises from the sea: the twenty-seven-story condominium apartment house, the Ilikai, which is the largest ever built on fee-simple land, and the Ala Moana Building, twenty-five stories high, with a revolving restaurant on the top, which adjoins the Ala Moana Shopping Center—fifty acres, ninety stores, two levels, a parking area for five thousand cars, and trash baskets that read '*Mahalo*,' or 'Thank you.' " She drew a deep breath. "*Aloha*," she said.

"*Aloha*," said the visitor.

Someone in the lobby was languorously plucking a ukulele. The scent of sun-tan oil was overpowering. Swarms of men and women, many of them elderly and all of them arrayed in bright-colored sports costumes, flowed endlessly back and forth through the lobby, as though propelled by some strong tide. "Most of the people you see here are just happy visitors—businessmen and dentists, let us say, and schoolteachers, and people who have saved and know that Hawaii is just a wish away," said the young lady. "You find yourself in the heart of one of the most famous hotel strips on the face of the earth. We might be in the small, choice Waikikian, with its authentic Polynesian architecture and its hyperbolic paraboloid lobby and its Tahitian Lanai, or at the Princess Kaiulani, or at the Halekulani, or at the Royal Hawaiian, or at the Surfrider, or at the Hawaiian Village, but we are at the Moana, one of the older hotels. We might be about to attend a *puka puka*, an *otea*, a *poi* festival, or a Royal *Luau*, complete with *kalua* pig. We might be on the verge of eating *lomi-lomi* salmon or tidbits of *pupus*. Or we could be across the island at the Polynesian Cultural Center, with its representative dwellings of Tongans, Tahitians, Fijians, Samoans, and Maoris, drinking coconut milk and eating taro root, sweet potatoes, and Maori bread. But instead we are at the Moana, and we are about to attend a *Na Kapuna*."

"*Aloha*," said the visitor.

"Come with me," said the young lady, directing the visitor *makai*—toward the sea—through the lobby and into an open courtyard dominated by a large banyan tree. The sound of the ukulele followed them, as did the scent of sun-tan oil. Several hundred tables had been set up in the courtyard, and several hundred persons, counterparts of those milling through the lobby, were seated at the tables, eating. A small stage occupied one end of the courtyard. "First we will get our food," said the young lady, leading the visitor to a long buffet table covered with what before 1959 could certainly have been described as Stateside food: ham, corned beef, cold chicken, assorted cold cuts, potato salad, coleslaw, celery, olives, pickles, radishes, and so on. The visitor and his guide filled their plates and took seats at one of the long tables. "*Na Kapuna* really means an Old-Timers' Night, a night for the old folks, something out of the Gay Nineties,



86 PROOF

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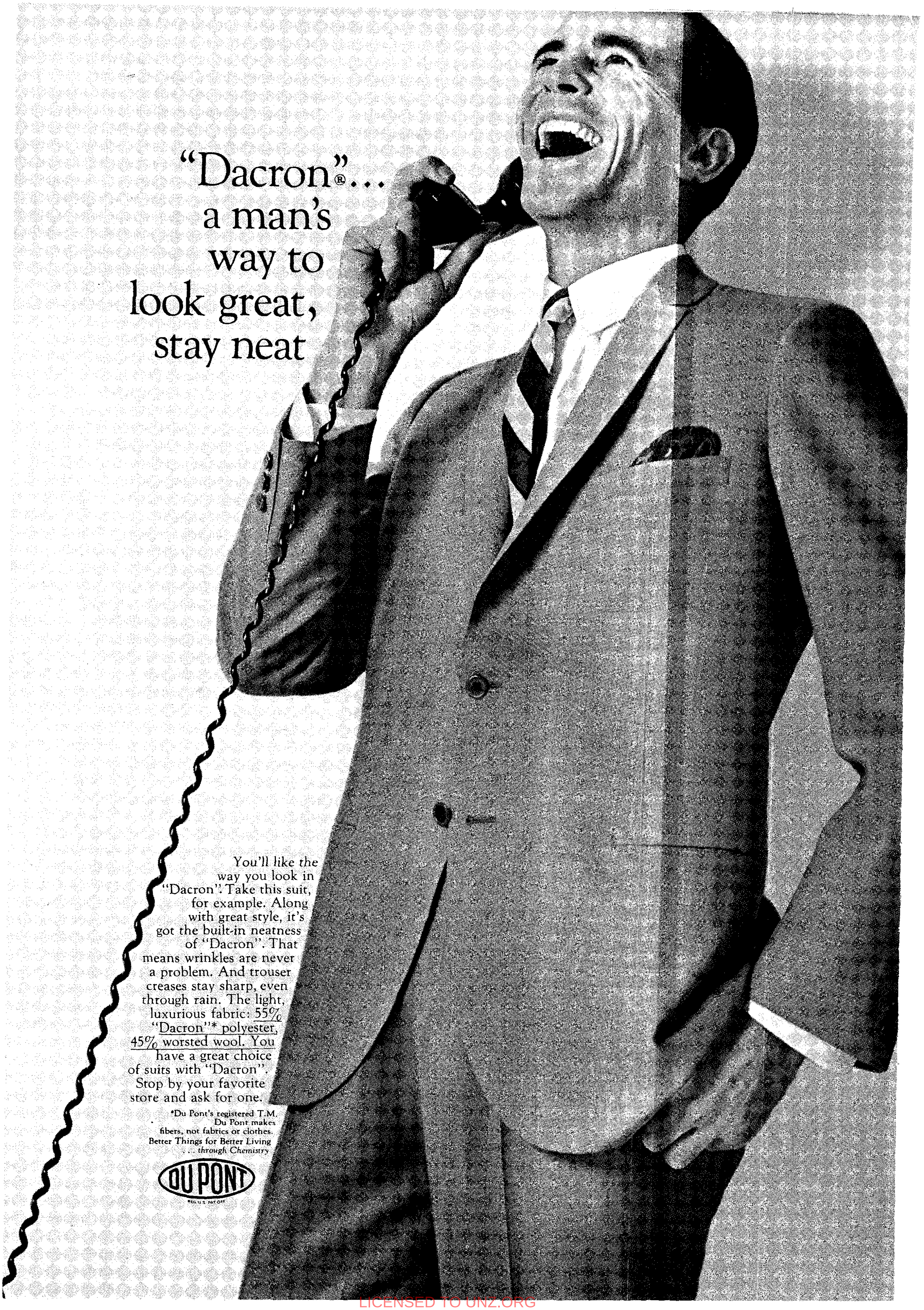

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the days of the monarchy, shades of Kalakaua and Liliuokalani," she said.

"*Aloha*," said the visitor.

"*Aloha*," said his guide. "Hear the surf," she went on, holding aloft a drumstick. "Diamond Head twinkles beyond us, but we can't see it from here. Above us is the clear Pacific sky. Our days are balmy and our nights tempered by the caresses of the trade winds. But we can get *kona* weather, too—two or three days of hot, damp winds from the Big Island, known as Hawaii, when people sulk and become short-tempered and depressed. But tonight we have the spirit of *aloha*, the spirit of friendliness. You can say '*Aloha*' for hello or goodbye, or when inquiring into the health of your uncle or asking for the loan of a surfboard, or even at a wake. It is O.K. to say '*Aloha*' at a wake. The guests here tonight are, of course, *haoles*, or Caucasians, but Honolulu is made up of Portuguese, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Chinese, and Japanese as well. They are all said to live together in a spirit of great harmony, in a spirit of *aloha*, but the Japanese and the Chinese do not always get along, and many people do not seem to like the Portuguese. Right now our population is about one-third Caucasian and one-third Japanese. The stars are out. *Aloha*."

"*Aloha*," said the visitor.

The entertainment was about to begin. On the small stage, several grass-skirted girls performed the hula. Ukuleles tinkled. The *haoles* applauded wildly. Hawaii had been only a wish away, and the wish was being fulfilled. The guide whispered into the visitor's ear. "Now you will watch an authentic hula lesson," she said. "This always brings down the house at a *Na Kapuna*." An enormous elderly woman, who appeared to be a cross between Sophie Tucker and Bloody Mary, mounted the stage. She wore a grass skirt, and her face was covered with wrinkles. She was surrounded by a group of young men with ukuleles. A hush fell over the vast throng of *haoles* eating potato salad. The elderly woman suddenly began to sing, fervently and throatily, in a voice that could easily have been heard over the *maunas*. Her grass skirt rustled slightly. The song had a seductive, hypnotic cadence. The guide translated for the visitor. "She is singing of a love most precious," the guide whispered. "She says, 'It is like an appealing perfume in the heart; your eyes are flirtatious, and I feel

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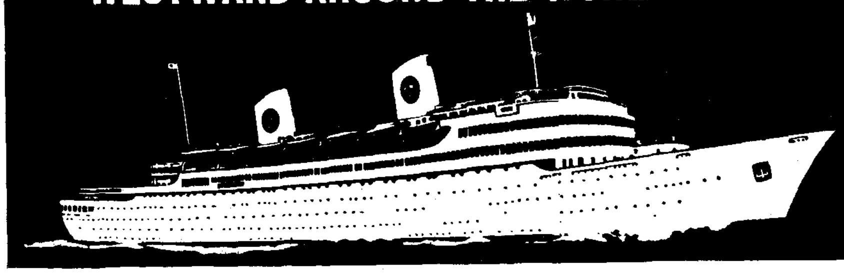

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that you are adequate to fulfill our joy.' "

"*Na na lea lea*," sang the old woman.

"She is coming to the end of her song," whispered the guide. "She is saying, 'This is the end of my story,' and she is talking of *aloha*, or love." When the old woman had finished singing, the *haoles* were silent for a moment, and then burst into applause. The wish had been fulfilled; they had heard a song of love under the stars on the island of their dreams.

The old woman had not even begun to fight. "Now we will have the hula lesson," she said, in English, and called upon half a dozen male members of the audience to join her on the stage. Some coaxing was required, but not much, and an assorted group of middle-aged men, with an assortment of middle-aged paunches, mounted the stage. They stood facing the audience, their faces wearing oddly simple expressions. The old woman revolved her stomach and hips, and fluttered her hands. "I am bumping the apple," she said, setting her hips in sidewise motion. "I am bumping the orange [hips again sidewise], hitting the coffee bean [stomach forward], grinding the coffee [stomach revolving], then taking a trip around the island and going downhill [all motions at once]." She asked the volunteers to follow suit. Sweat poured from their brows, their hips swayed, their paunches rose and fell. "Come on! Come on!" cried the old lady. "Bump the apple, bump the orange, hit the coffee bean, grind the coffee, take a trip around the island, and GO DOWNHILL!" The volunteers shook and quivered, and the other *haoles* screamed with delight.

"It is easy to see why our *Na Kapuna* evenings are so popular," said the guide. "And now I must say *aloha*. Our evening is over." She disappeared as mysteriously as she had arrived.

The visitor returned to his hotel room, overlooking the turquoise combers breaking gently on Waikiki Beach. On his bed, which had been neatly turned down, he found a tiny pink orchid. "*Aloha*," he said to himself as he drifted into slumber.

THE hula is almost as powerful as the "*Aloha*." Strangers to the island who drive through the dense traffic of Honolulu are constantly surprised to see hands fluttering from the windows of cars in front of them and alongside them. "All those people waving their hands out the windows of all those cars

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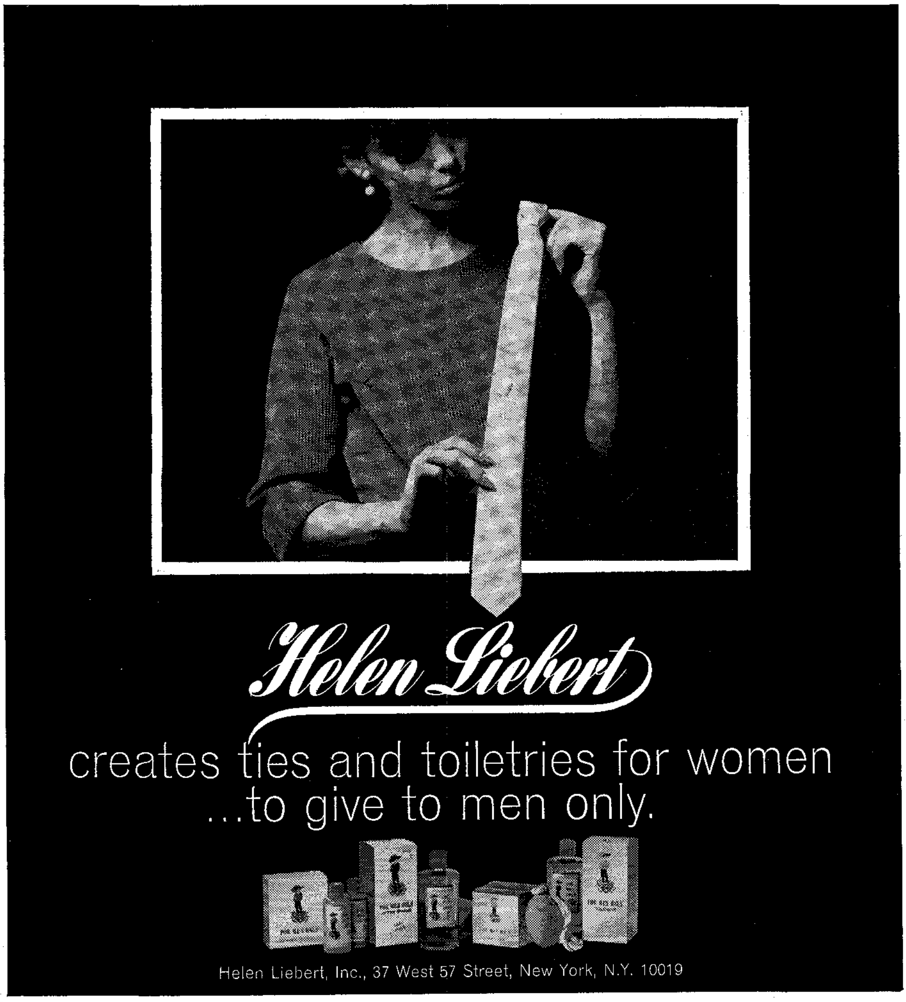

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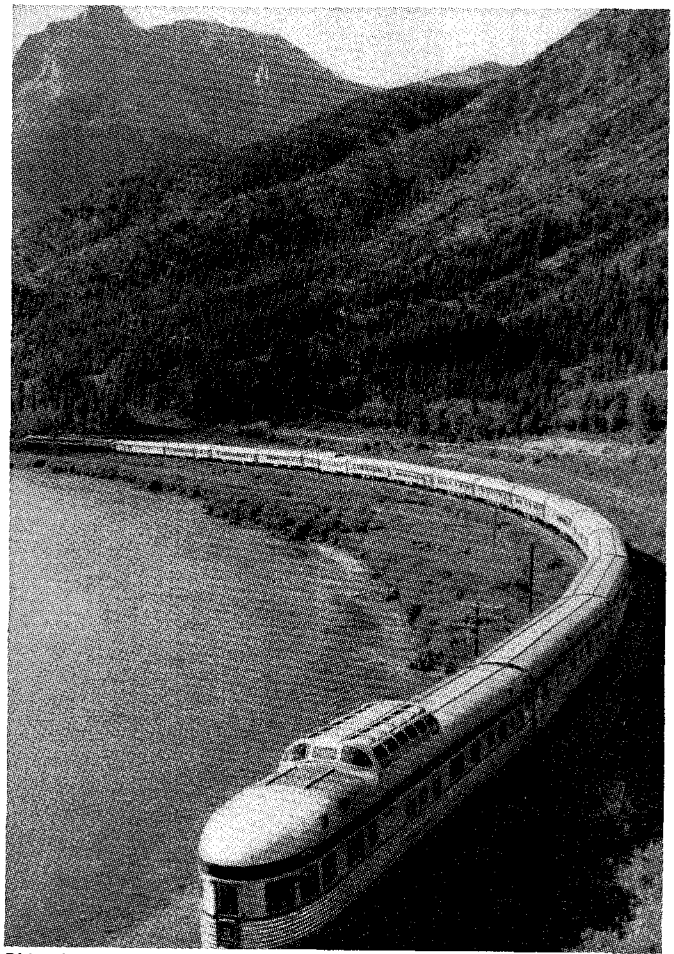
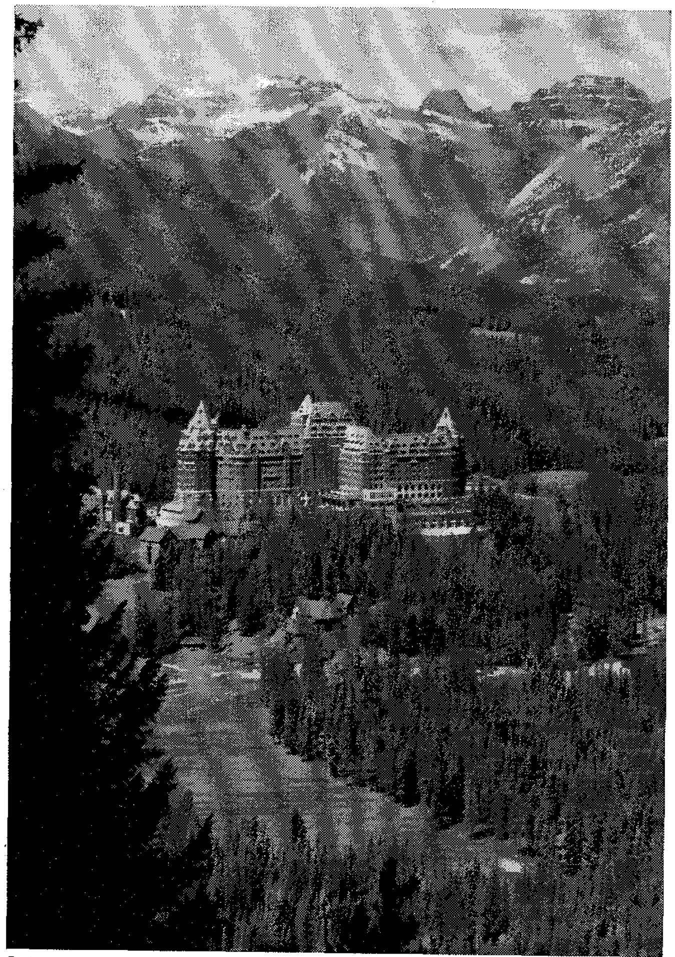
are practicing the hula," a man who has lived a long time in Honolulu recently told a visitor. "The motions of the hands describe the motions of the sun and the moon and the planets, and emotions too numerous to enumerate. Everybody is doing the hula all the time. Why, they play the song 'Lovely Hula Hands' so often on the big white Matson liners that arrive every ten days that it has become known as the Matson national anthem." At Sea Life Park, just beyond Diamond Head, where showmanship is combined with scholarly marine research, the dolphins have been taught to perform the hula. It is one of the least of their attainments. Sea Life dolphins are trilingual—they respond to commands in English, Hawaiian, and Japanese. They are spotted, spinning porpoises, and they are an extraordinarily gifted lot. Within twenty-four hours of being removed from the ocean, they have learned to press levers, and within a month they can hula. They love to hula. They hula in a small lagoon called Whaler's Cove—near a replica of the New England whaling ship Essex—accompanied by a native girl called Puanani. Puanani is something of a dolphin herself. She swims back and forth across the lagoon, occasionally climbing onto a small man-made island at one end to call out "*Aloha*." The dolphins leap into the air and smile their strange smiles. The smiles mean "*Aloha*." Puanani and the dolphins then swim together around the lagoon. "Makua, jump high!" cries Puanani, and Makua, a dolphin with an I.Q. of a hundred and seventy-four, jumps high. Makua can jump as high as seventeen feet. "Good porpoise, Makua!" cries Puanani. She urges Makua to jump even higher, and Makua jumps even higher. "*Very* good porpoise!" cries Puanani. Puanani then calls for the hula, and the dolphins rise from the water, bump the apple, bump the orange, hit the coffee bean, grind the coffee, and splash back into the water. Then all hands take a trip around the island.

EVERY day, hundreds of people board small sightseeing boats docked in Kewalo Basin, near central Honolulu, and head for Pearl Harbor. They are the same people who sit on the beach at Waikiki, visit the pineapple canneries, shop for wooden bowls, put on funny shirts and funny hats, and learn to eat thick *poi* with their fingers. A recent visitor boarded one of the small sightseeing boats, which sailed past the breakwater and headed into the open sea. From the deck of the

We'll give your holiday a foreign flavor all the way (just north of the border)! Rail away with us through the Canadian Rockies to enjoy spectacular scenery in spectacular comfort. Then play mile-high at Banff Springs Hotel, North America's fabulous mountain resort: entertainment nightly, outdoor activities, service in European style.



Ride the scenic Banff-Lake Louise route through the Canadian Rockies aboard "The Canadian." You'll see 2,881 miles of spectacular scenery from the comfort of a scenic-dome streamliner as you travel between Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. You'll enjoy gourmet dining, tasty budget meals, snacks. All accommodations, from coach, tourist, to first class, are reserved.



Relax mile-high in the Canadian Rockies at Banff Springs Hotel. This internationally famous resort offers golf, tennis, swimming, fishing, boating, riding, climbing, dancing—you name it. And there's nearby Lake Louise, Victoria Glacier, and Emerald Lake to visit. With its continental cuisine and gracious service, Banff Springs is an unforgettable holiday. May 29-Sept. 14.

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boat he could enjoy a broad panorama of the leeward side of peaceful Oahu—Diamond Head far behind, the beach at Waikiki, the high-rise buildings, the volcanic mountains, the tall Aloha Tower guarding the harbor, the pineapple-shaped tower of the Dole Company, and the International Airport. During the first part of the boat ride, Oahu seemed an unreal island in an unreal sea, but then, as the boat approached Pearl Harbor, it suddenly became a pinpoint target—a tiny volcanic mass of brown, green, and yellow earth. When the boat entered Pearl Harbor itself, the ship's passengers became hushed. An announcer briskly declared through a loudspeaker that within a few minutes all cameras must be temporarily stowed amidships. The boat passed Bishops Point, to starboard, and Iroquois Point, to port, and stopped briefly at Drydock No. 4. Naval Police came aboard, briefly. It was a perfunctory boarding—part of the haunting past and the instinctive precaution. The businessmen and dentists and schoolteachers wore puzzled looks. Cameras were gathered up. Ahead lay giant cranes and huge drydocks, submarines and destroyers, parade grounds and the neatly tended lawns of barracks. A giant troopship swung by, heading out to sea. In the distance were fields of sugar cane, and the ever-present clouds of rain hung over the mountains. The announcer was a controlled man. It was not in him lightly to hurt the sensibilities of anyone aboard, Caucasian or Oriental. At one moment, he spoke softly of a Japanese decision not to bomb a hospital ship lying in Pearl Harbor, but then he lowered his voice slightly, and it took on a metallic tone, as he mentioned the harbor entrance, guarded by nets, through which Japanese submarines made their way in December, 1941. The boat chugged slowly past Ford Island, in the middle of Pearl Harbor. The announcer's voice became chillier, more impersonal. History, he seemed to be saying, is history, and history is worth remembering. "Streaking in over Oahu from the west at 7:40 A.M., Japanese planes struck at Schofield Barracks. . . . At 8 A.M., another flight of torpedo planes attacked from the east. . . . The second attack came at 8:40 A.M. from the northeast, the attacking groups consisting of dive bombers, high-level bombers, and fighter aircraft, which flew offshore of Waikiki in a circuitous route to strike at their targets out of the sun." The tiny vessel swung into Battleship Row and came alongside the Utah, crippled in the water. Perhaps a

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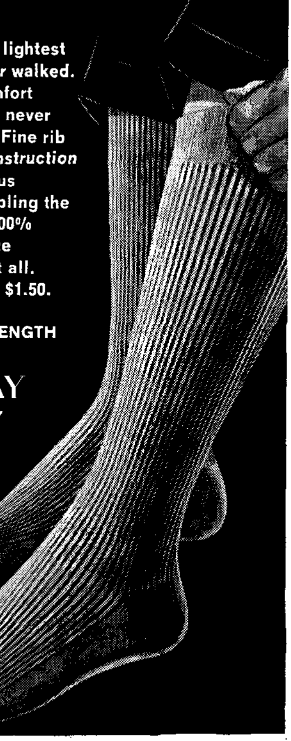

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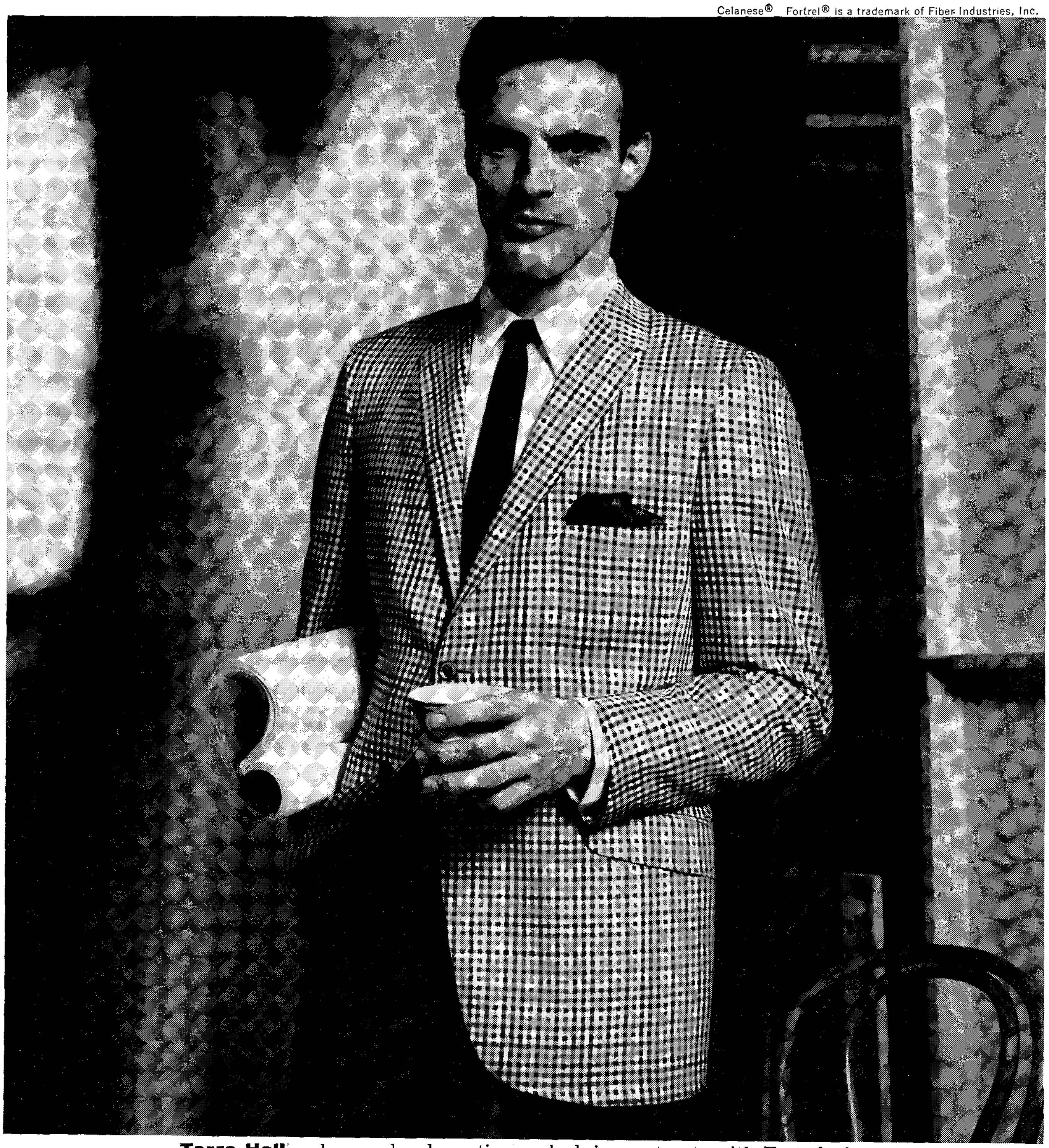

Tarra Hall underscored a dramatic new look in sportcoats with Fortrel, the fiber for stamina and wrinkle-resistance. They tailored this slightly flared hacking coat with a suppressed waist, slanted flap pockets and side vents. In a durable Galey & Lord harness twill of Fortrel polyester and cotton. In olive or blue plaid. Sizes 36-46, regulars, shorts and longs. About $40. At fine stores everywhere.

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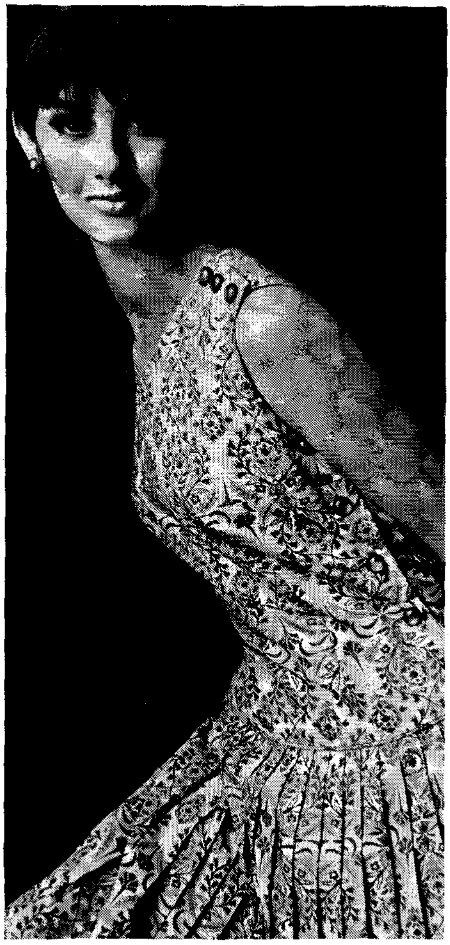

The charm of antique Wedgwood china patterns interpreted by Fabritique on broadcloth of Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon. Fortrel keeps pleats neat all day. By Dorothy Hubbs in beige/blue, green/rust, blue/brown. 8-16. About $30. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; R. H. Stearns Company, Boston.

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fifth of the Utah's decks were still visible, the water washing up and down and across their rusted surfaces. "The bodies of fifty-eight Navy men who lost their lives aboard the Utah still remain in the battered hulk," the announcer said. The little boat rounded the northern tip of Ford Island, turned east, and then turned south, gliding almost noiselessly now past hunks and chunks and pieces of other submerged vessels—bits of bulkhead, bits of deck, scraps of superstructures lying quietly in the water. There was rust and sea and memory in this strange graveyard, where the grotesque shapes of silent ships lay on their sides. "These ships didn't want to go down," said the announcer. The boat paused briefly alongside the Arizona, her fore and aft still showing, her midships covered with a memorial concrete canopy. "The Arizona is still honored as an active ship by the Navy; she is still in commission, and the flag still flies aboard her, and her crew of eleven hundred and two men still sleep below," said the announcer. There was nothing for anybody aboard the tiny vessel to say, and nobody said anything. The vessel slid past the remains of the West Virginia, the Tennessee, and the Oklahoma, and headed back into the open sea, turning in the direction of Waikiki and the gleaming high-rise buildings. Children sat quietly along the upper deck, enjoying the Pacific breezes, and nobody said "*Aloha.*"

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN METAPHOR DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Shoes of the Fisherman," by Morris L. West*]

Leone lived up to his name. He had a white lion's mane and a growling temper. —*Page 7.*

Leone threw back his great mane and laughed. —*Page 8.*

Leone shook his lion's mane stubbornly. —*Page 10.*

Leone nodded his lion's head in approval. —*Page 18.*

Leone rose in his place, tossed his white mane, and addressed the conclave. —*Page 33.*

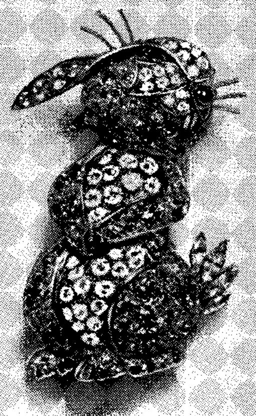
Cardinal Leone heaved his lion's bulk out of his chair, tossed his white mane, and addressed himself to the Pontiff. —*Page 52.*

Abruptly Leone threw back his white mane and laughed. —*Page 65.*

Cardinal Leone was still there, too, he of the white mane and the cold eye and the uncertain temper. —*Page 143.*

Leone growled and tossed his white mane. —*Page 155.*

Leone shook his white mane and lifted his old head in answer to the challenge. —*Page 354.*



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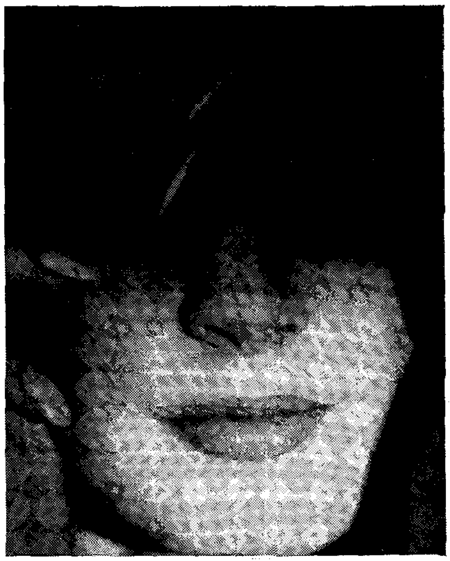

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Suddenly you're aware of a silence so complete you can hear the Urubamba river flowing two thousand feet below. The silence sharpens your imagination . . . you can almost see Pizarro's Conquistadores marching along the river, searching unsuccessfully for Machu Picchu and its treasure. You share the misery of a conquered people. And you mourn as the jungle slowly covers Machu Picchu, a city that is to remain asleep for over four hundred years.

Now *you* can explore its houses, temples, tombs. Peer down from its watchtowers. And in no time, you'll find that instead of capturing Machu Picchu—it has captured you!

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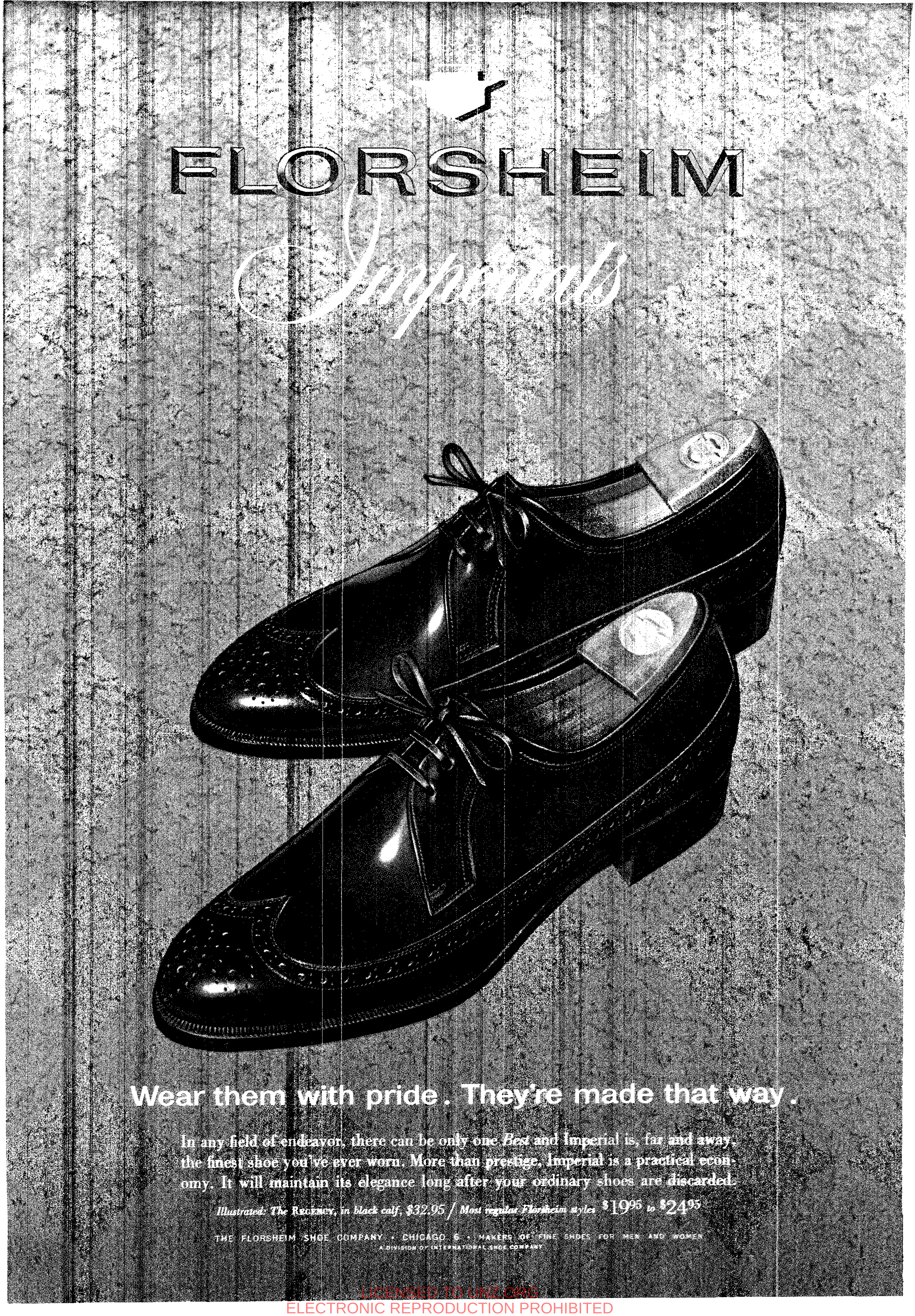

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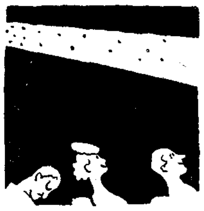
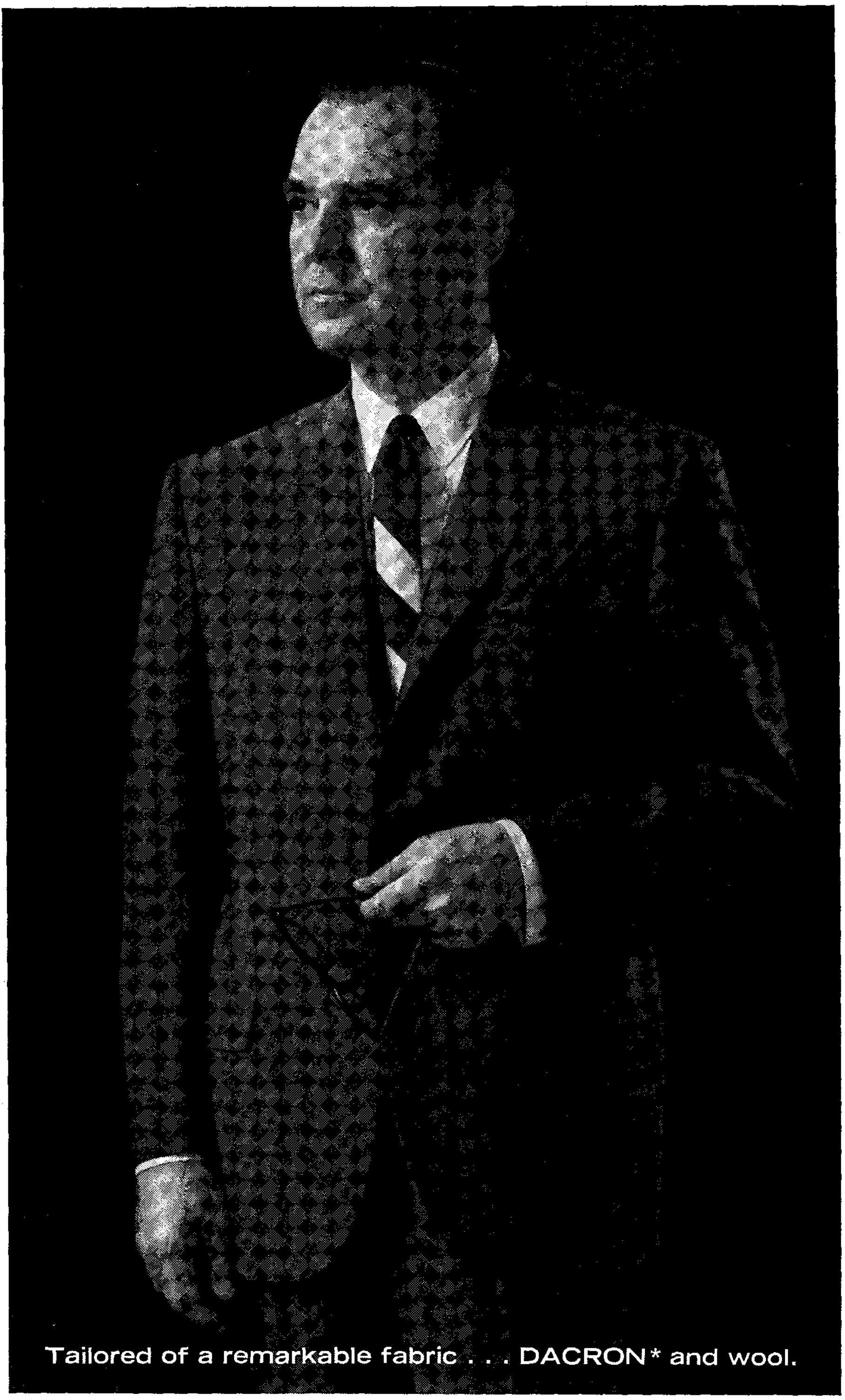
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sobersides



THE traditional humorlessness of the guardians of the groves of Academe has never been more openly displayed than in Notre Dame's recent attempts, in several courts, to keep Twentieth Century-Fox from releasing a movie called "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home." As the newspaper accounts of the huffings and puffings of the university and its counsel soon caused every potential ticket buyer in the country to become aware, a comedy had been made that committed the supposed grave sin of poking fun not, as one might have surmised, at the university as a whole but at what the university itself oddly appeared to consider its crucial contribution to our culture—the football team that has long been known, for reasons having little to do with ethnology, as the Fighting Irish. In the past, many movies have poked fun at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, and not alone for their football teams, or even for their lack of them, but members of the Ivy League are perhaps more used to being mocked than Notre Dame and would almost certainly regard going to court as an extravagant response to the not-yet-felt sting of a not very big gadfly. From the start, the university's distress over the state of its public image struck me as ill-founded, and its seeking an injunction ill-advised; now that I've seen the picture, the distress and the injunction strike me as incomprehensible.

"John Goldfarb, Please Come Home" is a ramshackle, intermittently funny, and totally harmless tale, designed—if that isn't too strong a word, and I fear it is—to show off the highly dissimilar looks and talents of Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov, and Richard Crenna. Miss MacLaine plays a shrewish, virginal photographer employed by a New York magazine known as *Strife;* Mr. Ustinov plays the sultan of the oil-rich kingdom of Fawzia, situated somewhere in the windy wastes of the Arabian peninsula; and Mr. Crenna plays Goldfarb, a U-2 pilot with a knack for doing everything exactly wrong, who, setting out for Russia, crash-lands in Fawzia. A thread of a story runs through the picture, connecting the girl, the sultan,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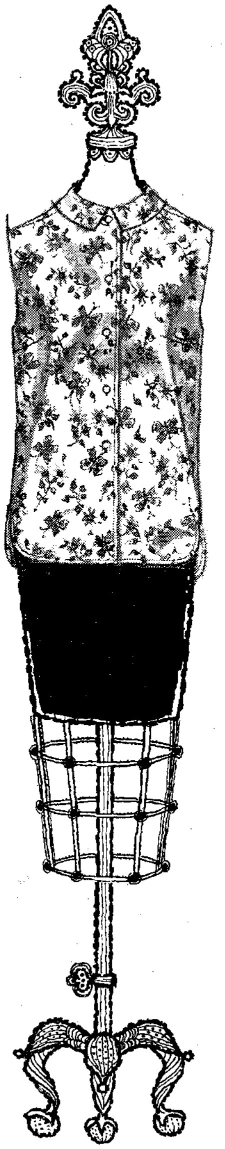

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the pilot, the State Department in Washington, and the Notre Dame football team, but luckily no one pays much attention to the thread. The lunatic disorder in which scene follows scene and the occasional inspired bursts of nonsensical non-acting by Shirley MacLaine hark back to the golden days of the Marx Brothers, and it would be charitable to think that these echoes were intentional on the part of the director, J. Lee Thompson, and not acts of desperation in the cutting room. During most of its length, the picture bumps mindlessly from gag to gag, breathing hard (in Mr. Ustinov's case, breathing extremely hard and with not the slightest vestige of that witty man's accustomed grace), and if one of the climactic moments—a Theda Bara-like orgy on the eve of the big game between Notre Dame and a snickersnee of Bedouin sheiks—fails to come off, it's because the Notre Dame players are shown to be such perfect little gentlemen, seduced not by sex but by heaping platterfuls of stuffed mongoose. With the help of Notre Dame and Sullivan & Cromwell, "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home" has entered history; unaided, how quickly it would have slipped into oblivion!

"CIRCLE OF LOVE" is Roger Vadim's remake of the famous Max Ophuls movie "La Ronde," taken from the no less famous play by Arthur Schnitzler, "Reigen." "La Ronde," filmed in 1950, had an extraordinary cast, which we may not have been sufficiently grateful for then (time darkens some things, but it brightens others): Danielle Darrieux, Gérard Philipe, Simone Signoret, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Jean-Louis Barrault, Isa Miranda, Fernand Gravey, Anton Walbrook, and Serge Reggiani. The cast of the present version consists of Jane Fonda, Maurice Ronet, Jean Sorel, Catherine Spaak, Anna Karina, Jean-Claude Brialy, Francine Berg, Bernard Noel, Marie Dubois, and Claude Giraud. Of these, Anna Karina and Jane Fonda are the most nearly memorable, but the picture is so marred by slovenly dubbing into English that it's impossible to be just in either praise or dispraise of the acting. Mr. Vadim has attempted to solve the problem of making a picture with an international cast, for international release, in the laziest possible fashion, by shooting it as if it were an old silent movie; as far as I could tell, nobody in the picture had troubled to learn his lines and, instead,

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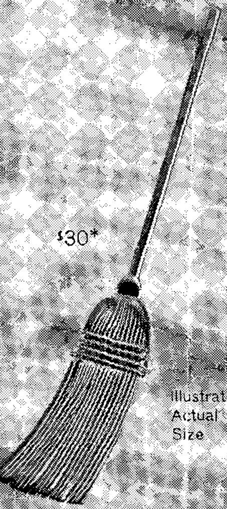

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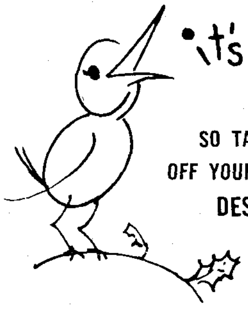

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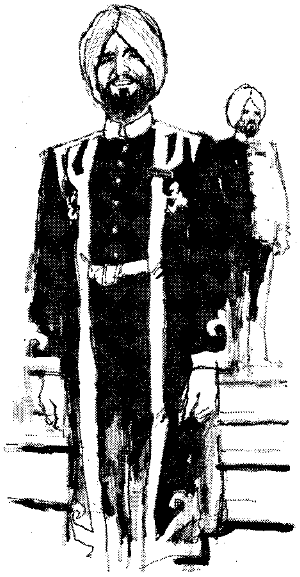

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uttered whatever words came into his head, aware that the dubbed voices of strangers would eventually transform this babble into appropriate dialogue. Even in the case of Miss Fonda, who evidently dubbed her own voice, the lip synchronization is nil. There are other defects to note, not of a mechanical nature. One of them is a strangely wooden screenplay by Jean Anouilh; another is a defect so common in Mr. Vadim's work that it comes close to being his trademark: a trick of making his camera peep rather than see, thus turning his audience into voyeurs in spite of themselves. "Blue" movies that have been prematurely interrupted—not a very lofty form of art.

"A STRANGER KNOCKS" comes to us from Denmark, after a delay of a couple of years caused by our New York State censors, who held that two of the episodes depicted were obscene. Unlike Mr. Vadim, Johan Jacobsen, the producer and director of "A Stranger Knocks," has little interest in eroticism; the episodes, which unmistakably represent a man and a woman making love, are necessary to the action of the picture and are simply *there*, as tables and chairs and the marine landscape and the sullen summer weather are there. The picture is, indeed, so solemn, heavy-handed, and old-fashioned that, except for the lovemaking, it might have been shot in the thirties, with Will H. Hays contentedly presiding over every frame. The stars of the picture are Birgitte Federspiel and Preben Lerdorff Rye. Miss Federspiel plays the part of a young widow—the time is 1947—whose husband, a member of the Danish Resistance, was tortured and killed by a Danish quisling. One day, a stranger knocks at the door of her lonely cottage by the sea. It is raining hard, and the stranger is very tired. She takes him in, feeds him, permits him to spend the night, and then—but no, this is a melodrama, as well as something of a tract on the nature of good and evil, and I mustn't say another word about the plot, save to whisper that it isn't much the worse for being preposterous. Miss Federspiel lightens the forlornness of the picture by occasionally perking up and looking winsome. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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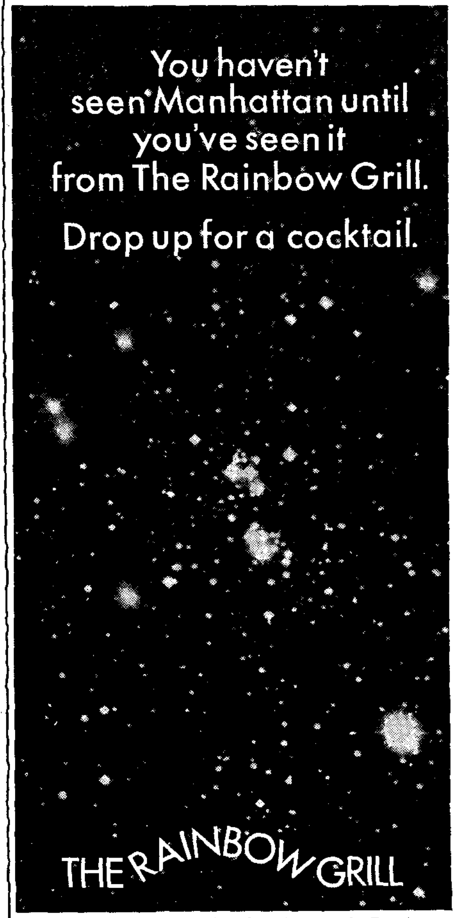

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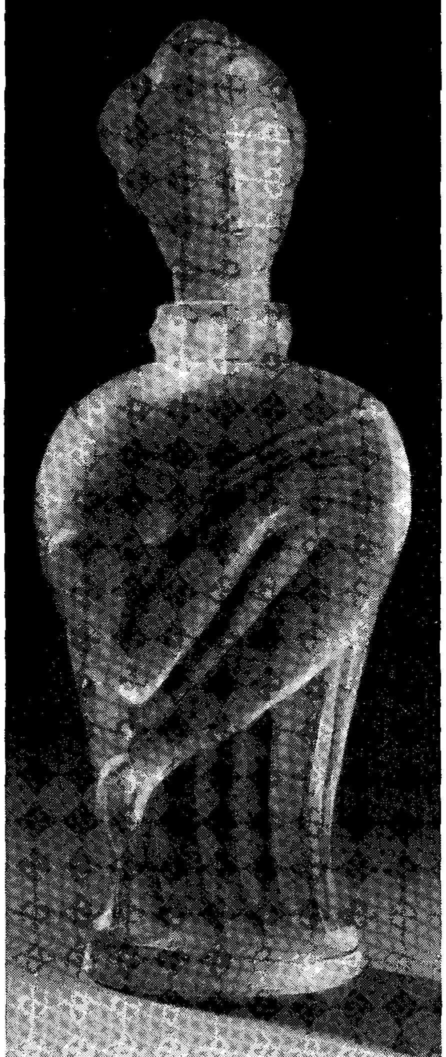

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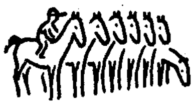
THE RACE TRACK

Ace of Trumps



THIS week, I give you Jay Trump, who won the Grand National Steeplechase, one of England's, and the world's, great races, at Liverpool last Saturday. He's the first American-bred and American-owned jumper to win it since Battleship, a son of Man o' War, in 1938. Also, I give you his rider, Crompton Smith, Jr., better known as Tommy, the first American and one of the few amateurs to bring in a National winner. (Among those who have tried are Pete Bostwick and Louis Stoddard.) It's not stretching the point too much to say that the career of Jay Trump, an eight-year-old dark-bay gelding by Tonga Prince out of Be Trump, is like something out of a fairy tale. Foaled in Pennsylvania on the farm of Jay Sensenich, he raced for two seasons on the half-mile tracks in Maryland and West Virginia without ever making the winner's circle. Then, one day at Charles Town, Tommy Smith bought him for $2,000 for his godmother, Mrs. Mary Stephenson, who had asked him to buy her a horse to run at the hunt meetings. Jay Trump looked just the ticket, but, after long periods of schooling, his form through the field was as disappointing as it had been on the flat. However, in 1963, at the age of six, he won the blue ribbon of hunt-club racing—the Maryland Hunt Cup, at four miles over posts and rails. Last season, he romped home in the My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, the Grand National Point-to-Point, and the Maryland Hunt Cup, his only starts, and then he was sent to England. There, prior to the National, he was first three times in five tries. Forty-seven horses started at Aintree last Saturday, but only fourteen finished the race, which is a difficult four miles and eight hundred and fifty-six yards. The first time around, Jay Trump was far behind, but, moving up as the field thinned out, he went into third place at the Canal Turn, took the lead a furlong from home, and came in three-quarters of a length ahead of Freddie, the favorite. No doubt Jay Trump will be home for the Maryland Hunt Cup three weeks from now.

WELL, Gun Bow wound up third to Ampose and Tronado in the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida

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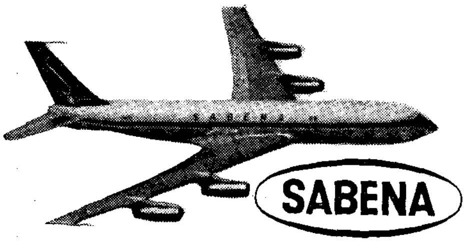

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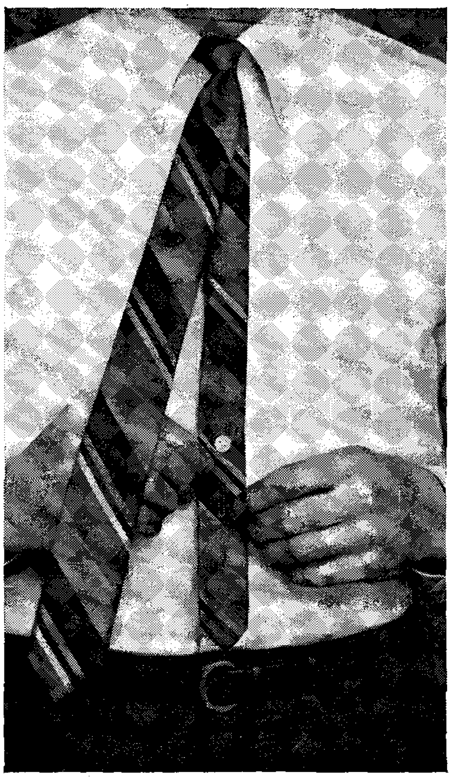

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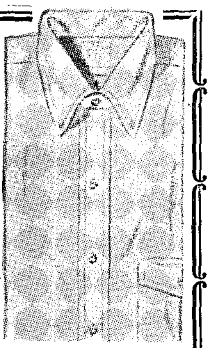
last Saturday. I don't think the 130 pounds he carried—though he gave eighteen pounds to each of the two runners who beat him—did him in. It was the pace. He sprinted hard to get the lead at the first turn, and then, without a breather, went all out down the backstretch, head and head with Tronado, Lt. Stevens, and Candy Spots, and as I watched the race on TV I wondered who'd crack first. It was Candy Spots; he came in last, beaten about twenty lengths. Gun Bow weakened, too, and was passed in the last furlong. As the saying still goes, you can't win them all.

IN contrast to the snow the previous weekend, Aqueduct had spring sunshine last Saturday, and a crowd of more than fifty thousand saw the Westchester Stakes. For the record, fourteen ran, and Tibaldo, who had been resting since the Widener at Hialeah, won it by nearly six lengths, with Quita Dude second and Power of Destiny third.

To look forward, Bold Lad, the Wheatley Stable star, is expected to run in the Gotham Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile, at the Big A this weekend. Though he has had no more splint trouble, there seems to be a feeling that this race will be a very large order for him. In my opinion, there is only one man competent to decide whether a horse is ready for a race, and that is his trainer, and I'm sure Bill Winfrey won't run Bold Lad if he isn't fit. Among the probable starters for the Gotham are Jacinto, Dependability, Flag Raiser, and Isle of Greece, all winners this season, but several more colts are likely to get into the act.

I saw Jacinto (so far, I've heard seven different pronunciations of the name) at Belmont the other morning, and I was impressed no end. A brown colt (Bold Ruler, his papa, is dark bay), he's slightly over medium size but with good length for his height; his legs are clean and substantial, and he has a beautiful, intelligent head. Jim Maloney, who trains him and the other members of William Haggin Perry's stable, has a lot of fit horses in his barn, among them the mare Batteur, who ran well at Santa Anita and looks ready to take on Old Hat, Tosmah, or any other member of her sex at any distance.

COLONEL MARTINGALE has been so busy looking at the new two-year-olds that he has no selections for the Gotham. Sorry. —AUDAX MINOR



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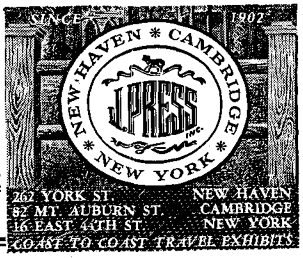
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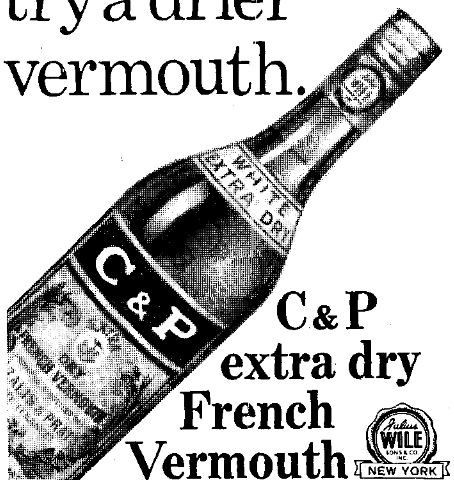

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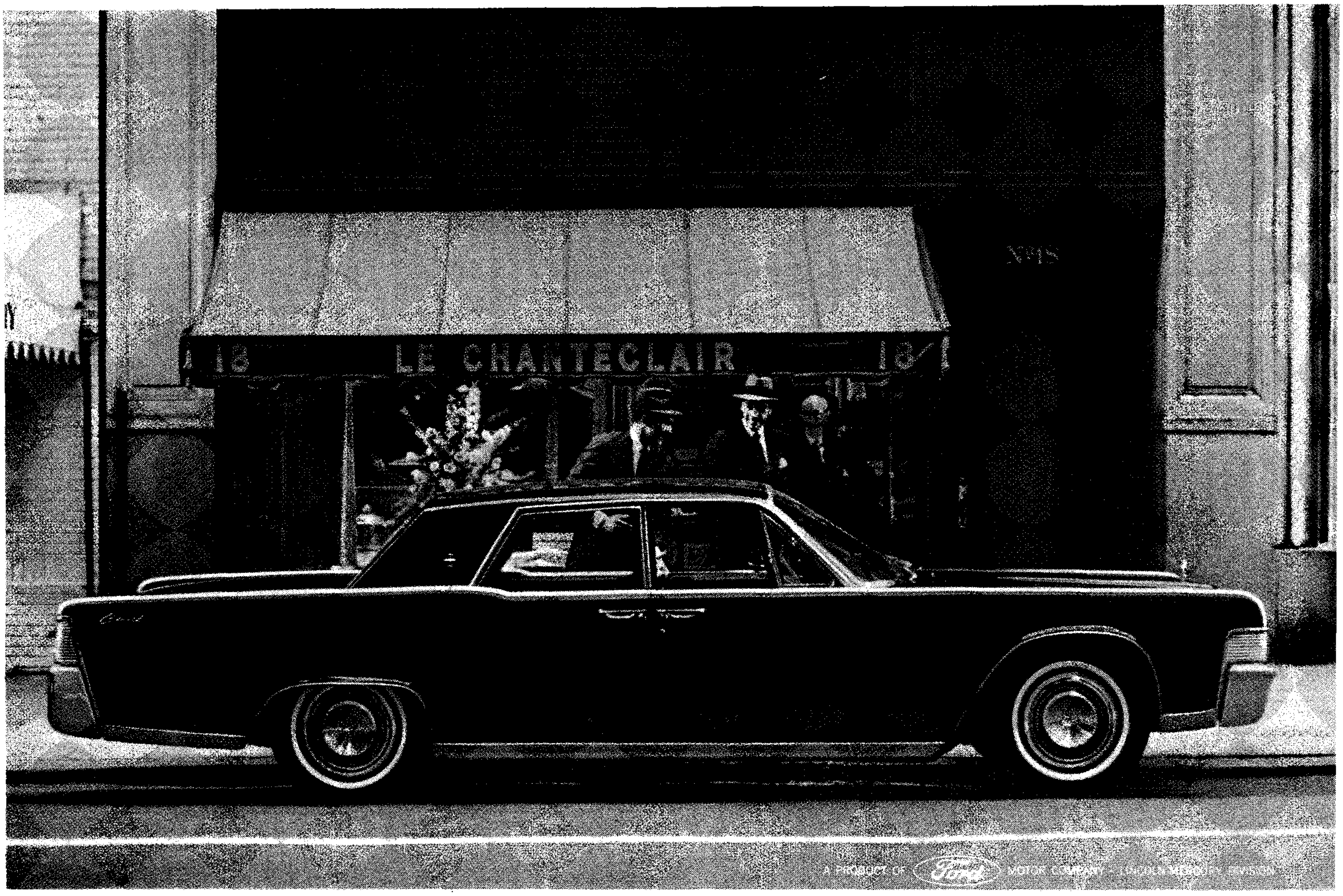
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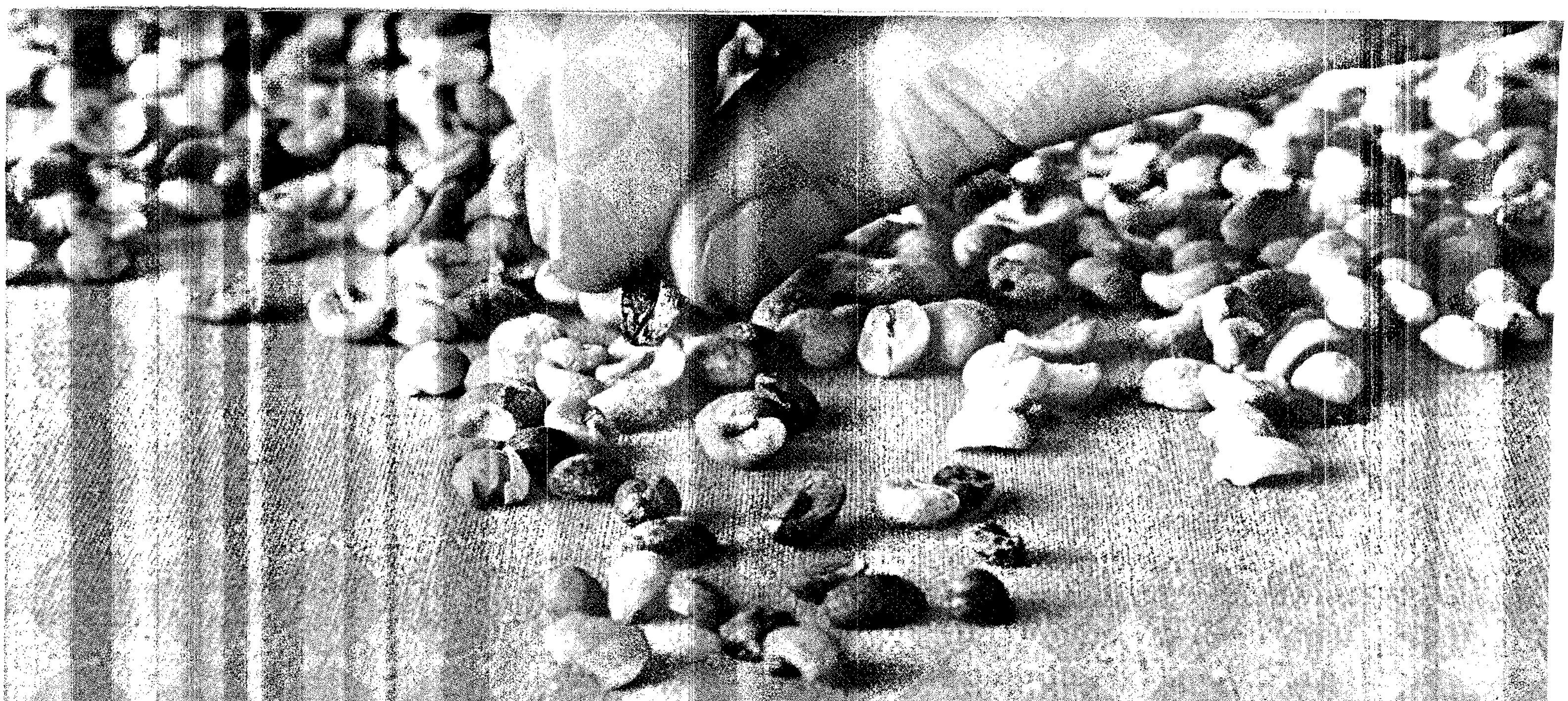

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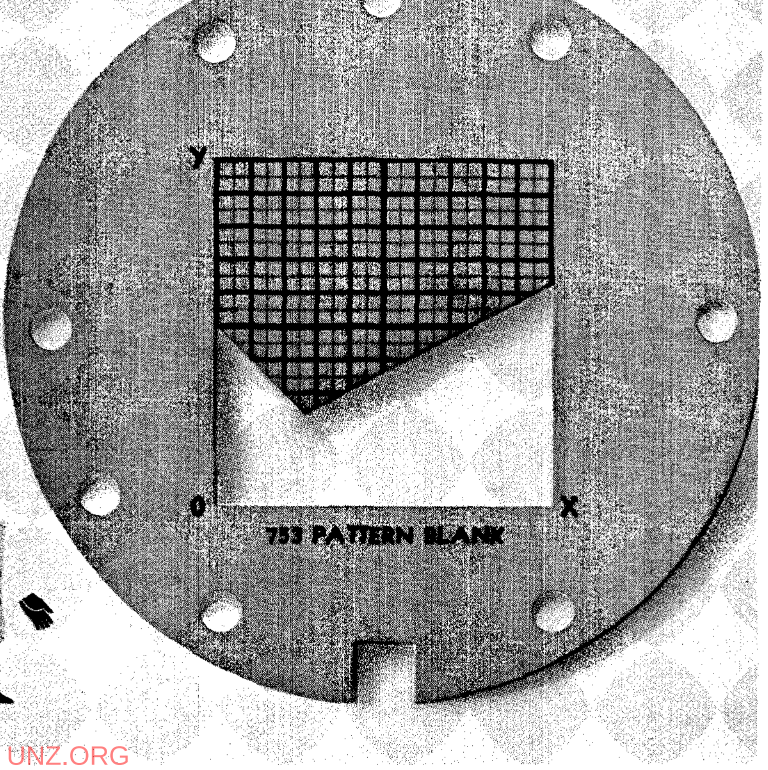

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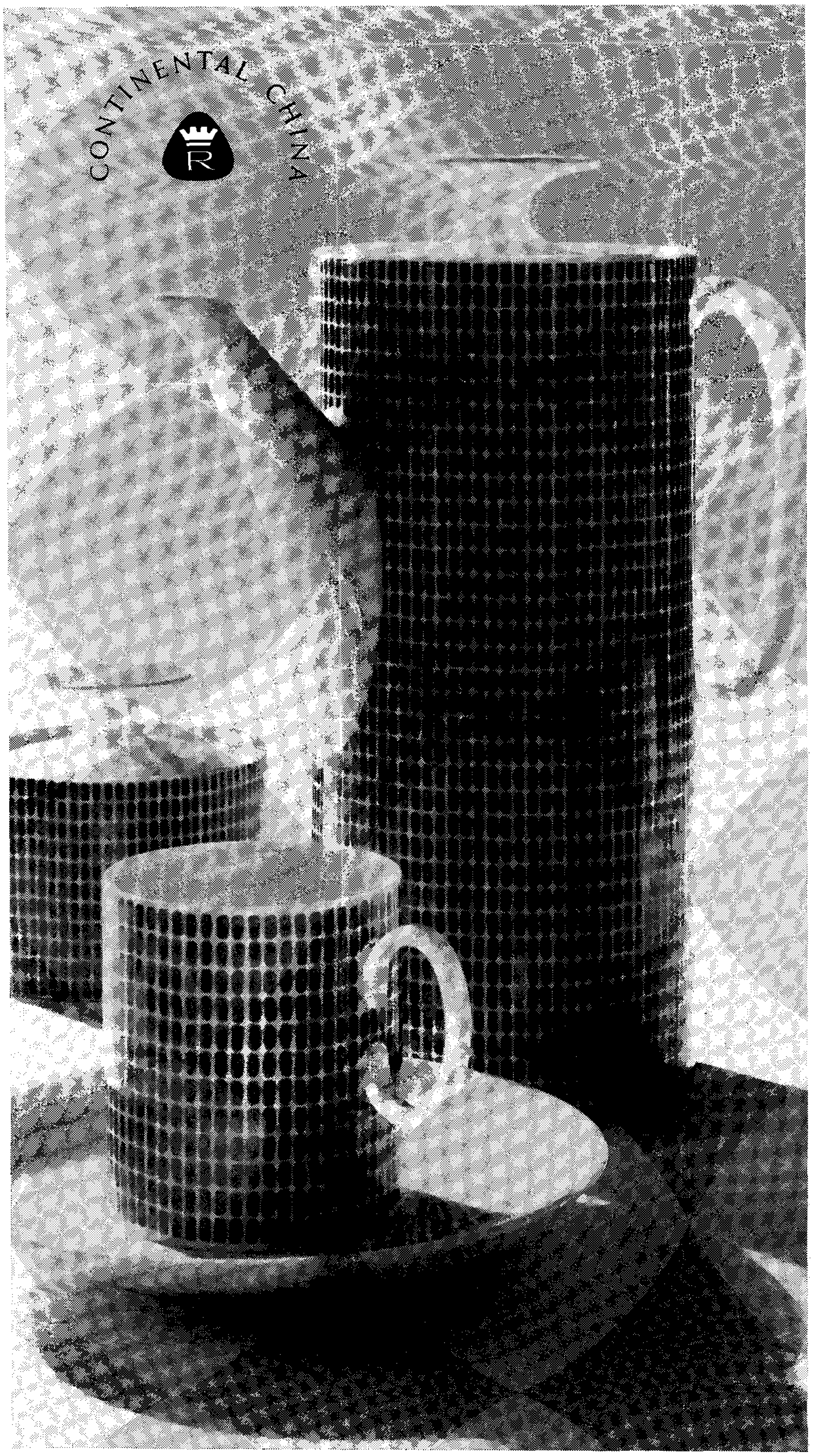
NORTHBROOK, ILLINOIS,
March 15, 1965

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN M. F. K. Fisher's charming account, in "The Oldest Man" (in your issue of December 5, 1964), of a visit with the youthful near-centenarian Pépé Connes and his old-maidish septuagenarian son Georges, a bit of fuzziness—though perhaps niggling—has been nagging me.

Mrs. Fisher recalls the two men playing "a little *boules* or *pétanque* on the terrace"—an ambiguity for which, since she admits being never able to "follow the floating rules" of the game, she may merit pardon. But the fact is, *pétanque* is *boules*. Or, more precisely, it is one of several versions of *jeux de boules*. *Boules* need not always be *pétanque;* the *jeu* may be *Provençal*, *Lyonnais*, *National*, *Breton*, *carré*, *à la longue*, or another. Her phrase, then, is a little like saying "He grew crimson or red in the face" or "He played five-card stud or poker;" crimson is red, but red is not always crimson, and stud is poker, but poker encompasses more than stud. A less fuzzy meaning, therefore, could have been conveyed by isolating the "or *pétanque*" by two commas—one fore, one aft. But even this lacks full clarity. For, with the image of the terrain Mrs. Fisher has drawn and a familiarity with the French bowling games she refers to, one can declare pedagogically that the way her meaning is best expressed is "The men played a little *pétanque*, or *boules*, on the terrace." And even more crystalline: "a kind of *boules*."

As to why so sure, the sportive pedagogue can reason: (1) Of all the games of *boules*, *pétanque* is the only short form, being played normally within a span of fifteen to thirty-five feet, only accidentally beyond that. The name derives from the Provençal patois, "*pés tanqués*," which means "feet together," and this static restriction of the bowler during delivery of his ball is another characteristic that distinguishes the short game. (2) The other *boules* games our two Tarnois *might* (the qualifier being their regional predilection) have attempted to play on their terrace could have been only shrunken and stunted *tromperies* (and *pas du tout selon règlement*), the span of play of these ranging between fifty and seventy-five



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feet—all of which must be reasonably flat. (3) Mrs. Fisher, however, gives a clear and breathtaking picture of the Connes residence nestling in a mountain shoulder and, among such verticals and angular declivities, to find enough flat space just to play *pétanque* on would be an *haut fait* indeed.

And now back to that word "floating." One tends to feel that here we're teetering on the subjective, that it's this particular writer who feels the rules are floating. Let me say quickly, for the benefit of anyone who has never played games with a Frenchman (or cleared papers, or engaged in diplomacy, or pursued correspondence, or cooked dinner), that in *la belle France* Rules Are the Game (and even I, though only half French, play—in fact, live—by whole rules).

Specifically, in the era that Mrs. Fisher writes about, there were for *pétanque*—or, for the *pétanquiers*—thirty succinct and unequivocal main clauses plus uncounted subclauses, all codified and articled in a compact booklet, laying down the precise manner and protocol by which to play the game. (That even French reglementarians are not perfect is evidenced by the publication in January, 1964, as then *ratifiées et agréées* by a convention of the French and International Pétanque Federation, of a revised and bolstered set of rules—the new number of main clauses now being thirty-eight.) To me, therefore, it is inconceivable that two Frenchmen, one a university professor and the elder able, among other feats of recall and precision, to recite a dozen verses of "Malbrouck," and both very distinctly *ancien régime*, would, in playing *pétanque*—or anything else—resort to "floating" rules; such extemporaneity would surely be inconceivable to them.

In all this quill-picking for the *mot juste*, it is obvious, of course, that I am guilty of atavism. But it is to clarify. Moreover, as national secretary for the American Pétanque Association and as a perennial *joueur aux boules* and *fada de pétanque*, I felt that here, in one of the rare instances where our game is mentioned in national American print, our few hundred member players and our cause deserved a few just words.

Nothing of this is to detract from Mrs. Fisher. Indeed, in amends, and as small thanks for *la belle ambiance* of her writing, permit me to enclose for her all good wishes from a devoted reader and *ancien pétanquier*.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SAND AND WIND AND WAVES

THE wild late-winter storm of March, 1962, which did not qualify as a hurricane, caused more damage along the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras than any hurricane of the past decade. On the ocean beaches of Long Island during the sixth and seventh days of that month, waves and wind swept along the dunes, seizing a house here and there capriciously and lunging onward. At Sagaponack, where I live, the high dunes between the salt pond and the sea were struck away entirely. On March 8th, a huge old whale skull lay half embedded in the sand where these dunes had been; my children helped me dig it out, and we roped it up and dragged it home behind a pickup truck. Such prizes from the dune ruins, it seemed, would be the only good blown by that March wind, but now, three years later, another benefit may come of it to help atone for the millions of dollars' worth of damage. It may be that the storm's fury will have prevented a desolate barrier beach called Assateague Island, off the Maryland-Virginia shore, from becoming just one more in the long line of raffish summer resorts that litter our coast.

South of New England's granite, the shores of the Atlantic are low and flat—an ancient coastal plain that is characterized by barrier beaches; these long, narrow strips of fine quartz-and-garnet sand and dune grass, broken by sheltered hollows of low woods, are separated from the mainland by shallow bays or sounds. Wind and sea are always changing the narrow reefs, and Assateague itself has been an island only since 1933, when another great storm, breaching the dunes just south of Ocean City, Maryland, cut off the southern part of the Fenwick Peninsula, which had extended from southern Delaware down the whole ocean coast of Maryland and twelve miles into Virginia. The new island, thirty-three miles long but rarely as much as a mile wide, retained the name that had been given to that part of the peninsula by the Nanticoke Indians, an Algonquian tribe that abandoned the Eastern Shore in the early eighteenth century. The Nanticokes took with them, among other things, the explanation of the name Assateague, which means "stony river;" Assateague possesses a number of distinctive topographical features, but neither stones nor rivers are among them. Normally, the tons of sand dredged up and carried by storm seas rapidly seal any break in a barrier beach such as that made in 1933, and one good blow might have rejoined the island to the peninsula in a day and a night. But the new inlet south of Ocean City was stabilized by jetties, guaranteeing access to the ocean for charter boats and other craft that flocked to the area. Today, Ocean City is a lesser Atlantic City—billboards, boardwalk, salt-water taffy, and all—and if local real-estate agents and developers have anything to say about it Assateague will finish the same way. In the face of President Johnson's recent proposal to set the island aside as a National Seashore, a big sign erected just outside Ocean City enjoins the wayfarer to

ASK ABOUT ASSATEAGUE ISLAND
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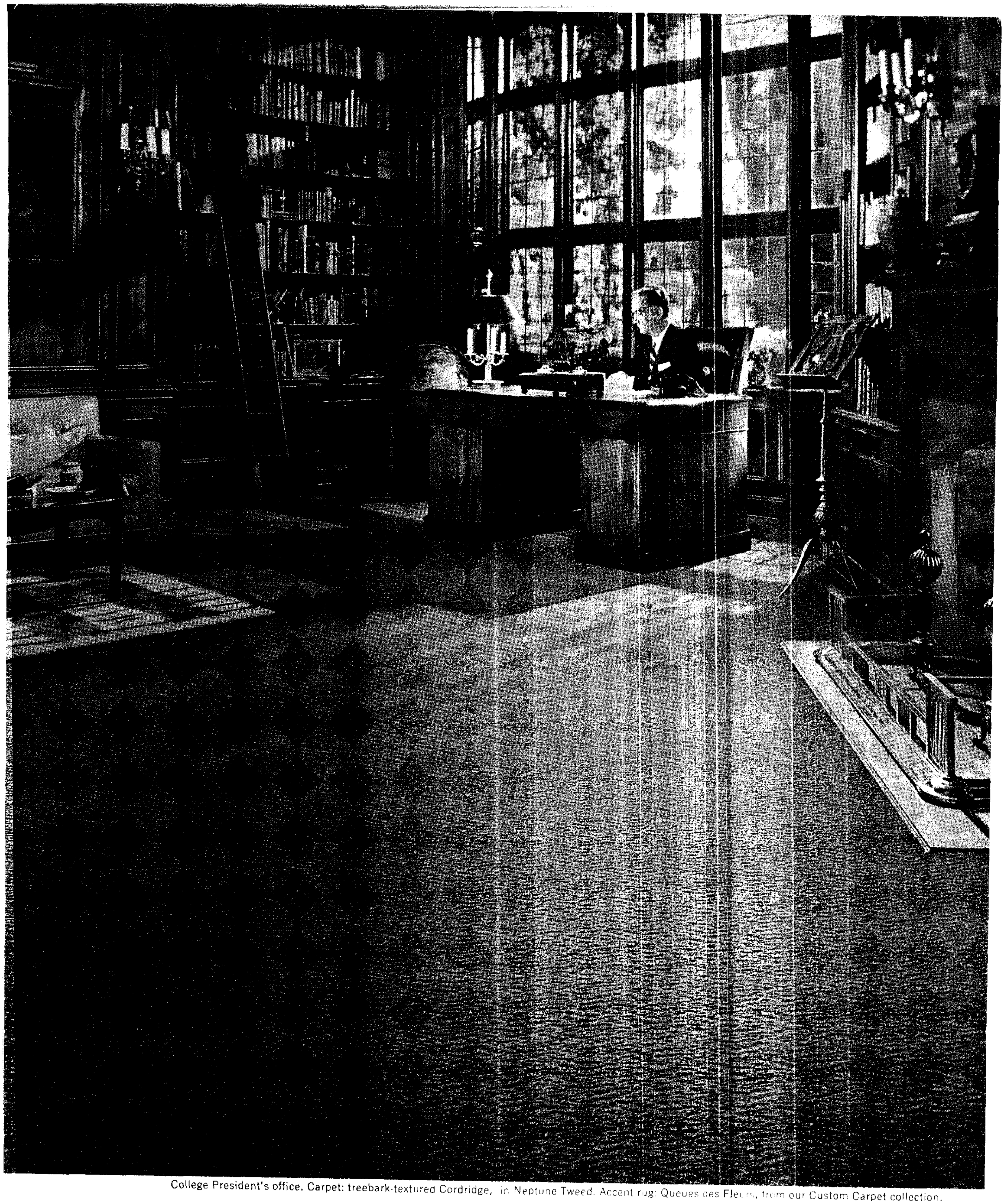
Behind the sign, on the far side of the inlet, the narrow, sandy wilderness stretches away to the southern horizon.

AS a small boy, I read and reread books about pirates and wild ponies on that coast, and I have always wanted to see it for myself, so I readily accepted an invitation last fall to accompany some people from the National Park Service on an inspection of Assateague. Early one morning in October, accordingly, I drove southward, across New York City, under the Hudson, and through a nether world of industrial vapors that obscured the sky over the Jersey Meadows, to emerge at last into a countryside of woods and farmland, pervaded by the more agreeable mists of Indian-summer leaf fires. Beyond Trenton, a turkey vulture, which I took to be a harbinger of the South, patrolled the turnpike, seeking small victims of night tires, and two hours later I had crossed the Delaware River and was well away onto the great Eastern Shore, which includes just about all of Delaware, part of Maryland, and two small counties of Virginia—insufficient reason, in my opinion, for calling it, as some signs do, the Delmarva Peninsula. Though a good deal of the Eastern Shore lies north of Washington, it firmly proclaims itself as Southland; near Blackbird, Delaware, I began to encounter signs touting Clabber Girl and Stuckey's Pecan Divinity and Dr. Pepper. I had arranged to meet the National Park people on the eve of our expedition to Assateague in Pocomoke City, Maryland, but I reached it so early in the afternoon, and the day was so beautiful, that I followed an impulse to sail right on into Virginia. I went all the way to Cape Charles, which had recently been connected to the mainland near Norfolk by a bridge-tunnel running nearly twenty miles across the wide mouth of Chesapeake Bay. As the land narrowed, I abandoned the highway for the back roads that lead, on both seaside and bayside, to little white towns like Oyster and Harborton. Soybean plantings, not yet harvested, were walled in by high, dark pine forest, as the plantations of the first settlers must have been three centuries ago, and, thus isolated from all its neighbors, each farm had the aspect of a domain. Solitary tupelos in the mass of pine had turned a warm bronze purple, and migrating kestrels looked nearly orange in the autumn sunlight; four or five of these tiny falcons would perch together like swallows on the telephone wires while another hovered in the wind over golden stubble. The roads—even those that trailed off to dead



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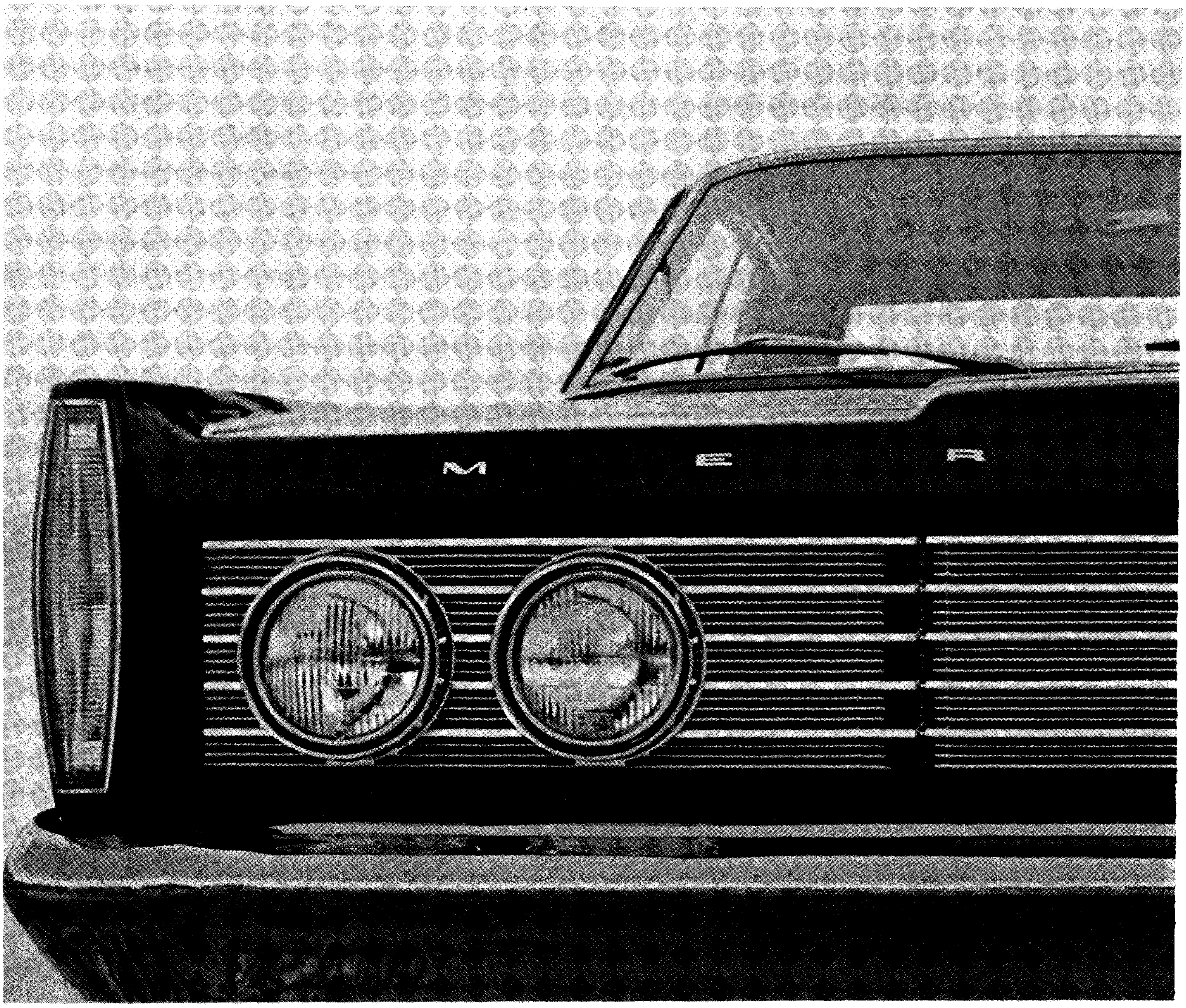

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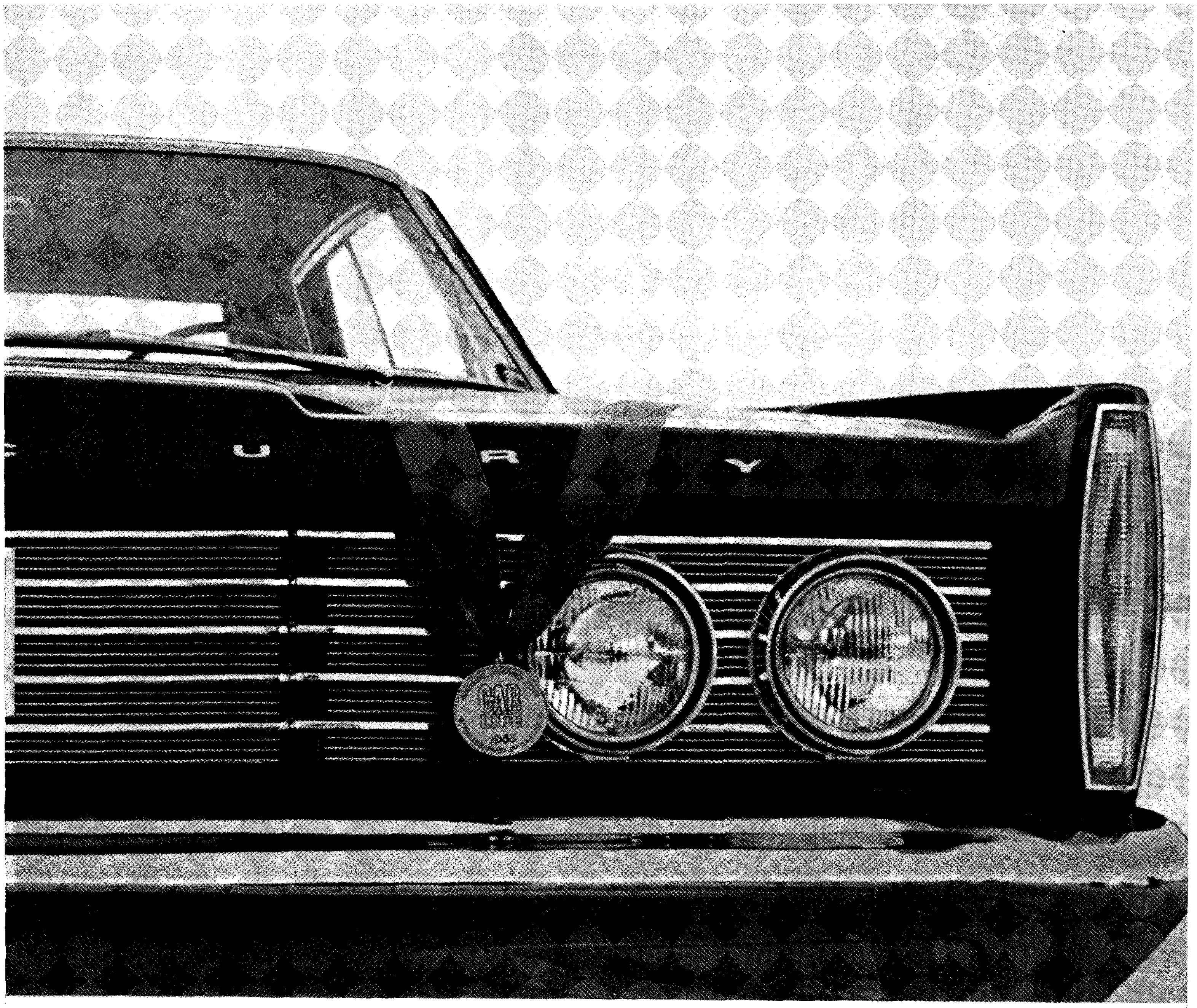

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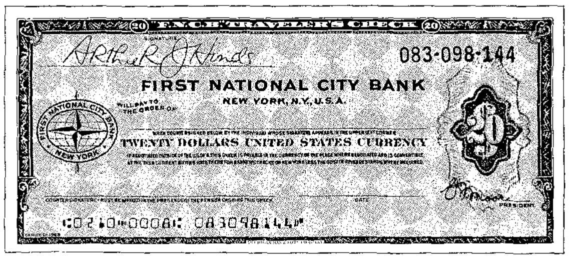

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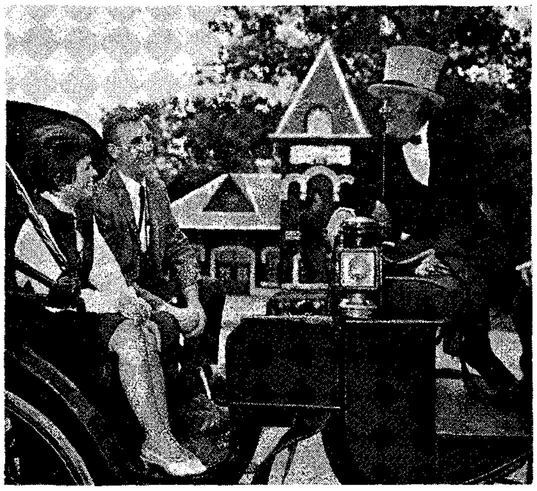
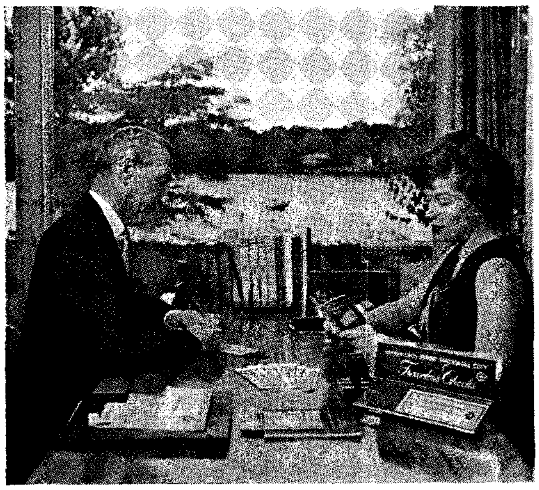


Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Montreal
The Peter Bohlins of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., paid for their calèche ride up Mount Royal with a First National City Travelers Check...accepted the world over, spendable for every travel need.



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Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation ends—were uniformly good, but not all of them were lined with telephone poles. Despite rich, sandy soil, which grows fine crops, and salt bays densely set with fish and shellfish, most of this lower peninsula remains as it has been for centuries. There is a pervasive emptiness—the great silence of old field and forest. Here, if anywhere, it seemed to me, one might still have an ample house with its own fields and tidal creek and dock, all out of sight beyond a wood. "Heaven and earth," John Smith wrote of the Cape Charles region after a visit there in 1608, "seemed never to have agreed better to have framed a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation."

My own habitation that evening lay back up the highway at the Twin Towers Motel, just south of Pocomoke City, and I was met there by Robert Bergman, who is with the Division of National Park System Studies in Washington, and Richard Wittpenn and Frank Ugolini, both from the Park Service's regional office in Philadelphia. Wittpenn, a landscape architect who worked on the planning of the Fire Island National Seashore, had already made two visits to Assateague, and he and Bergman and Ugolini patiently added to my knowledge of the area over a fine mess of soft-shell crabs fresh from the Chesapeake.

The Park Service, I learned, has been coveting Assateague since at least 1935, when a survey showed that the island had a great deal to recommend it. A wide, unbroken beach, shelving gradually into the ocean and with no undertow, offered surf fishing and marvellous, safe swimming, and there was fine clamming in the sheltered coves and harbors of Chincoteague Bay, which separates Assateague from the mainland. The bayside marshes were a famous haunt of waterfowl, and the outer beach, a concentration point for migrating peregrines and merlins, drew falconers from all over the country. And then, of course, there were Assateague's wild ponies, thought to be descended through the years from stock escaped out of a sixteenth-century Spanish ship that was wrecked off the shore. The island was well situated, being almost equidistant from the great Middle Atlantic cities of Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, and Norfolk—all of which lay within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles in a populous region that had not yet been granted a single National Park. In 1935, there were no National Seashores whatever—only a troubled realization that the last shorelines still open

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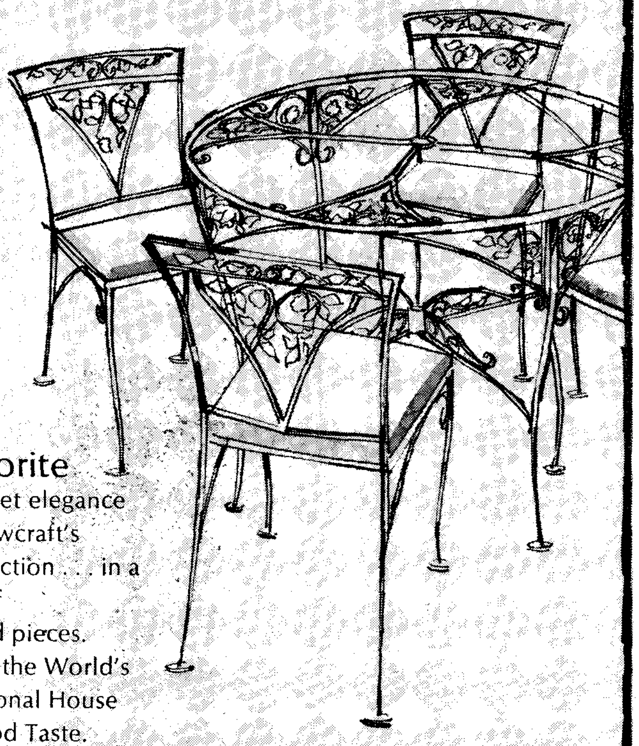

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to the public were being lost one by one to private development. During the next two decades, several bills were introduced in Congress proposing that Assateague be made into a National Seashore, but although Virginia's end of the island became the Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge in 1943, they were not given serious consideration. By 1955, when Assateague was surveyed for a second time, developers had already gained control of a sizable portion of Assateague and the first of five thousand or more projected houses were being built. Land prices, of course, had been going up for some time, and hopes for a new National Seashore seemed more remote each day.

The major resistance to private development, I was told, came from the barrier beach itself. Most of the high dunes required for the protection of beach cottages had been blown away by storms. There was no bridge access to the island, and no road once one arrived there; intermittent ferry service had been established, but island travel remained restricted to beach vehicles equipped with four-wheel drive. Building costs were high, and the difficulties of providing water and sanitation facilities on this low land were becoming increasingly apparent. Ocean Beach, Inc., which had been formed by the property owners who controlled the great middle section of the island, met the most immediate of its problems by constructing a rather skimpy twelve-foot dune and, behind it, almost exactly at sea level, a sand-asphalt road, which was dignified by the name of Baltimore Avenue in the hope that it might be regarded as an extension of a thoroughfare of that name in Ocean City. Early in 1962, Assateague property owners were much heartened when the Maryland legislature appropriated one and a half million dollars for the construction of a bridge from Sinepuxent Neck, on the mainland, to a small state park that was to be developed on the island; a bridge, all the private developers agreed, would transform Assateague into South Ocean City in no time. Construction work was speeded up.

By March 4, 1962, there were at least fifty houses on the Maryland beach of Assateague. A few days later, after the worst storm in a decade, there were just eighteen, of which seven were badly damaged. Most of the rest had disappeared, and so had the twelve-foot dune and the greater part of Baltimore Avenue, leaving the beach in its natural state, only slightly the worse for wear. The dune was

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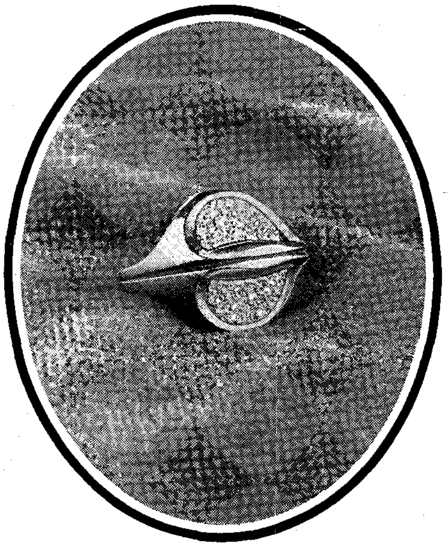

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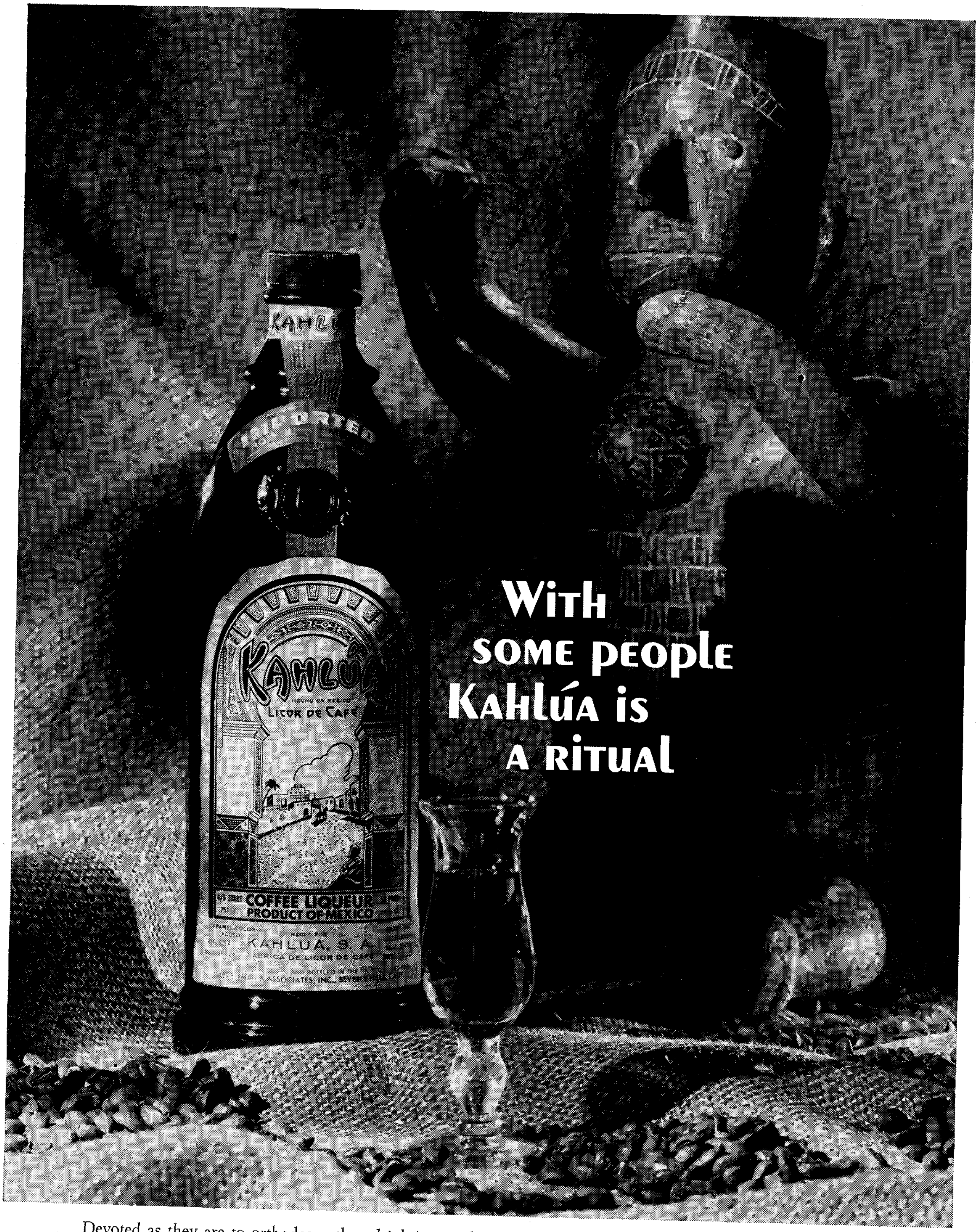
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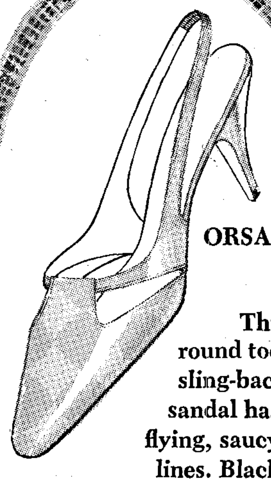
restored during the summer at the expense of individual property owners, but a series of smaller storms washed most of the new dune after the old. When winter came, a few subdivision signs flapped in the wind, inscribed with the numbers of streets that never were, and the gulls cracked shellfish on the last black outcroppings of Baltimore Avenue.

As a result of that March storm, people in the Department of the Interior saw hope of a reprieve for Assateague, and at a meeting on June 18, 1962, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and Governor J. Millard Tawes, of Maryland, decided to undertake a joint study of the new situation. The Department's Bureau of Outdoor Recreation hired a firm of consulting economists, and after due investigation they concluded that Worcester County, Maryland, which includes Assateague, Ocean City, and all the adjacent communities in Maryland, would derive far more benefit from public development of the island than it could ever hope to from private development. And in some minds there was growing doubt about whether private development was feasible at all. In an article entitled "Hell and High Water," which appeared in the *Long Island Sunday Press* a few weeks after the great storm of 1962, Robert Moses declared that the periodic devastation of Fire Island resulted from "the building of houses and other structures and improvements too close to the ocean and attempting to maintain barrier beaches too low and narrow to withstand these terrific onslaughts of storm." This statement was still more applicable to Assateague, which, with a mean elevation of three to five feet—and even less in the subdivision area—was mostly awash in time of storm. Though dune building was still a primitive science, studies made at Fire Island and Cape Hatteras had suggested that in order to provide real security for residential and commercial development, a barrier beach required the construction down its entire length of a gently sloping dune from sixteen to twenty feet high and fifty feet across the top, with a base much wider still, the whole to be tied down with dune grass and weighted with a concrete road along the crest. The cost of such a dune was variously estimated at between half a million and a million dollars per mile. Undaunted, the developers expressed full confidence that all of Assateague's problems would be met by the state and the nation, since neither was likely to stand by while the shoreline washed away. In order to



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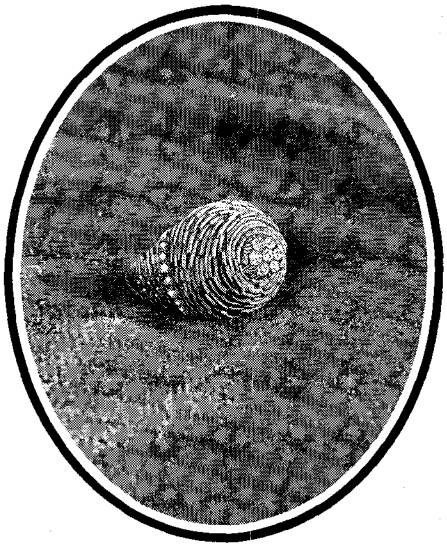

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obtain federal aid, however, private owners would have to assume half the expense of a multimillion-dollar dune constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers. And, according to Corps specifications, the seaward slope would start two hundred feet back from mean high water, thus more or less obliterating what had been advertised as choice lots along the oceanfront. Even under these painful circumstances, it was by no means certain that government subsidies would be available for low-density residential development on Assateague: Secretary Udall stated emphatically that "if large amounts of public funds are to be spent, all the taxpayers should benefit by having available the use of the island."

Protecting their houses from being washed or blown away was only one of the problems besetting private landowners on Assateague. The most plentiful source of safe drinking water was at the southern end of the island, and it lay four hundred and fifty feet below the surface—a depth usually considered prohibitive for private wells. A limited amount of well water was available from lenses of an aquiclude (a rock stratum that confines water) toward the northern end, but the sands through which the shafts would have to be sunk were below sea level, so ordinary wells would soon be spoiled by salt water. And, what was more serious, they would be exposed to quick pollution from the septic tanks that the developers had planned for each half-acre plot. The State Health Department declared in 1963 that the island was far too low for individual sewage systems, and Robert M. Brown, head of the Maryland Department of Environmental Hygiene, referred to the proposed subdivision as a "cesspool paradise."

The Bureau of Outdoor Recreation's report recommending public pur-

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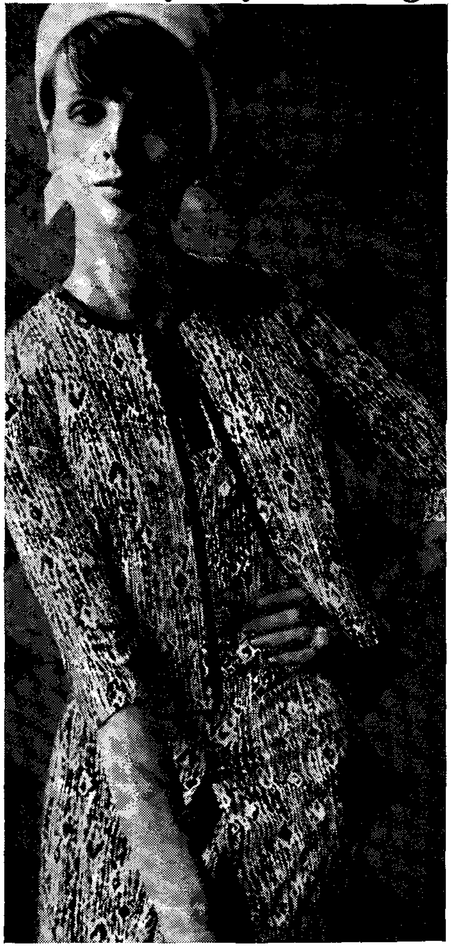

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chase of Assateague, published thirteen months after the storm that had prompted it, drew favorable reactions from Governor Tawes and from four members of Maryland's congressional delegation—Senators J. Glenn Beall and Daniel Brewster and Representatives Clarence D. Long and Carlton Sickles. On September 10, 1963, Secretary Udall transmitted to Congress a bill sponsored by these four legislators "to provide for the establishment of the Assateague Island National Seashore in the States of Maryland and Virginia, and for other purposes." As defined in this bill, the new National Seashore would incorporate both the wildlife refuge, at the Virginia end of the island, and the state park, at the Maryland end, but each would retain its distinct identity; Maryland could either purchase the nine-mile length of Assateague lying north of the state park or release it to the Seashore. Private owners would be paid for their property at "fair market value," and the proposed legislation would permit those few people whose houses were still standing after the storm to go on occupying them for twenty-five years. By that time, most of the beach houses would very likely be moored like houseboats at the water's edge, my informants said, since the whole shoreline was eroding westward at the rate of three to four feet a year.

Despite the difficulties already encountered by private developers, and despite the recommendations of the highest dignitaries of their state, Worcester County officials clung to the opinion that a southward extension of Ocean City-style development was a shining probability, awaiting only the completion of the new state bridge to become a reality. The county's chief argument against the Seashore was that it would take a large and promising piece of property off the tax rolls, even though it has been demonstrated that public ownership brought no losses to the mainland communities near Cape Hatteras, where the first National Seashore was established, in 1953. The tax base of Dare County, North Carolina, was eleven million dollars in 1950; eight years later, the figure had risen to twenty-five million. In a speech before the Advertising Club of Baltimore a few weeks after the Assateague legislation was sent to Congress in the autumn of 1963, Secretary Udall said, "The whole history of the development of the National Park System is the history of local opposition at the outset, but always has a happy ending. Without hesitation, I will predict today that if the advice of

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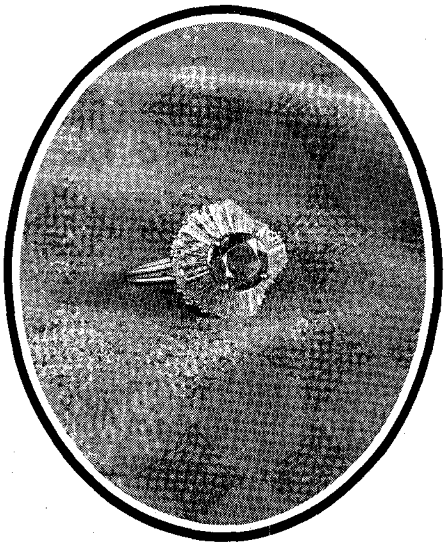

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your state officials is followed and Assateague is added to our National Park System, Worcester County will benefit most of all." Yet the opposition continued, and neither the bill endorsed by the Secretary nor a compromise measure, providing for both public and private ownership, that was introduced by Representative Rogers C. B. Morton, of Maryland, ever came to a vote.

Meanwhile, real-estate prices on the island continued to rise. Even the storm of 1962 did not lower them, I was told, though no one had been rash enough to build, or even rebuild, since that time. The pioneers of Assateague, far from being grateful for an opportunity to get their ill-starred holdings off their hands, were emboldened by the revival of federal interest to voice the most ardent attachment to their half acres. A year after the storm, the anguish of the owners had raised the cost of purchasing private holdings on Assateague to some six and a half million dollars, and by the summer of 1964, according to Department of Interior estimates, the price had more than doubled—still a bargain, perhaps, for the nation at large, but an indication of one consequence to be expected from further delay.

HAVING been presented, that evening in Pocomoke City, with what seemed to me a very strong case for the preservation of Assateague Island in its natural state, I was most anxious to see the place. Wittpenn felt confident that the manager of the Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge, whom he had met on his previous visits, would lend us a vehicle with four-wheel drive to explore in, and early the following morning we headed south. To reach the Virginia end of Assateague, one must cross Chincoteague Island, which is approached by an embankment road dredged out of the salt marsh. The Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge, like the wild ponies and a celebrated variety of oyster, takes its name from this small island, but actually the refuge, the ponies, and the best of the oyster beds are all to be found on Assateague, and we proceeded directly to the larger island. Its first landmark, seen from the Chincoteague end of a connecting bridge, is a fine brick-red lighthouse, thrust up incongruously out of a wood. Owing to its width, this southern end of Assateague supports old forest of red oak, pine, black willow, sweet gum, and persimmon. Although Virginia's end of Assateague is less than a third of the island's length, its nine thousand acres

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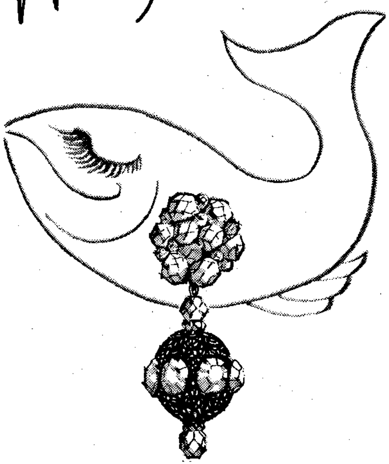

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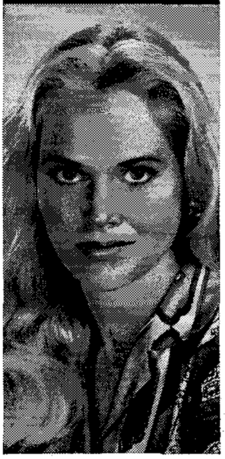

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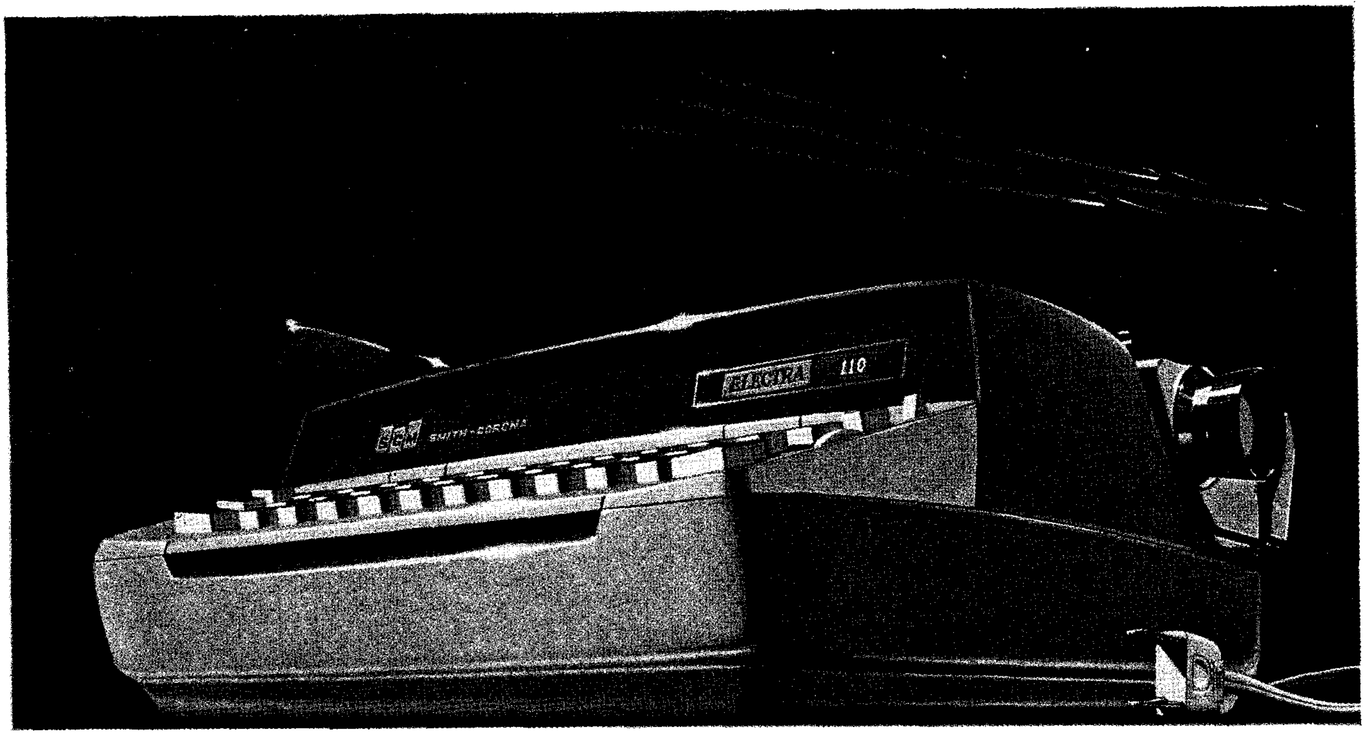

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represent nearly half the total area, and one day the Virginia part may be the larger, for northeast storms and currents tend to leach sand from the northern shore and deposit it in the south.

At the far end of the bridge, we found a small crowd of men in a sunny pine grove. Because a herd of miniature sika deer, descendants of five Japanese exotics released on Assateague by Boy Scouts in 1928, had increased to an unmanageable number—there were about eleven hundred of them on the refuge—hunting permits had been issued, and now, though it was not yet eight o'clock, hunters were returning to the checkpoint. One man had gutted his small quarry and was wiping the bright blood out of the cavity with a white rag. As the dead animals were brought in, a biologist took samples of their blood to be checked for antibodies, in order to determine whether the deer were carriers of a mosquito-transmitted encephalitis germ. The tame and crowded sikas, many taken with buckshot at point-blank range on open ground, were providing more meat than sport, and a gun went off so close to the checking station that the assistant refuge manager, a young Tennessean named Dave Hall, yelled violently at the offender. Another man swore contemptuously and shook his head. "They's some of them fellers will take and shoot them pore, small critters 'thout gettin' out of their Chev-ro-lette," he said.

A green pickup truck stopped near us, and a man got out who was introduced to me as Charlie Noble, the manager of the refuge. Wittpenn took some maps out of our car and showed them to him. Noble, a short, ruddy man, asked about a boundary line that encircled the island. Wittpenn explained that one purpose of the boundary was to discourage a local practice of following tidal creeks right up into the refuge and shooting game birds from boats. Noble pointed out that the line also ran outside some oyster beds just offshore. "Once the local people understand that their shellfish rights aren't affected, they won't object," Wittpenn remarked. Noble looked at him dubiously.

Noble said that he liked the idea of having undeveloped land next to his own refuge, but he expressed doubts about an access road, also sketched on the map, that would be built down the island from the new Maryland bridge to within two miles of the refuge boundary. Already a public highway runs to the beach across refuge property, and

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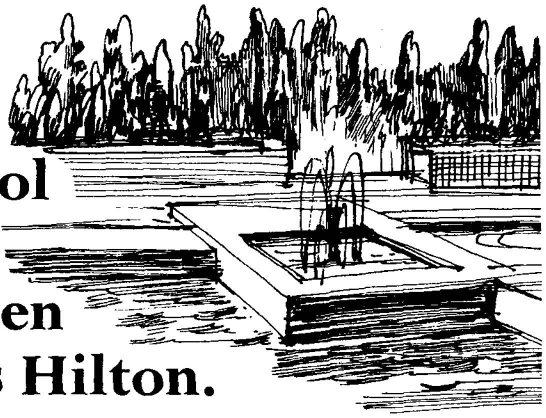

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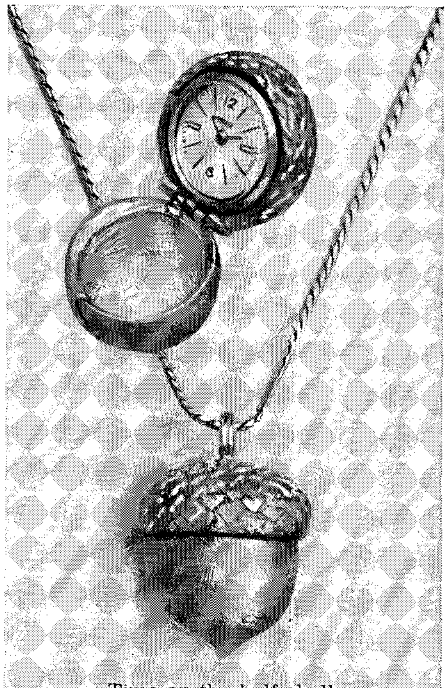
he was sure that there would be local pressure to join the roads. "If the National Parks can keep control, then I don't mind," Noble said. He gazed joylessly at a young man in greasy overalls coming down the road with a deer draped over his shoulders and added, "But I don't think they *can* keep control—not around here." Noble went on to talk about the local opposition to "federal encroachment"—a battle cry in Chincoteague. Half a century ago, this region was a center for the market gunning of wild waterfowl, and although the practice is now illegal, the region remains a center for it to this day. Chincoteaguers have never accepted and have rarely obeyed the federal laws protecting migratory waterfowl, nor have they taken kindly to the presence of a wildlife refuge on what was once prime gunning ground. Swivel cannons and multiple punt guns are no longer used, but shooting before and after legal hours is common, duck limits are treated with contempt, and the trapping of wild birds by the hundred in small wire traps baited with corn is the basis of a thriving trade with unscrupulous clubs and restaurants throughout the East. As a result, there is a heavy concentration of federal game agents in this area, and, as Dave Hall told me, they are not popular men. In 1947, an agent named John Buckalew nearly died after being hit by two blasts from the shotgun of a duck trapper resisting arrest, and more recently another agent was badly beaten. Until 1961, when duck trapping for commercial purposes was made a felony instead of a mere misdemeanor, small fines were considered part of the trapper's overhead; now the penalty can run to five hundred dollars and six months in jail. The change was heartening to game agents, who had often crouched for four nights in a swamp to catch a trapper, only to see the man fined fifty dollars, payable over six months. But in Chincoteague the new law was simply further evidence, if further evidence were needed, of the ruthlessness of the federal government, and because of all this accumulated ill-feeling the proposed National Seashore is viewed by many as one more example of "federal encroachment."

Shotgun blasts were still echoing through the woods, and Noble's vehicles were all being used just then to transport or check deer hunters, but Dave Hall, who was driving up toward the Maryland border, offered to take us that far with him in his truck. As we moved northward, small bands of



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Of course, these are just a few of the things people ought to look out for. And the person who can be of the greatest help is your Travel Agent. He can explain all the technical terms (extensions, transfers and such), and help you plan to get the very most for your time and money throughout your entire trip.

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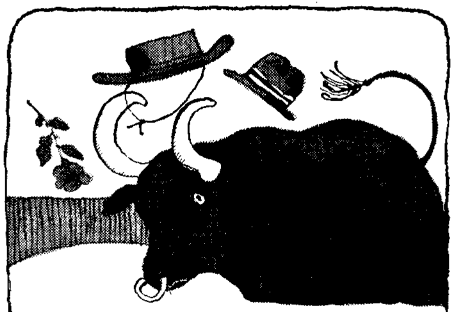

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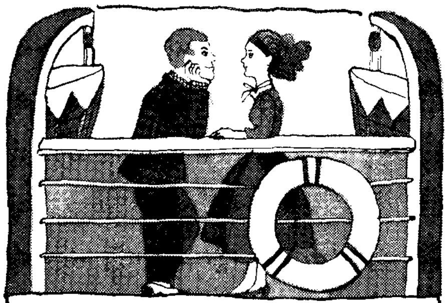

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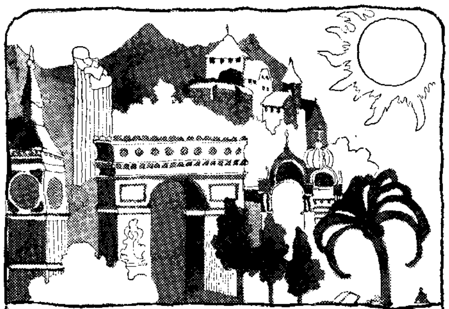

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horses came into view in the inner marshes and behind the dunes. They were the size of cow ponies—much bigger than I had expected—and they came in all colors: mouse, bay, palomino, chestnut, black, white, and a number of pinto combinations. Some of them had fine heads and were very pretty indeed, but others had rough-hewn heads and ugly markings, and almost all had tight, fat, gassy bellies, the result of a diet restricted to salt hay and bayberry leaves. I never once saw a wild pony run. Like the black bears of Yellowstone, they are far more apt to stand about near the public road biting the hands that feed them. There are about a hundred and fifty of the ponies on Assateague Island, and they are owned by the volunteer firemen of Chincoteague, who sell off a number of them each July, after a roundup and festivity called the Pony Penning.

The truck passed large, shallow impoundments of fresh water; here sorghum and millet had been planted, to supplement the widgeon grass that is a native duck food. Like Brigantine, in New Jersey, and Bombay Hook, in Delaware, Chincoteague is a key waterfowl refuge on the Atlantic flyway, and numbers of brant and snow geese winter here, along with a great variety of ducks. Someday, the refuge people hope, a vast "wash flat" between the forest at the south end and the wooded marshes known as Ragged Point will be closed off by dunes and banks and converted to fresh-water marsh. "Wash flat," I discovered as we drove along, very well describes those areas where the Atlantic has broken down the dunes and washed straight across the island to Chincoteague Bay, taking all plant life with it. After about five miles, the wash flats gave way to low, mosquito-ridden woods of willow and bayberry. Overhead, an egret veered off, and in front of us, with one bounding flick, a brown creeper crossed the trail and landed neatly on the trunk of a wild cherry. The truck churned on, flaring a few black duck and pintail from a slough; bands of sandpipers flew down across a swale; and a solitary yellowlegs circled above, yelping in mixed outrage and alarm. To these Ragged Point marshes, Dave Hall told us, the snow geese come in thousands to feed on the roots of salt hay, and he added that on the previous day one of the local deer hunters had shot down a snow goose out of season and left it where it lay. Hall's only comment was an eloquent gesture of fatigue. We turned east, toward the beach. Ahead of us, enormous on the

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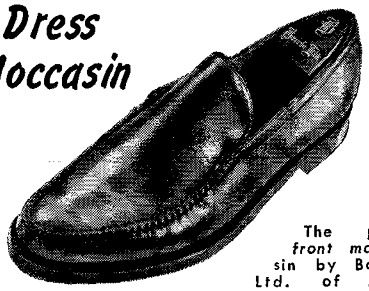

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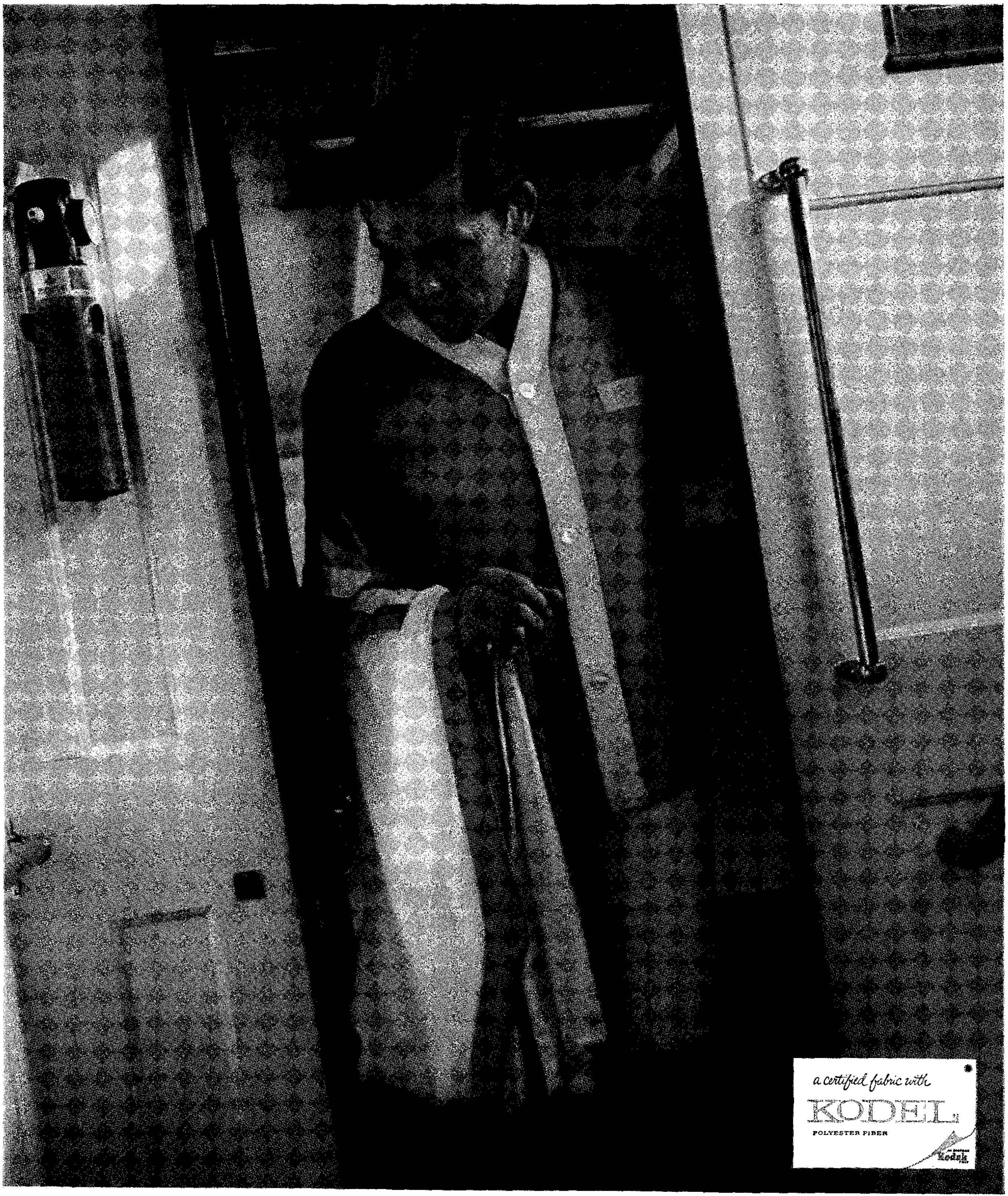

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"Lavinia . . . " he said softly.

Lavinia lowered her eyes.

"Lavinia . . ." the doctor said again.

To her dismay, her eyes remained where she had left them: averted, fixed on the Montina Corlon floor at her feet.

" . . . my heart . . . " the doctor continued.

Covertly, she observed that an object she had thought to be *on* the Montina floor was in fact *part of* the floor: a chip of vinyl, small, and apparently streaked with different colors.

"I *must* speak!" said the doctor.

Struggling to control herself, Lavinia noted that the floor was indeed an enormous sea of these colorful chips of vinyl.

"Marry me!" stammered Dr. Galding.

Lavinia's eyes now wandered more and more fitfully over the Montina floor. She noticed it was nearly seamless. That its chips resembled small stones. Set at random. In vinyl. *Translucent* vinyl. Its surface . . . its surface was textured! Had *nubble!*

"I beg you . . . answer me," said Doctor Galding.

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"Did you say yes, Lavinia?" implored the doctor.

"Yes," said Lavinia, looking for the first time into the troubled eyes of her suitor.

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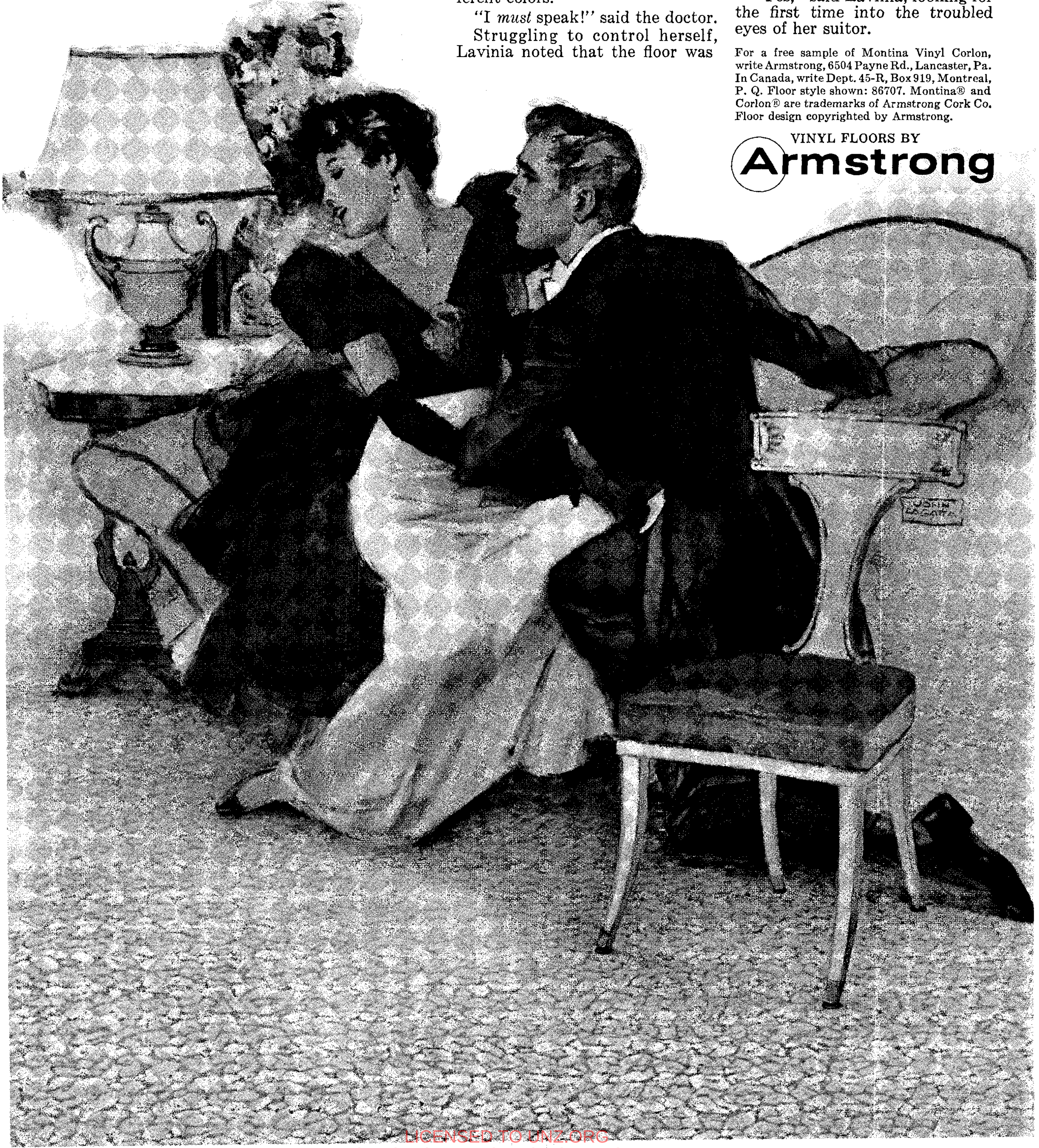
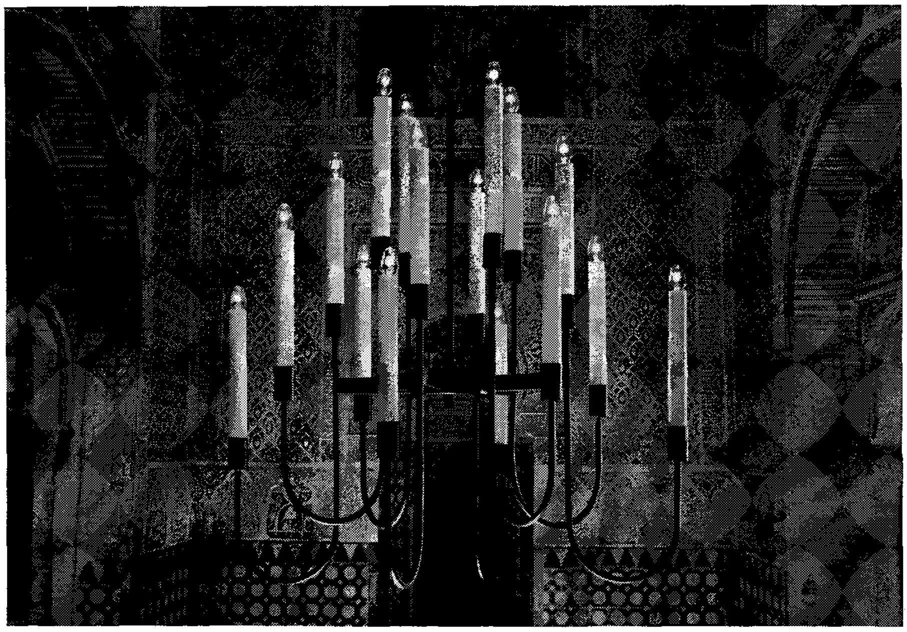


empty sands, the old Pope's Island Lifeboat Station, on the Maryland-Virginia line, lay askew behind the dunes. In the nineteen-fifties, the Coast Guard turned it over on loan to the refuge, which used it as a base for game patrols. But the famous storm—still called "that March storm" here, identification of the year being unnecessary—shifted and gutted the buildings, which were abandoned to that final desolation of an old hulk stranded on a coast.

HALL could not take us any farther, so we returned to the mainland in the afternoon and drove up into Maryland to approach Assateague from the northern end. After crossing the recently completed bridge across the sound from Sinepuxent Neck, we were met and greeted by L. Monroe Lewis, proprietor of a tavern in Ocean City, who favors the establishment of a National Seashore, and who had agreed over the telephone to conduct us into the disputed area. Lewis, a tall, quiet-spoken man, was at the wheel of a corn-colored International Scout with four-wheel drive. We got into it, and were driven immediately onto the beach. At low tide, the sand by the water's edge is hard and flat, and the car struck southward at a good clip. The plan was to take advantage of the low tide by covering the fifteen miles to the old lifeboat station as quickly as possible and return at a more leisurely pace on the upper beach, following the course of what had once been Baltimore Avenue. This Maryland segment of the ocean beach is narrower than that in Virginia, and most of it is covered at high water. The water remains shallow for some distance, and that afternoon the waves broke far out to sea and rumbled harmlessly across the flats in a tumble of white water. There was a cold, strong onshore breeze, and a wind-whipped scud collected at the water's edge, forming balls and loaves of light, quaking viscosity that rolled away across the beach and caused the sanderlings to jump and flutter. Bumped and distracted from their pursuit of sand fleas at the water's edge, the little birds would have just found a ball-free ground when our vehicle roared down upon them and sent them off again, chattering wildly. Here and there, the skeletons of ships thrust up gaunt black bones. Farther on, grotesque in the salt water, was a forest of cedar stumps, stretching away for miles down the long coast; it seemed that a bayside forest had been overwhelmed and then



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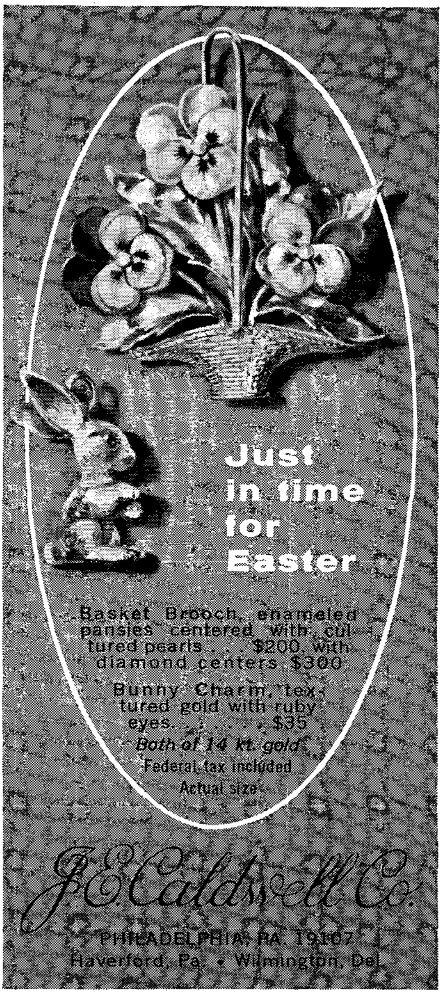
buried by the sandy island's westward retreat from the sea. According to Lewis, the old stumps were laid bare periodically in time of storm, and "that March storm" had uncovered a vast stretch of them. One might suppose that the unnatural spectacle of sea-washed stumps would chasten any eager planners of subdivisions, but, to judge by lengths of snow fencing placed all along the beach for the accumulation of new dunes, it has not done so. Putting out snow fencing is the simplest device for piling up wind-blown sand, and in an effort to save building lots that have already been sold or are now for sale new fencing has been put far out in front of the natural dune line. "It may last till the first storm," Lewis said, "but I kind of doubt it."

While Bob Bergman and Frank Ugolini were taking pictures of the dead cedar fields, I asked Lewis about attitudes in Ocean City. As he saw it, all the "good-thinking folks" were in favor of the Seashore; they agreed with him that private development could only produce "eyesores." He acknowledged that not everybody in Ocean City felt as he and his friends did, and that its real-estate agents, in the main, had no intention of sitting by while a large and almost unexploited property, separated from their offices by a mere inlet, was taken away from them through "federal encroachment"—a term as prevalent in Maryland as in Virginia. Lewis pointed out a cluster of heavy pilings sticking up out of the sand, and told me that the few beach houses that survived the storm had been built on pilings, which permitted most of the storm water to rush past unresisted, but that many such houses had vanished with the rest. Behind the pilings we could see the remnants of Baltimore Avenue, like black scabs on the beach, and its telephone poles reeled away at crazy angles across the deserted wash flats. Barely visible in the mist, like a faint smudge, was the ruined lifeboat station in Virginia.

Turning inland, we entered the woods trails of a region known as Green Run Bay. The trails led to duck hunters' cabins on the bayside, uninhabitable at this time of year because of the mosquitoes, which rose in gasps from an undergrowth of glossy sumac and powdery, white-tufted groundsel. The mosquitoes, bouncing in ominous silence against the windshield, imprisoned us in the car. We worked slowly back north, crisscrossing the broken spine of Baltimore Avenue. A twisted sign, all the more lonely-looking for its optimism, read "100TH ST." Here and



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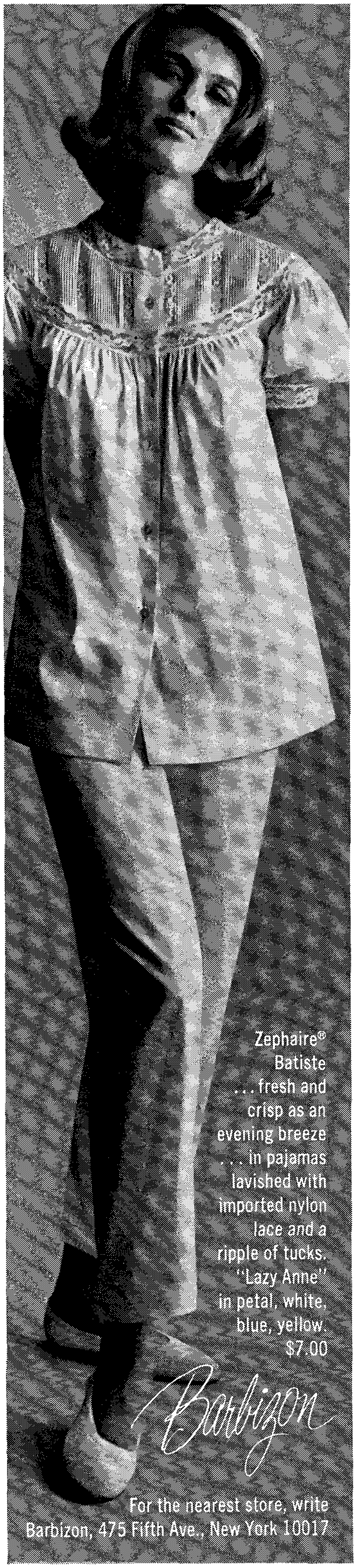

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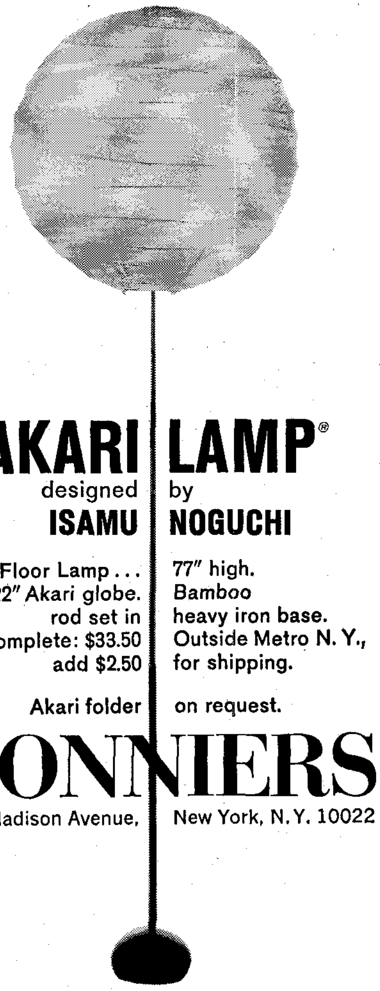
there among the staring wrecks of houses, the beach was stained a dirty rust, apparently from old iron in a ship wrecked on the bar. A bit farther on, we gazed from our car at a rare sheltering scrap of dune that had been spoiled by heaps of tin cans—the residue of some gargantuan beer party.

At one of the wrecked houses, we came upon a falconer, named James Rice. He led us inside the house, which was broken-backed and sadly tilted, and there, secured to a crossbeam by leg bands and leather thongs, perched two young female peregrines. (To falconers, only the females are falcons; the males, or tercels, are smaller, and therefore less desirable as hunters.) The birds were hooded in leather helmets with bright crowns—one red, one blue—on top of which were sprays of upright feathers and fur, giving them an appearance both sinister and regal. Rice, a weathered man in weathered clothes, told us he had caught both birds in the few days he had been camping in the ruin, and he removed their hoods so that we might get a good look at them. The bird in the red crest, even after her hood had been replaced, tried repeatedly to fly, and was snapped short violently each time by the light thong. Her struggle seemed less frantic than remorseless, as if she understood its hopelessness but had to try anyway. Between leaps, she held her powerful wings half open, like a cape; the wings of the peregrine, which is one of the swiftest of all birds, look too big and heavy for the body. On the floor beneath the beam was a crate of small, seedy street pigeons, which Rice was using as falcon food and also as lures. After checking to make sure that the late-afternoon wind still blew from the northwest—a fair wind for southbound falcons, which descend toward evening to feed and rest—Rice loaded the doomed pigeons into a gray jeep and set off down the beach.

We drove on northward. It was nearly twilight, and a small flight of monarch butterflies had settled on the tall stalks of beach goldenrod. Slamming into a low gear, Lewis drove up the slope of a small dune and invited us to enjoy the view from the highest point on Assateague Island. We got out and stared back toward the south. The surf's white bands, the plain of sand, and the pine woodland of the inner shore converged gradually and disappeared into sea mists. Seen from a distance, the broad dimensions of the island reduced man's litter to insignificance. The collision of sand and wind and waves, I thought, could soon re-



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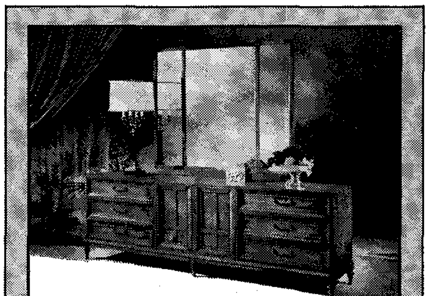

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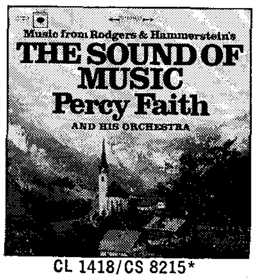
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store to the island its stripped, gaunt beauty. A flock of scoters passed offshore—black, heavy-bodied sea ducks down from Canada. The sun had vanished for a moment in a shifting sky, and the birds were etched in a hard silver light. The wind was cold, and we went on again. To the west, where the sky still shone, a large band of ponies trailed across low, grassy inland dunes. These ponies of northern Assateague are wilder than the ones that haunt the roadsides of the refuge, and they moved off as the car approached. In silhouette against an autumn sunset, its last light glinting in their shaggy manes, they closely resembled the wild horses I had always wanted to see.

THE next morning, having said goodbye to my friends from the Park Service, I went back to the town of Chincoteague to look around on my own. It is a pretty cluster of white oyster shacks and poultry sheds and old, sun-battered frame houses set on brick pillars, and its neat waterfront is lined with small oyster boats. In the warm sun behind a shucking house, I got into conversation with two baymen, who told me that a blight in the local oyster beds had put them out of work. A James River dredger was unloading a cargo of oysters brought across the Chesapeake and around Cape Charles, and as we watched some of the alien oysters—very inferior, I was informed—being carted from the boat decks to the shucking trays, the two idlers, both white men, inveighed against the Negro crewmen from the dredger. "They all right in they place," the older of the two remarked loudly. He eyed me a moment, not without amusement. "I ain't lookin' to hurt 'em none. But I sure'n hell ain't gonna let 'em up."

To change the subject, I said I wondered what he thought about the plan to make Assateague into a National Seashore. The younger man broke in, with a curse, to ask if the wildlife refuge wasn't bad enough for me already. However, once he had dutifully recorded a dislike of government regulation, he did concede that the Seashore might have a good effect on the local economy. "There are people will go miles," he explained, "just to get away from other people."

"Gov'mint might's well take the rest of Assateague, too," the old man said then. "They run ever'thing else around here." In the foreground, the Negro crewmen moved sombrely back and forth. "Think they got us licked!" the

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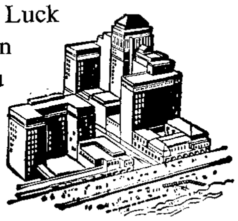

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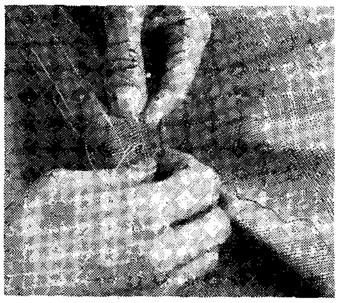

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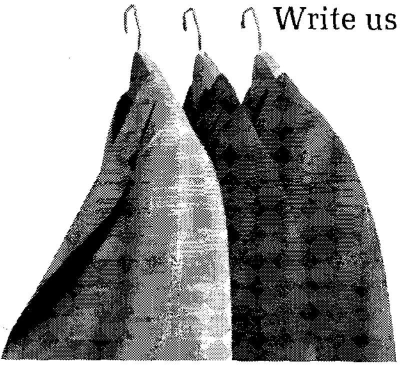

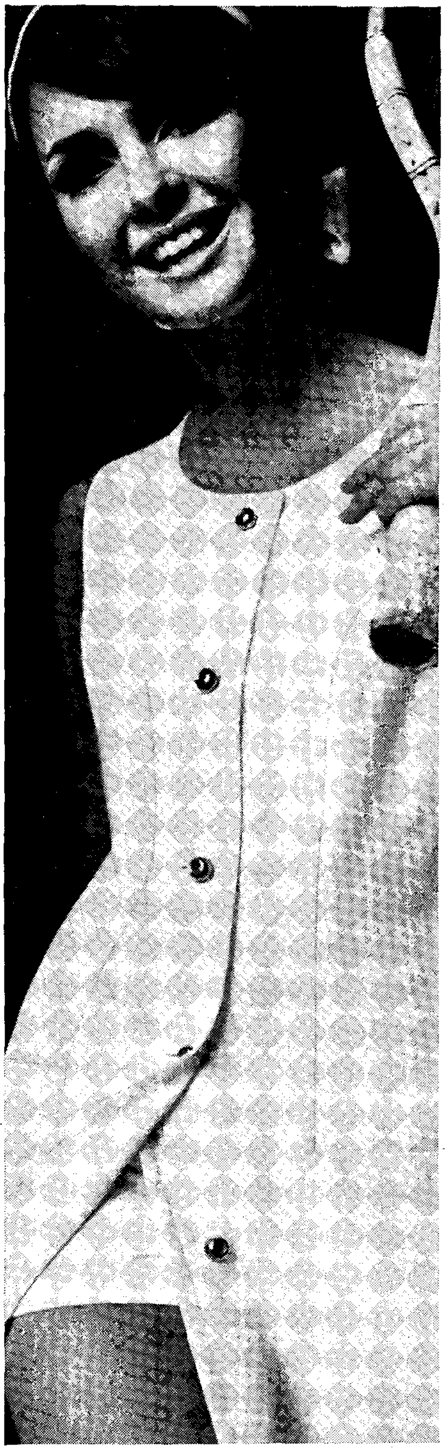

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old man said defiantly, almost shouting. But once again a faint look of amusement appeared in his eyes, and he said quietly, "And, by God, I guess they do." We grinned at each other, and he said he had to be going. I walked with him along the wharf, past sheds and oyster boats. He had lived here all his life, he told me. "Used to go guidin'," he recalled. "Guided all them sports down from the cities. By God, I've shot my share of ducks right off this dock!" His voice was rising again, but subsided—rather sadly this time. "That was afore that federal outfit." He nodded in the direction of the refuge. "Since they come, they ain't been birds enough to feed a cat." I said something about market hunting and overshooting, but he dismissed the notion fiercely. "Lord God give us them birds to shoot!" He peered about conspiratorially. "You know how gluey wild ducks' aigs is?" he said. "Well, a feller told me one time people in Europe was shippin' wild ducks' aigs out of Canada and all up there—two, three shiploads a *day*—for makin' *glue* out of 'em! *That's* where them ducks went to! And them so thick here once you couldn't see through 'em. Just clouds of 'em!" We stood in silence for a while, staring out across the piles of oyster shells and the white boats at the bright October bay. The forenoon was windless, the air dense with boggy warmth, and white clouds drifted in black mirrors of still water; the sun caught a flash of shore birds on a far mud hummock. On every side, the salt grass stretched away like a rank, olive-colored meadow, broken by tidal creeks and sagging duckblinds and old, black, bony creosoted poles marking forgotten channels. "Clouds of birds," the old man said softly. "Just clouds of 'em. What *you* think happened to them birds?" —PETER MATTHIESSEN

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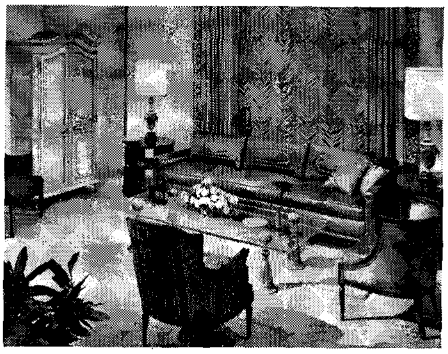

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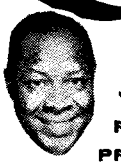

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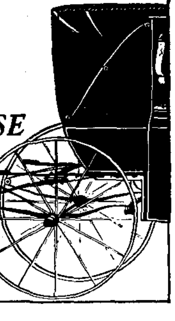

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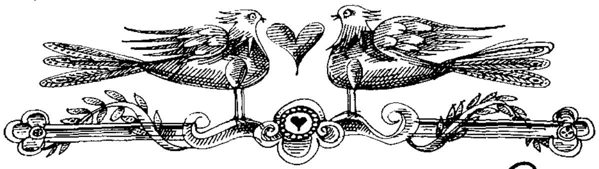

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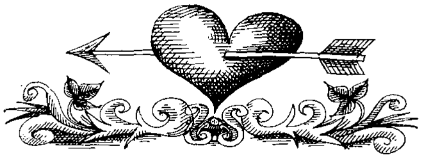

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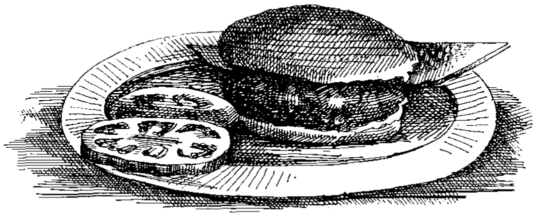

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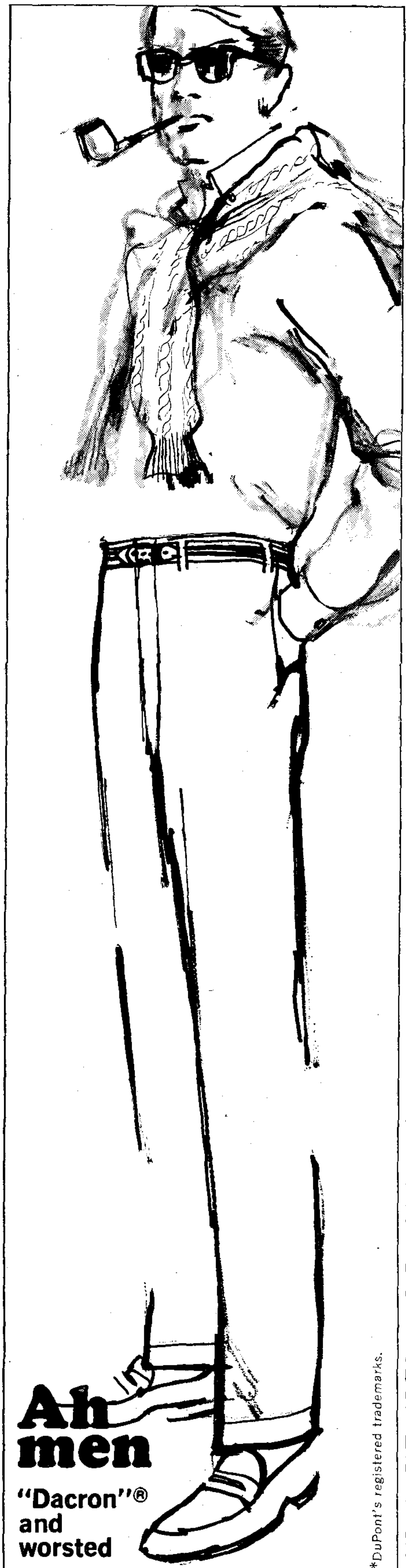
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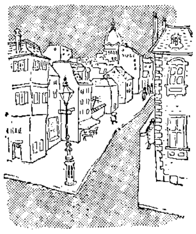
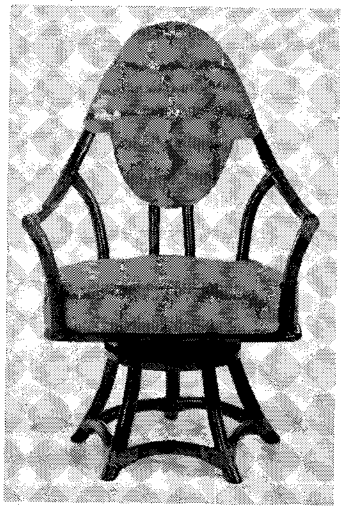
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 24



FRANZ KAFKA'S unfinished first novel, "Amerika," has with difficulty been turned into a play without a proper ending, and is now being valorously given by an enormous cast as part of the repertory of the Théâtre de France-Odéon after mixed but mostly damning reviews. It was called boring, incomprehensible, lugubrious, and morbid, and a punishment for the theatregoer to sit through. Yet the play is well attended, especially in the modest-priced balconies, by the young French. As a magical theatre man, Jean-Louis Barrault, who adapted the Kafka opus for its world première here, has (with the help of Antoine Bourseiller, who furnished the *mise en scène*) borrowed everything he could think of to gay it up—a full orchestra, inserts of harsh, brassy recorded music, monologues sung by any actress who can carry a tune (a device criticized as an imitation of Brecht, and even foolishly compared to "Les Parapluies de Cherbourg"), plus occasional cinematographic parades across the stage of dozens of speechless waltzers in evening clothes, whirling under spotlights. To many adults in the audience, these were vain virtuosities of the so-called "total-theatre" type, which failed to animate Kafka's simple theme. His theme is that of petty human injustice—pathetically true, but monotonous and essentially undramatic in this play. The only wonder about "L'Amérique" is why Barrault, a theatrical expert on Kafka material, deemed it worth this elaborate effort. In 1947, with the collaboration of André Gide, Barrault triumphantly produced the first stage version ever given of Kafka's "The Trial," now a modern theatre classic. In 1958, he was the first to stage "The Castle." These two were the initial representations and the popularizers of the character K. "L'Amérique" is Barrault's third version of K., and the earliest version by Kafka himself. In it, K. is a sixteen-year-old German youth named Karl Rossmann who seems unable to understand even how a wily servant girl has made him a father, after which his impoverished, shocked parents ship him to New York to make a new start, the only stage décor for this scene being an ironic representation of the Statue of Liber-



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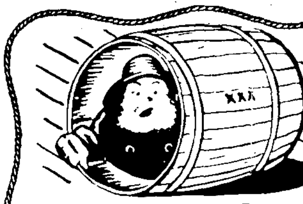

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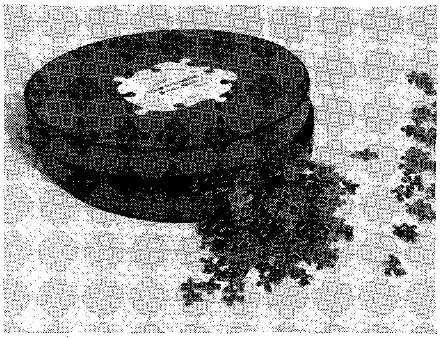

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ty. (Kafka never saw America; the closest he came was seeing in Hamburg a ship bound for the United States.)

After Karl's arrival, there follow the novel's lengthy incidents, which are almost like long nightmare short stories on injustice: that about the ship's stoker, that about the émigré New York uncle who turns out to be rich but disowns the nephew as disloyal, that about the Occidental Hotel, where K. is a martyrized bellboy, loved and protected only by the old female chief cook and by a tender blond stenographer—a young foreign failure followed wherever he goes by two bloodsucking Yankee crooks, who form his nemesis. A mixture of candor, indiscretion, kindness, and greenhorn optimism, young K. seems a natural magnet for the plain hard luck he constantly runs into—at least as played, without much charm, by the actor Michel Creton. The play is brought to an artificial end by an apotheosis presumably staged at the mythical Theatre of Oklahoma, where K. is a stagehand among winged angels (including his erstwhile love, the pretty stenographer) perched atop tall ladders, with a mysterious kind of barrier behind the footlights, which apparently indicates that K. is to continue to stay in the United States under some sort of claustrophobic injustice for the rest of his days. For many adult theatregoers, "L'Amérique" is probably an elaborate failure. But it is haunted by Kafka himself.

ON March 17th, six days after her sixty-ninth birthday, Nancy Cunard died here suddenly in the Hôpital Cochin. Both in Paris and earlier in London, she was one of the most astonishing personalities of her generation. During the First World War, she, Lady Diana Manners, and Iris Tree formed an inseparable trio of beauties—a kind of Mayfair troika of friendship, elegance, intelligence, and daring as leaders of the new generation of débutantes, who in evening clothes watched the Zeppelins from the roofs of the great town mansions and voted Labour in the opening peace. She passed her childhood at Nevill Holt, a vast, plain Georgian castle that covers considerably more ground space than the New York Public Library. At the tea hour in the great drawing rooms, where as a little girl she was occasionally permitted an appearance, she obtained remarkable, enduring visions of certain final remnants of Edwardian society, for her mother, the California-born Lady Maude Cunard, was a famous hostess with a compelling wit. Her father, Sir

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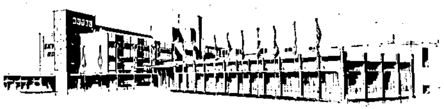

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In the early twenties, she began living in Paris, in an Île-Saint-Louis flat. There she became connected with the just-beginning Surrealist group and with one of its founders, Louis Aragon. Now that she was freed of her English background (or so she hoped), her personal radical convictions and tastes soon took their decisive shape. Associated through Aragon with Communism, she herself was probably only a poetic anarchist, and certainly was against any government you could mention, being impassioned for her own liberty, for everybody's liberties. In 1934, her ardor for the cause of equality for Negroes, which dominated the rest of her life, resulted (after four years' documentation, museum studies, and travels in North and South America) in a gigantic, eight-hundred-

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Isaac Stern; Norman Thomas; The Supersonic Jet Race; Invasion of Sicily.
Sundays, April 4, 11, 18, 25 (6-6:30 PM)

Profiles in Courage
Grover Cleveland; John Quincy Adams; John Marshall; Benjamin Barr Lindsey.
Sundays, April 4, 11, 18, 25 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The General
A study of the career and personal life of Douglas MacArthur. Van Heflin, host-narrator.
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The "Oscar" Award Presentations
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Monday, April 5 (10 PM-conclusion)

White Paper: Terror in the Streets
Examines crimes of violence in this country, and the public attitude.
Tuesday, April 6 (10-11 PM)

The Holy Terror
Original drama based on the life of Florence Nightingale, starring Julie Harris.
Wednesday, April 7 (7:30-9 PM)

Custer to the Little Big Horn
The complex man, the era he symbolized and the significance of his defeat.
Friday, April 9 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Repeated Sunday, April 18 (4-5 PM)

Mission to Malaya
Documents the experiences of two Peace Corps nurses in an under-developed area.
Saturday, April 10 (9:30-10:30 PM)

The Final Ingredient
Passover opera commemorating Jewish Festival of Freedom.
Sunday, April 11 (1-2 PM)

FDR Remembered
Personal glimpses of President Roosevelt as recalled by his friends and family.
Monday, April 12 (10-10:30 PM)

Telephone Hour
Olivia de Havilland, hostess, in tribute to "Spring." With Richard Tucker, Dorothy Collins and Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
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The Embattled Bastion on 42nd Street
The United Nations and its problems. Richard Hottelet, reporter.
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A look at the capital, with David Brinkley.
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Musical special starring Broadway and recording star Barbra Streisand.
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and-fifty-five-page anthology called "Negro," of which the *New Statesman* said, "No review can do justice to such a volume." It was the first book of such scope—of such unlimited immediate hopes for the Negroes—and it had an unusual list of distinguished contributors. It contained translations by Samuel Beckett, articles by her friends Ezra Pound, Harold Acton, and Norman Douglas, by Raymond Michelet, René Crevel, William Plomer, George Antheil, Alfred Kreymborg, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, and so on and on, with dozens of photographs of African tribal artwork. From then on, she was speeded up by history itself—by the Spanish war, which she attended on the side of the Loyalists, and then by the Second World War, in which her country house in Normandy (she was in London, working for the Free French) was occupied by the Nazis. They threw her fine collection of rare modern books, some of which she had published, and her Negro sculpture and masks into the well, along with a sheep's carcass. After the war, she concentrated on publishing, and on her Hours Press, in Normandy, about which she recently wrote a book, to be brought out this autumn by the University of Southern Illinois Press and in London. Over its pre- and postwar years, the Hours published short works—original or reprints, often in de-luxe format—by George Moore, Norman Douglas, Richard Aldington, and Robert Graves and Laura Riding. In 1930, there appeared the first one-volume edition of Pound's "A Draft of XXX Cantos"—a major undertaking—and also "Whoroscope," by Samuel Beckett, his first separately published work. She had never heard of him until he won her Hours' prize of ten pounds for a poem on "Time," his being free verse on Descartes. In the middle fifties, London publishers brought out two memoirs she had written—a word portrait of Norman Douglas called "Grand Man" and "G. M.: Memories of George Moore," a great friend of Lady Cunard's whom Nancy Cunard had known since childhood. This last was a first-class veracious study—a penetrating atmospheric picture of Moore as a *fin-de-siècle* Edwardian Irishman. Years earlier, in the twenties, this correspondent, on a visit to London, had been taken by Nancy Cunard to have tea with him in his house in Ebury Street, with its Monets and Manets on the staircase wall and G. M. in his study upstairs, already deep in his bread and butter and first cup of tea. At once, as Nancy drank hers, she asked him why,

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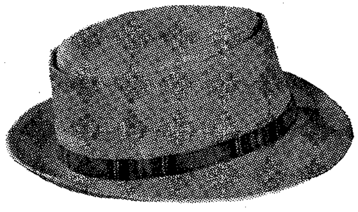

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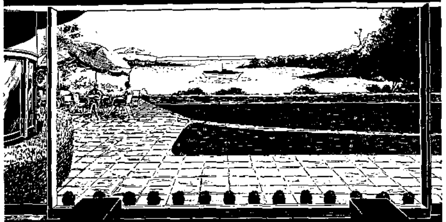


THE TIDES INN
IRVINGTON VIRGINIA

since he had accepted French Impressionist painting when it was new in Paris, did he refuse the new art of the École de Paris? First he answered that he had been young in Paris then, and no man could be young twice about new art; then he added, with distaste, "I have seen a canvas by your Cézanne—a portrait of a peasant by a peasant." Laughing but persistent, for she always enjoyed the struggle of discussion, she asked him whether he had read James Joyce's novel of genius, "Ulysses." He had read it, G. M. said, "But it is not a novel. There is not a tree in it."

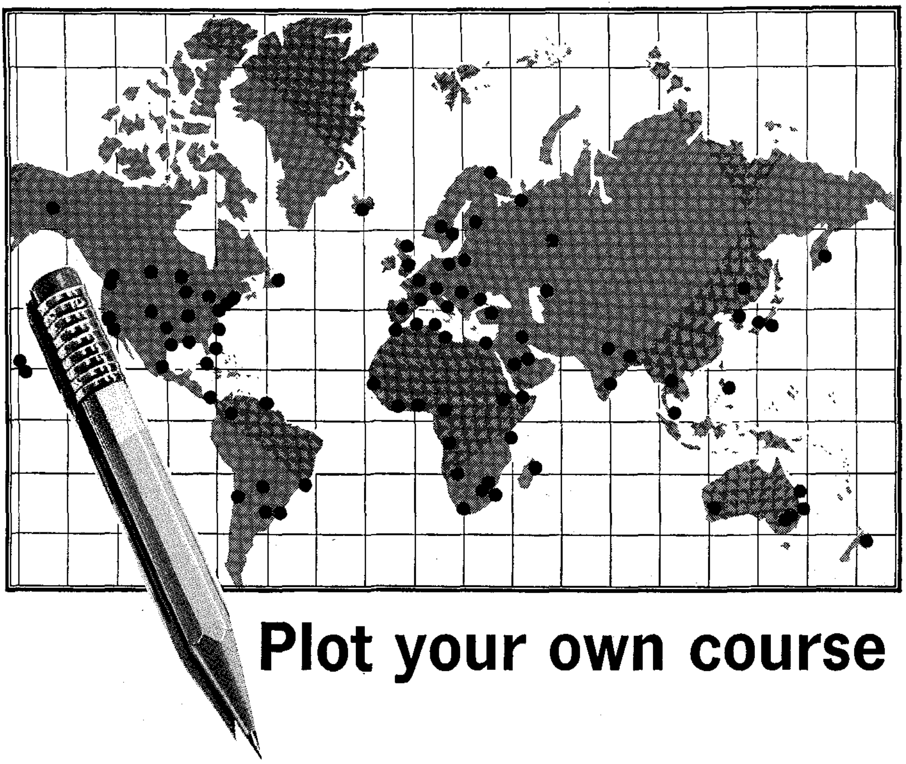
Over the last two years, she had been writing an endless poem against war called "Visions Experienced by the Bards of the Middle Ages." In 1925, when she was twenty-nine, her friends Virginia and Leonard Woolf themselves set the type at the Hogarth Press for a long poem of hers because they so admired and relished it. It was called "Parallax," has been out of print ever since, and is so nearly forgotten that it is like a new poem today. Its subject is apparently a young male poet. This is the third stanza:

> Come music,
> In a clear vernal month
> Outside the window sighing in a lane,
> With trysts by appletrees—
> Moths drift in the room,
> Measure with running feet the book he reads.
> The month is golden to all ripening seeds;
> Long dawns, suspended twilight by a sea
> Of slow transition, halting at full ebb;
> Midnight, aurora, daytime, all in one key—
> The whispering hour before a storm, the treacherous hour
> Breaking—
> So wake, wind's fever, branches delirious
> Against a riven sky.
> All houses are too small now,
> A thought outgrows a brain—
> Open the doors, the skeleton must pass
> Into the night.

Stanza eight continues:

> Think now how friends grow old—
> Their diverse brains, hearts, faces, modify;
> Each candle wasting at both ends, the sly
> Disguise of its treacherous flame. . . .
> Am I the same?
> Or a vagrant, of other breed, gone further, lost—
> I am most surely at the beginning yet.
> If so, contemporaries, what have you done?

—GENÊT



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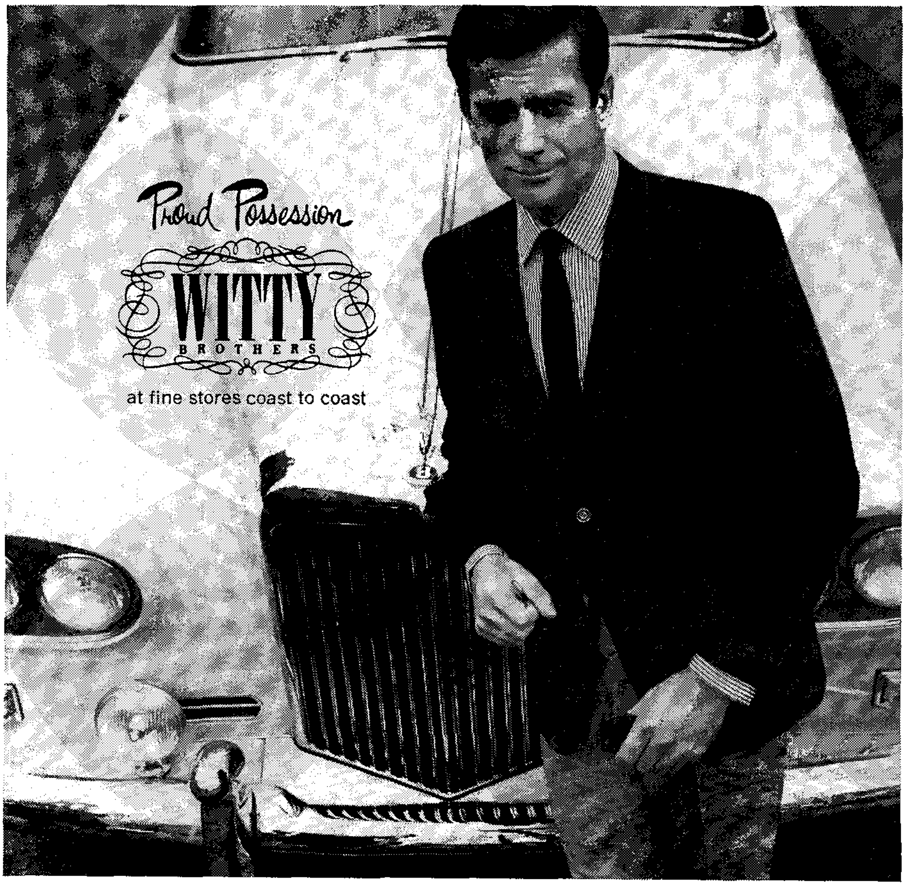

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Forty Whacks

A NEW American opera, "Lizzie Borden," by Jack Beeson, with a libretto by Kenward Elmslie, was given its first performance last Thursday night at the City Center by the New York City Opera, and turned out to be not very satisfactory. Often, the reason for unsatisfactoriness in a new American opera lies in a poor libretto. But in the case of "Lizzie Borden" the situation is reversed. Mr. Elmslie has created a stage spectacle of considerable power and obvious operatic possibilities. Lizzie Borden, a real-life figure who has become a legend—at any rate in Fall River—since she was acquitted, in the eighteen-nineties, of murdering her father and stepmother with an axe, is made by Mr. Elmslie into a wholly believable person caught in an intolerable situation. Her father is a cold, puritanical banker who hates both his daughters by his previous wife—Lizzie and the younger Margret. He is married to a frivolous and disgustingly self-centered second wife, who hates them, too, and who loses no opportunity to taunt them about their helpless position in the family. No man from outside the family is allowed on the premises except a hypocritical preacher who is always trying to extract money from Lizzie's father. One man of eligible age does turn up—a Captain Jason MacFarlane—and, after being snubbed by the head of the house, he makes off surreptitiously with the younger sister. Poor Lizzie, half in love with MacFarlane—or is it just that she is in love with escape?—helps her sister to elope, and hopes that the couple will return for her someday. But before they do, Lizzie has taken the axe to both father and stepmother, and is hopelessly insane.

Now, this grim but human little story, with its obvious, if slight, resemblance to Sophocles' and Richard Strauss's "Elektra," is the sort of material fine operas are made of. One's heart goes out to the thwarted, suffering, and virtually imprisoned Lizzie; one feels that her murder of father and stepmother is almost justified, and in the relationship between Captain MacFarlane and her sister one has the love in-

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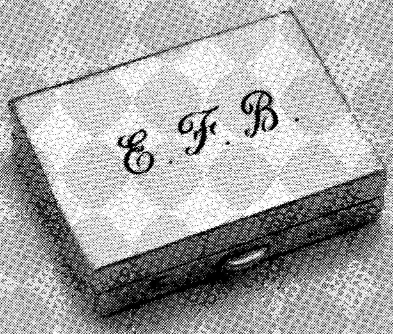

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gredient, without which opera is simply not opera. Moreover, Lizzie is a strong character. She loves her sister, she hates her father and his new wife, and her lonely agony leads gradually to the tragic act she performs. To this admirable libretto Mr. Beeson has, however, added music so uninspired that the whole thing falls flat. The trouble with the music is not that it is particularly "advanced." It contains patches of tonal as well as patches of atonal writing. But the tonal passages are often satirical ones, and the serious drama generally moves forward over an accompaniment of cacophony. One small exception to this state of affairs is a love duet between the Captain and Margret, but it fails to soar very passionately. Nowhere is there a melody worth remembering, or a point at which violent emotions are mixed with humanity, as they are—if I may be permitted a recurrent comparison—in "Elektra." Not that I expected a masterpiece worthy of Strauss the other night. But, even on a more modest basis, "Lizzie Borden" fails to rouse any emotion whatever. One is left with the impression that the music is simply an impediment to the drama.

Production and cast were of a quality to make the best of what there was. A wonderfully claustrophobic, gloomy interior of the eighteen-eighties, with an adjoining garden, by Peter Wexler, provided the setting, and the appropriate costumes, by Patton Campbell, were pleasing. Brenda Lewis strove valiantly with the part of Lizzie, and would have made quite a thing of it if it hadn't been for the music. The other roles were ably taken by Anne Elgar (the younger sister), Ellen Faull (the stepmother), Herbert Beattie (the father), Richard Fredricks (the Captain), and Richard Krause (the preacher). Anton Coppola conducted.

I HATE technical analogies between the arts, and I consider people who consistently indulge in them to be aesthetic sophomores. Nevertheless, there is a comparison—a very superficial one—that I should like to make, for the moment, between music and painting. Just as some great paintings retain a certain amount of their interest when reproduced in black-and-white, nearly all great music retains much of its interest when reduced to a piano score. This great music has qualities analogous to drawing. It holds some of its power no matter what instruments it is played on, because its greatness depends on the relationships of its abstract structure. But there are, in the history of

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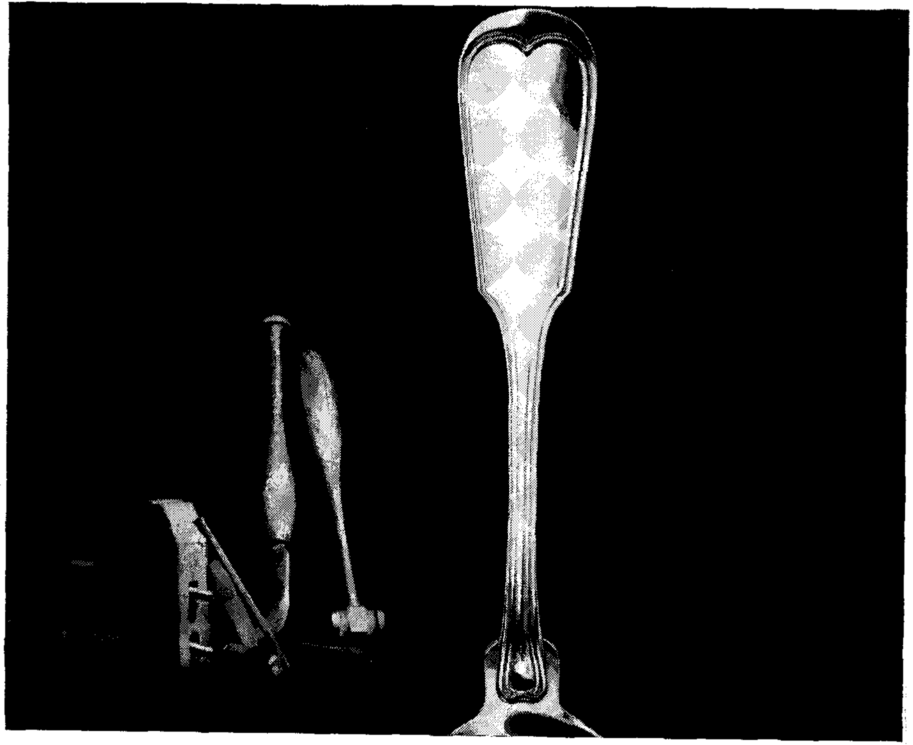

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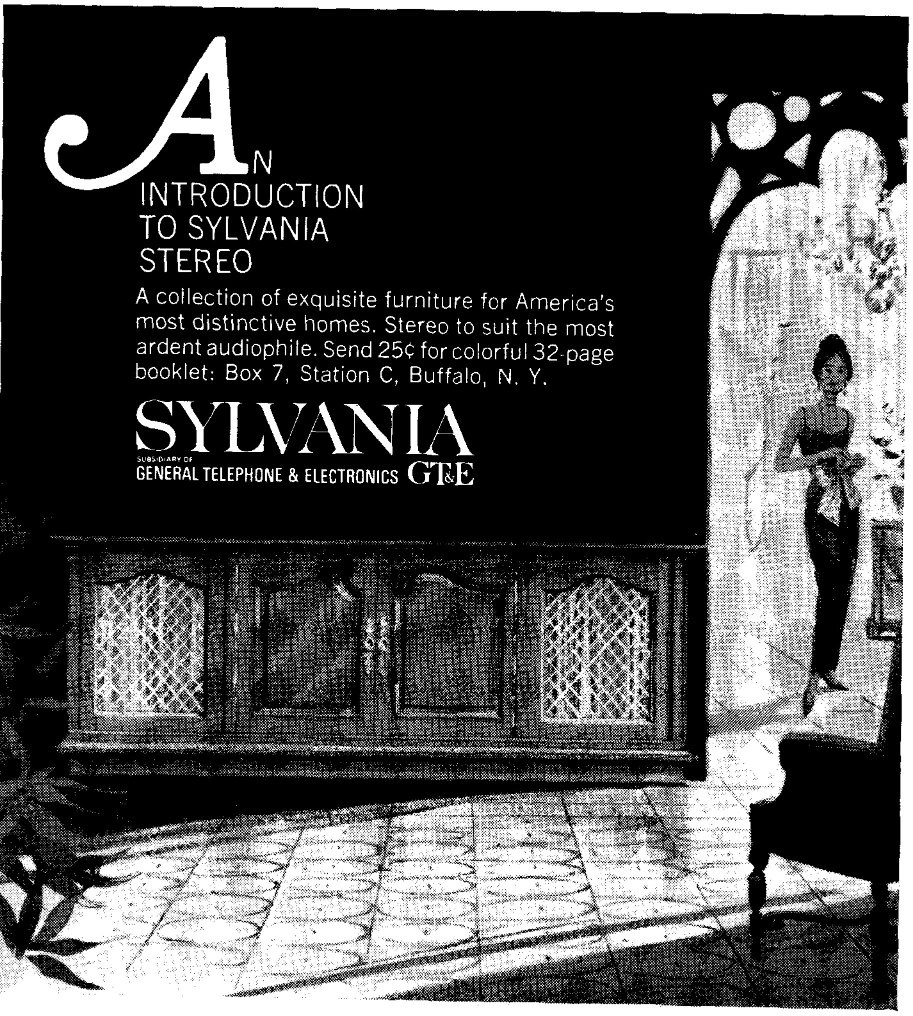

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music, two composers I can think of whose works are exceptions to this rule. They are Gustav Mahler and Hector Berlioz. Deprive the music of either of its grand orchestral setting and it loses half its significance. In Berlioz's case, it is apt also to become banal, and this, I am convinced, is one of the reasons Berlioz, though a remarkable artist, is not really a composer of the first rank. His "drawing" is likely to be poor, or, worse than that, commonplace.

On the other hand, a composer with generally poor "drawing" *can* create fascinating compositions, and, as a rule, one finds that his "drawing" is better in some works than in others. Berlioz's "drawing" is at times quite noble in his early opera "Benvenuto Cellini," which was given what was said to be its American première on Monday night of last week, in Philharmonic Hall, by the Concert Opera Association, under Thomas Scherman. The opera, which concerns a love affair between the notoriously dashing Renaissance sculptor and a Roman lady named Teresa, who is betrothed to somebody else, is a spirited work that ought to be done more often. Episodes—a Roman Mardi Gras, a four-sided duel (or is that a quatrel?), and so on—go past with lightning speed, and finally Cellini, rebuked by a cardinal, decides, in a very romantic manner, to give up love for art, and, under great handicaps, finishes his "Perseus" in a single night. At least, this was what I gathered of the plot; Teresa has disappeared entirely by the time the last scene gets started, and Cellini is occupied in creation and carousing. For this production, Mr. Scherman had assembled an absolutely first-rate cast, and his handling of the orchestra was painstaking and often eloquent. Nicolai Gedda sang magnificently as Cellini, and a soprano of great promise named Mary Munroe exhibited a pleasing voice of agility and power in the part of Teresa. The other principal roles were sung by Helen Vanni, William Metcalf, and Ara Berberian, with James Deere substituting for the indisposed Raymond Michalski. Probably the reason "Benvenuto Cellini" has disappeared from the repertoire is that the art-before-love theme is one that only artists believe in.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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ers as Miles Davis, Chet Baker, and Art Farmer. Before that, when a trumpeter stood up to solo one expected the windows to shiver, and they did. Louis Armstrong had a deceptively affable tone that was stretched to angelic limits by his lyricism, and Red Allen paralleled him with long, winding phrases and oblique off-notes. Cootie Williams had a dark, hymning attack that turned ferocious when he used a plunger mute and that, when he played open horn, suggested an enormous man rising lightly from his bed. Harry Edison seemed to shout *at* his solos, and Emmett Berry was an effortless weight lifter. And Roy Eldridge, who was all crackle and jet stream, gave the impression that he needed *two* trumpets to ease the pressures within him. There were, to be sure, gentle-sister trumpeters in the thirties and forties, such as Joe Thomas, Bill Coleman, Buck Clayton, and Frankie Newton, but their felt-toned agility concealed their knowledge and love of brass the way dark glasses mute a face. Bebop did not diminish the Armstrong-Eldridge shout-and-shine approach; in fact, Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Navarro, and later Clifford Brown and Thad Jones, were at times unbearably brassy. The Davis-Baker-Farmer method now marches on in the persons of the "new-thing" trumpeters, all of whom heedlessly pinch off their myriad notes—most of them high and most of them barely sounded—and ignore such regimental customs as tone and attack and vibrato. Better indeed if they simply traded in their trumpets for saxophones, their swords for ploughshares, and had done with it. Thus it was a tonic to go down to the Village Vanguard a week or so ago, during his brief visit, and hear Roy Eldridge, who has been hidden for the past couple of years behind the skirts of Ella Fitzgerald as her accompanist.

Eldridge remains—with his diamond smile, his short, tidy stature, his small, important bay window, and his limitless energy—an irresistible performer. And his style is as of old. His tone at slow tempos still supplicates and enfolds and at fast speeds hums and threatens. In a slow blues chorus, he will begin with two or three long-held notes, shaped into a simple melody and played behind the beat. The last of these notes may end in a whiskey-baritone growl kept low to the ground by a brief, waddling vibrato. He may repeat the phrase, adding several notes, an octave or so higher, that sound almost falsetto because of their suddenness, and then he will pause and—

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making you hold your breath, since you suspect what may come next—then tear into the highest register, seize a blinding high note, hold it briefly, pause again, fall with unbelievable velocity through a wild sotto-voce run, and close the phrase with a mock-pompous growl. High notes are pep pills to Eldridge, and he may shoot back up and blast out two or three more, drop an octave or two for a soughing blue note, and sink peacefully to earth for the end of the chorus. He played four or five such choruses in the slow "Have You Ever Loved a Woman" in his second set the other night, and he sang as many choruses in a voice that was a perfect miniature of his horn playing. (He was accompanied well by Barry Harris on piano and Bob Cranshaw on bass, but Oliver Jackson, his drummer, had time trouble all evening.) "In a Mellotone," which followed, was as exhilarating for its mistakes (a couple of overshot high notes) as for its successes (several more of those look-ma-no-hands runs). He began his first set with "I Remember Harlem," in a slow, muted mood, abruptly shifted into double time and took out his mute, releasing an engulfing tone and flow of notes (he clearly considers a chorus wasted if he doesn't startle the listener—and himself—at least once), and, after a sunny coda, passed on to an easy "Caravan" type of number that was a welter of high notes, swollen growls, and arching blue notes. This was followed by an extraordinary fast "Undecided." He started with the mute, playing a hundred notes to the measure without a fluff, stepped aside to let Harris and Cranshaw solo, and exchanged eight-bar breaks with Jackson. Then he settled into a riff and, suddenly abandoning it for a gorgeous ad-lib passage full of oblique runs and bellying single notes, sauntered into a slow, rocking half time. Lucky Thompson, who preceded him on the soprano and tenor saxophones in both sets that evening, played Mercury, while Charlie Mingus, who led the alternate band, played Zephyr. Eldridge was Zeus.

—Whitney Balliett

•

Goldsbury told Tremblay to remove the stake. Tremblay started pulling it up Wednesday, but midway through the process, he charged, Holloway showed up with his air rifle and shot several B-Bs at him.zz z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

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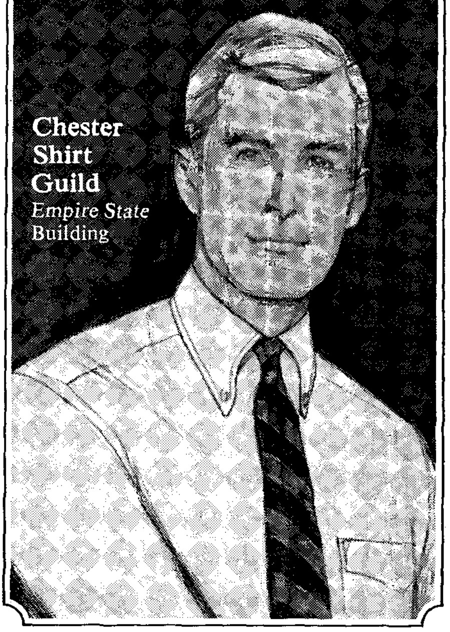

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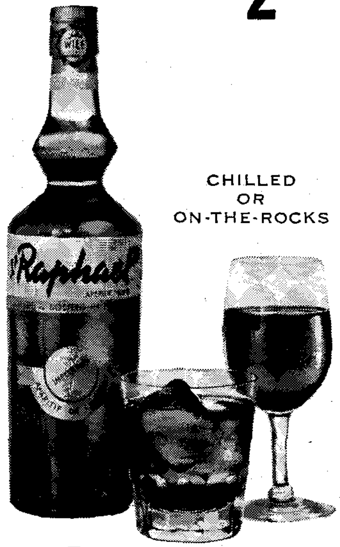

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As It Seemed to Us

MR. EVELYN WAUGH opens the first volume of his autobiography with the words

> Only when one has lost all curiosity about the future has one reached the age to write an autobiography.

If I believed that Mr. Waugh meant this literally, I should feel very sorry for him and, as one of his readers, for myself, since it would mean that he had no intention of writing another line, that all he desired was a speedy death. I am certain, however, that all he means is that a person should not write an autobiography until he is sufficiently sure of his identity to know that, whatever he may do or write from now on, it will not come as a dramatic surprise to him or to others. At sixty-one, Mr. Waugh knows that, however many more years of life may be granted him, he will not run away with a housemaid, become a Plymouth Brother, or compose an epic in Spenserian stanzas; in other words, the rest of his life, aside from any novels he may write, is unlikely to be of much interest to anyone except himself, his family, and his friends.

For an autobiography, like any story, to be really interesting, it is not enough that the reader should be wondering what is going to happen next; its hero must be equally in the dark. As Mr. Leonard Woolf rightly says, apropos of some reviewer:

> He . . . is really assuming that because a thing happened it and nothing else had to happen. Because Desmond [MacCarthy] never did write a novel, he never could have written a novel. This simplifies life, history, and people, and, if it were true, it would be unnecessary to write or review biographies or autobiographies.

The principal motive for writing an autobiography, says Mr. Waugh, is a desire to understand the immediate past. I agree. Consequently, no one can read an autobiography which describes a time, a country, a class familiar to him without starting to compose his own, and I can review Mr. Woolf's "Beginning Again" (Harcourt, Brace & World) and Mr. Waugh's "A Little Learning" (Little, Brown) only as I have read them; that is to say, as a participant. In doing so, I can find this justification for my self-indulgence: I do not know whether Mr. Woolf and Mr. Waugh have ever met, but I cannot imagine such a meeting being a success; the aversion of the one to God and of the other to the Lib.-Lab. *Weltanschauung* would make a dialogue very diffy. If not in complete accord with either, I feel myself sufficiently close to Mr. Waugh theologically and to Mr. Woolf politically to act as a moderator.

The names Leonard Woolf and Evelyn Waugh are known to the public, and whoever acquires a public name also acquires a public legend. Some legends magnify their victim, others diminish him. To those who do not know Leonard Woolf personally, the name conjures up the image not of a person but of a shadow—the husband of Virginia Woolf, a partner in the Hogarth Press, a *New Statesman* "type" who must, of course, be passionately devoted, like its first editor, Clifford Sharp, to the causes of Collectivization and Drainage. In 1908, he won six hundred and ninety pounds in a sweepstake, and this, he tells us, gave rise to the legend that he and Virginia started the Hogarth Press on sweepstake money; it is characteristic of *his* legend that by the time the story reached me, it was Virginia who had been the winner.

The legendary Mr. Waugh, on the other hand, is as exaggeratedly visible as a character in Dickens—a fantastic choleric snob in country-squire tweeds, who, though a Christian, is conspicuously lacking in Christian charity. Now that they have both published their autobiographies, however, no reader is ever again going to be able to take their legends seriously. Mr. Woolf turns out to be real flesh and blood, and no collectivist; Mr. Waugh to be generous, just, and modest. In reading them, I have come across only two remarks—one in each—that seem to have been uttered by their legendary rather than their real selves:

> It was, I still believe, touch and go whether the movement towards liberty and equality—political and social—and towards civilisation, which was strong in the first decade of the 20th century, would become so strong as to carry everything before it. *Its enemies saw the risk and the result was the war of 1914; they postponed the danger of our becoming civilised for at least a hundred years.* [Italics mine.]

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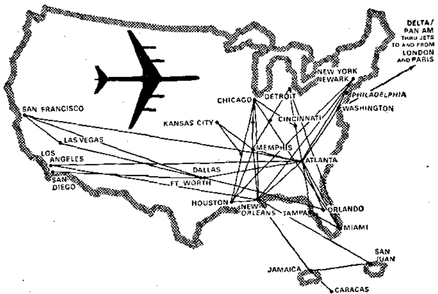

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conspiracy is an imaginary New Statesman's paranoia.

Today (instead of men of letters) there are the reporters of the popular papers who interview authors rather than review their work; there are the charmers of Television; *there are the State-trained professional critics with their harsh jargon and narrow tastes.* [Italics mine.]

I do not care for the kind of critic Mr. Waugh is referring to any more than he does, but to suggest that such critics are all offspring of the Lower Orders is a snobbish fantasy.

One of the fascinations of reading about the recent past lies in observing the steady foreshortening of time. In 1911, when Mr. Woolf's third volume begins, Mr. Waugh and I were both already on earth, but, as a man of thirty, a boy of nearly eight, and a child of four, respectively, the three of us inhabited three different universes. Today, Mr. Waugh and I are contemporaries, and the age difference between us and the eighty-four-year-old Mr. Woolf is less than the three and a half years that separated the two of us in 1919, when Mr. Waugh was going on sixteen and I was twelve. A century from now, nobody will know or care which of the three of us was born first.

I can see no way to compare our several experiences except by classifying them under various aspects. Since our school experiences were important to us, I should perhaps at this point remind American readers of a confusing difference between British and American nomenclature. British preparatory—or prep—school is the equivalent of American private school for boys from seven to fourteen; British public school is the equivalent of American private preparatory school.

Preliminary Chronicle

1880. L. W. born in Kensington, London. Arthur Waugh, aged 14, a public-school boy in his first year at Sherborne, Dorset. George Auden, aged 8, in his first year at prep school in Repton, Derbyshire.

1885. Arthur Waugh goes up to New College, Oxford. Reads Mods and Greats.

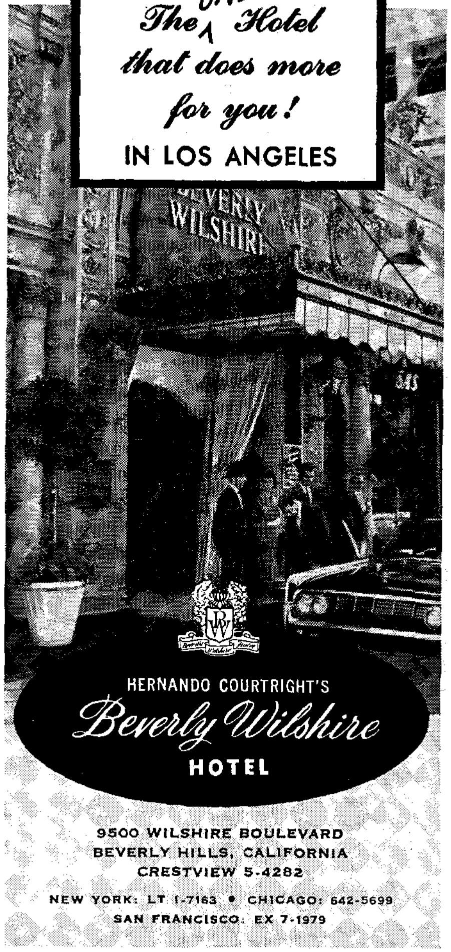
1890. George Auden goes up to Christ's College, Cambridge. Reads Natural Science as a preliminary to studying medicine.

1892. L. W.'s father, Sidney Woolf, dies suddenly.

1892-94. L. W. a boarder at Arlington House School, near Brighton.

1893. Arthur Waugh marries Catherine Raban.

1894-99. L. W. a day boy at St.



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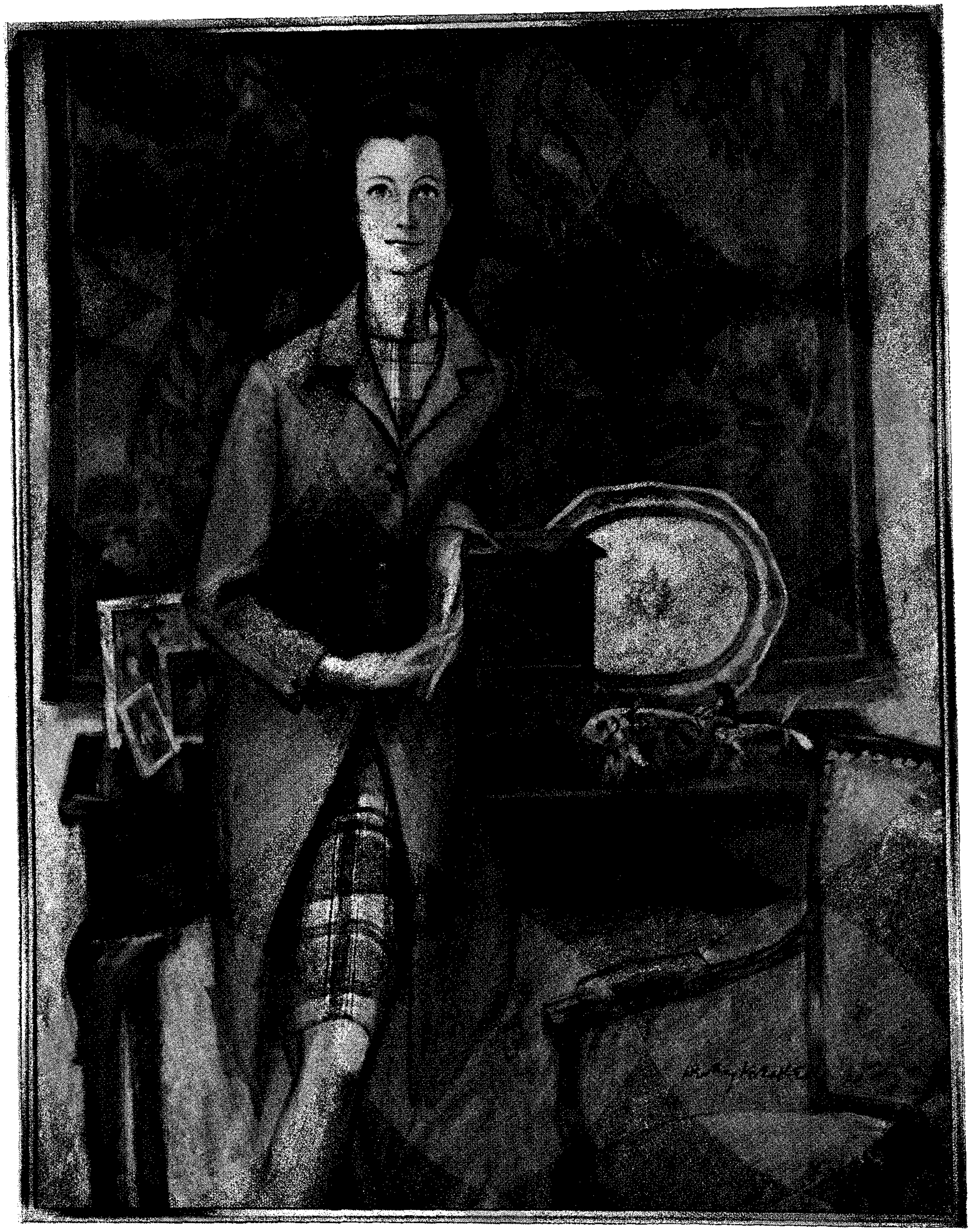

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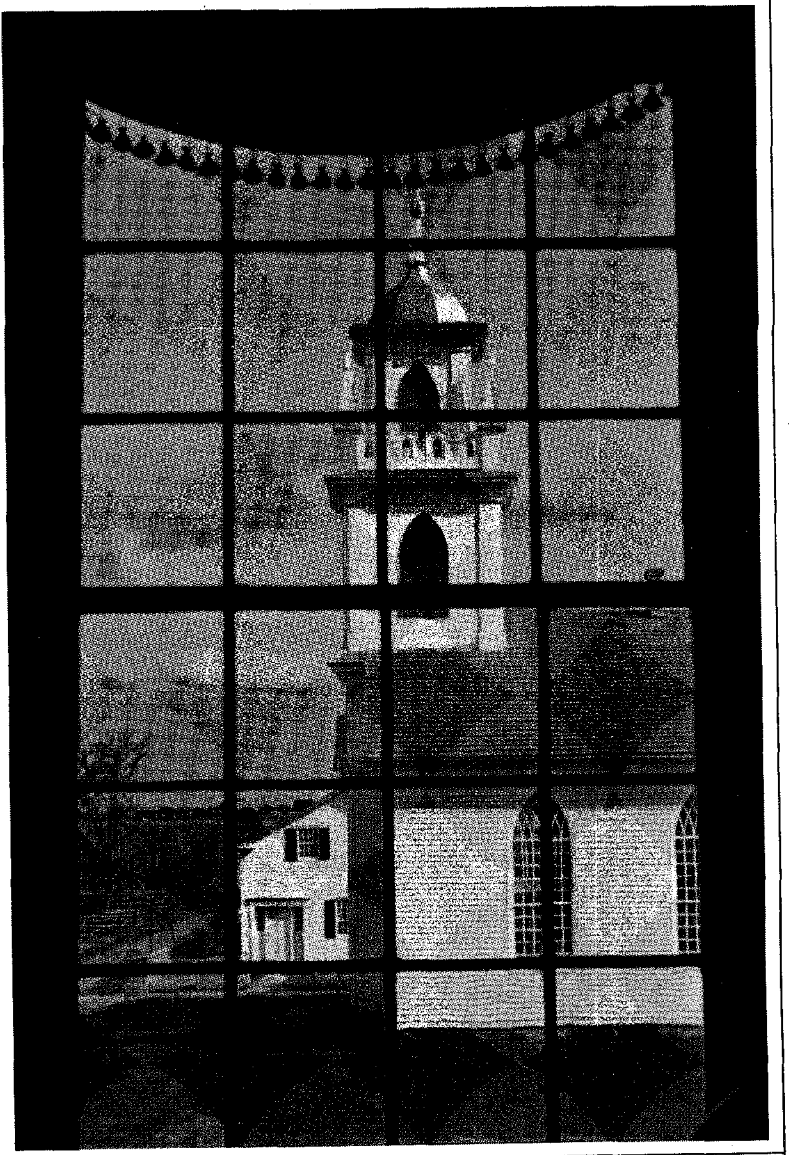

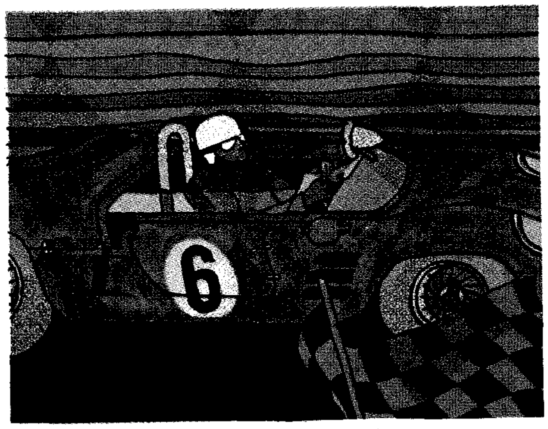

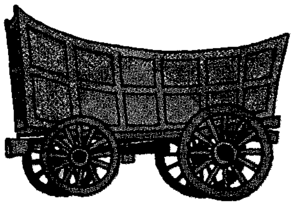

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Paul's School, London. During these years, George Auden becomes an interne at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 1898, Alec Waugh born. 1899, George Auden marries Constance Bicknell and sets up practice in York.

1899-1904. L. W. at Trinity College, Cambridge. Reads Classics, then stays up an extra year to read for the Civil Service Examination. 1900, Bernard Auden born. 1902, Arthur Waugh becomes managing director of Chapman & Hall, publishers. 1903, E. W. born, in Hampstead, London. John Auden born.

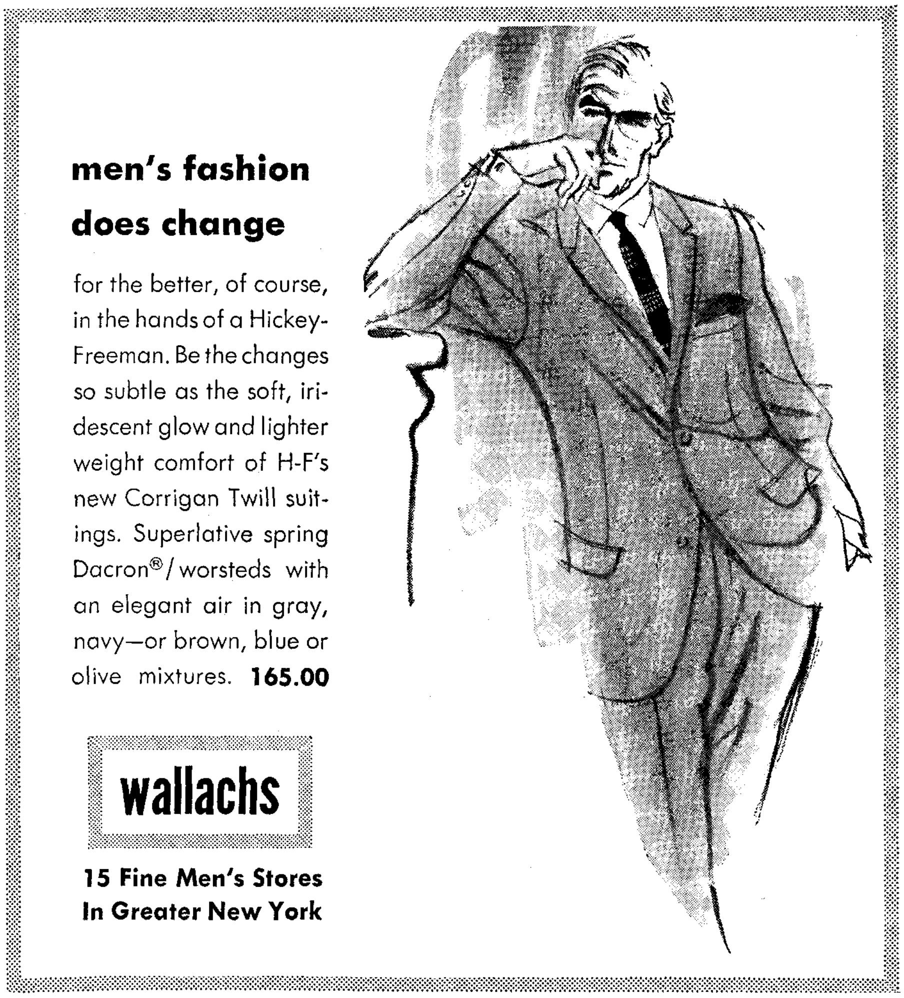
1904. L. W. leaves for Ceylon with ninety volumes of Voltaire and a wire-haired terrier.

1904-11. L. W. a civil administrator in Ceylon. 1907, Arthur Waugh builds a house in North End, Hampstead (postal address later altered to Golders Green). W. H. A. born. 1908, George Auden gives up his practice in York to become the School Medical Officer of Birmingham. 1910, E. W. becomes a day boy at Heath Mount School, Hampstead, and writes his first novel.

Heredity

Ethnically, Mr. Woolf is a Jew, Mr. Waugh and I are Gentiles—in his case, a mixture of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, and Huguenot; in mine, as far as I know, pure limey. Mr. Woolf does not mention any occasion, either at school or later, when he was taunted with being a Jew. I hope this means that there was none. Among middle-class Gentiles of the time, a mild and for the most part quite unthinking anti-Semitism was very common. (It is singularly unfortunate that, in a rhyme-poor language, the words "Jew" and "Jews" should have so many more rhymes than most, for this has facilitated the composition in English of cheap comic verses about the race.) I am proud to say that when the advent of Hitler compelled my parents to think, they immediately took in a succession of German refugees.

Socially, we were all born into the professional middle class: Mr. Woolf's father was a barrister, Mr. Waugh's a publisher, mine a physician. The Woolf family had only recently entered this class, Mr. Woolf's grandfathers having been a successful bespoke tailor and a diamond merchant; Mr. Waugh's family and mine had belonged to it for several generations. It was a common game among children of this class to attempt to divine their future careers by counting the plum stones on their plates and chanting "Army, Navy, Law,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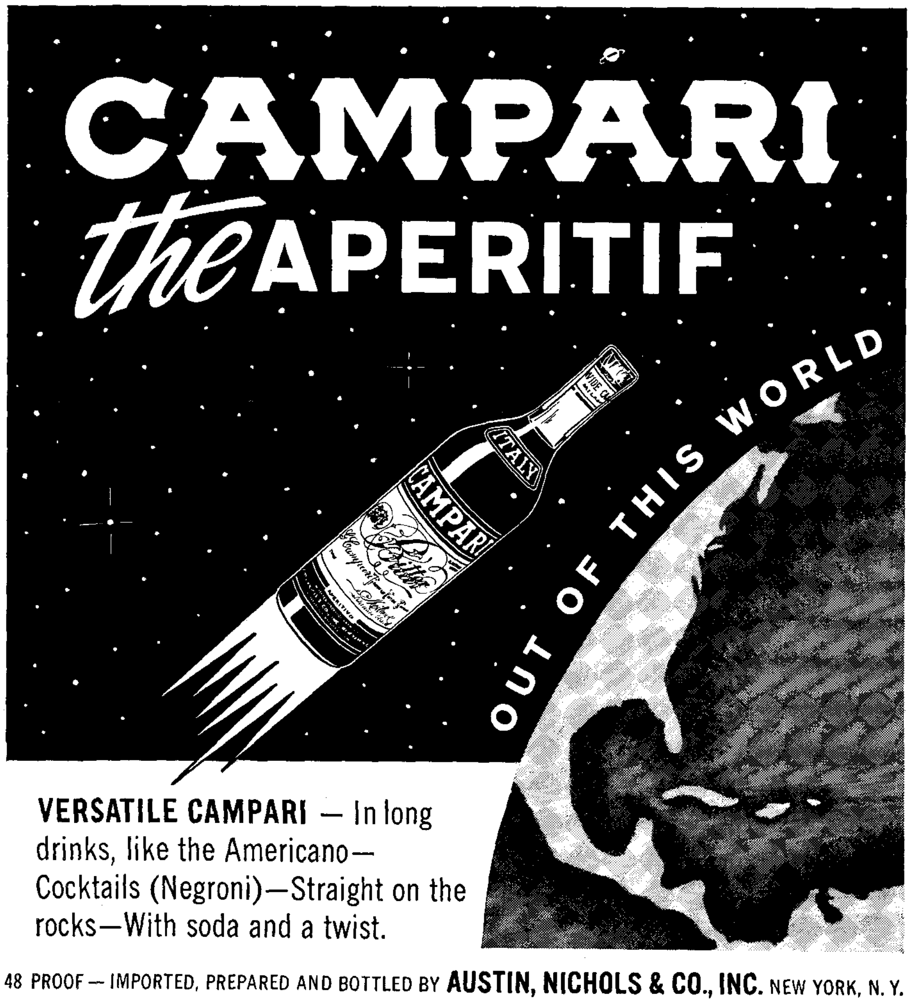
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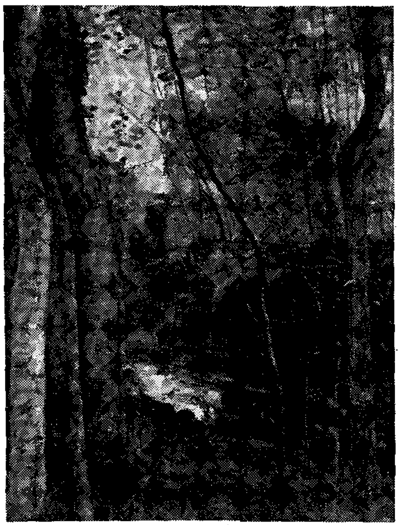
Church." My father, like Mr. Waugh's paternal grandfather, was a doctor, and the social status of the doctor remained uncertain until near the end of the nineteenth century. When my mother became engaged to my father, in 1898, one of her sisters, married to a clergyman, told her, "If you marry this man, you know nobody will call on you." The typical snobberies of this professional middle class were their contemptuous attitudes toward businessmen, or "persons in trade," as they were called—for some mysterious reason, book publishing was not a trade—and toward Dissenters; Roman Catholics might be eccentric, or even immoral, but, thanks to the existence of old Catholic families like the Norfolks, they could not be regarded as socially inferior. A third snobbery, which, if less reprehensible morally, had more serious practical consequences, was their disdain for science. The only education befitting a gentleman was, so they believed, the study, both at school and at the university, of Latin and Greek. Mr. Waugh gives us some excellent illustrations of this attitude from his own experience:

> One of the most profitable connections of Chapman & Hall's was an American firm of technical publishers for whom they acted in England. He [my father] regarded this association as something almost shady, and its representatives as much less worthy of attention than a minor poet. . . . The visits of these valuable American clients were strictly confined to an exchange of politeness in his office and a swift relegation to the hands of a young man of scientific education whom he regarded as a subordinate rather than a colleague. He never asked to his house the men who had come 3,000 miles to bring him business. . . .
>
> In school we demonstrated our contempt for "stinks" and our resentment that we, on the classical side, should be required to study them once or twice a week. Scientists were regarded as a socially inferior race and we treated our masters in these subjects superciliously. . . .
>
> Mathematicians were respected but were thought to be out of their proper milieu; they should have been at Cambridge. There was said to be a laboratory somewhere near Keble, but I never met anyone who dabbled there. No Fellow of Hertford, when I went up, had any connection with the National Sciences.

This snobbery, at least, I was mercifully spared. In my father's library, scientific books stood side by side with works of poetry and fiction, and it never occurred to me to think of one as being less or more "humane" than the other. I am very glad that, as was true for Mr. Woolf and Mr. Waugh, my first six years of schooling were devoted



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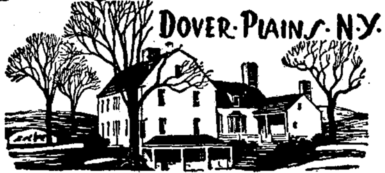

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largely to Latin and Greek, for I fully share Mr. Waugh's conviction of the value of this:

> Today I remember no Greek. I have never read Latin for pleasure and should now be hard put to it to compose a simple epitaph. But I do not regret my superficial classical studies. I believe that the conventional defence of them is valid; that only by them can a boy fully understand that a sentence is a logical construction and that words have basic inalienable meanings, departure from which is either conscious metaphor or inexcusable vulgarity.

On the other hand, although I soon realized that I was not cut out to be a scientist, I am equally glad that I spent my last two years at school in the exclusive study of chemistry, zoology, and botany.

Genealogies are admirable things, provided they do not encourage the curious delusion that some families are older than others. I wish Mr. Woolf had given us more information about his ancestry, and that I knew as much about my forebears as Mr. Waugh knows about his. Who would not feel happy at being able to claim descent from William Morgan, F.R.S. (1750-1833), a clubfooted Unitarian, Jacobin, and mathematician who was the first man to introduce actuarial techniques into the insurance business, or from Thomas Gosse (1765-1844), an itinerant portrait painter who, after a vision of the risen Christ, "evinced a confidence in his eternal salvation which rendered him indifferent to his own worldly prosperity and, later, to that of his family"? On my mother's side of the family, for instance, I should like to know more about the Reverend Dr. Birch who for a time was tutor to the young Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII—a thankless job which he lost when the Queen discovered he had Puseyite sympathies—and about the Miss Bicknell who, to the dismay of her parents, married Constable. As it is, my certain knowledge does not go further back than my grandparents, but my twelve uncles and aunts, six on each side, have given me some understanding of the difference between the Auden-Hopkins and Bicknell-Birch strains in my character. Both my grandfathers were Church of England clergymen and both died of heart attacks in early middle age. My maternal grandfather was evidently a sadist, like Mr. Waugh's paternal one, for his sons danced round the table for joy when they heard he was dead. Neither Mr. Woolf nor Mr. Waugh seems to have encountered a phenomenon which cannot have been uncommon in large Vic-

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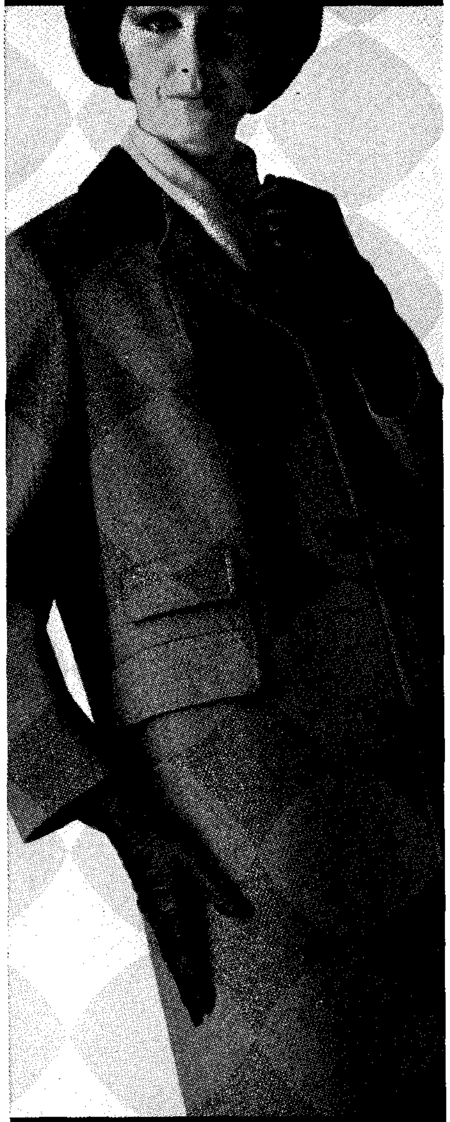

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torian families: I had an uncle on my father's side and an aunt on my mother's who were what is now euphemistically called "mentally retarded." Uncle Lewis was looked after by a housekeeper, Aunt Daisy by Anglican nuns.

On the whole, the members of my father's family were phlegmatic, earnest, rather slow, inclined to be miserly, and endowed with excellent health; my mother's were quick, short-tempered, generous, and liable to physical ill health, hysteria, and neuroticism. Except in the matter of physical health, I take after them.

Parents and Home Life

All three of us started off life with the enormous advantage of being born to parents who genuinely loved us and treated us gently. Moreover, our adult judgment tells us that, whatever their little peculiarities and failings, they were lovable and admirable human beings.

I don't know if it is a universal habit of children, but everybody whom I have asked about the matter tells me that he classified his parents as I did: one parent stood for stability, common sense, reality, the other for surprise, eccentricity, fantasy. In my case, it was Father who stood for the first, Mother for the second. Mr. Woolf lost his father at the age of eleven, and from his descriptions of his parents I am not quite certain of his classification, but I suspect it was the same as mine:

> He was certainly intelligent, reserved, and quick-tempered, but also very nervous and highly strung, and, though normally very kind, more intolerant of fools and their folly than almost any other man whom I have known. Though not an orthodox Jew, his ethical code of conduct was terrific, but he was not, in my recollection of him, either passionately on the side of righteousness or violently against sin. . . .
>
> [My mother] lived in a dream world which centered in herself and her nine children. It was the best of all possible worlds, a fairyland of nine perfect children worshipping a mother to whom they owed everything, loving one another, and revering the memory of their deceased father. Nothing that actually happened, no fact, however black, however inconsistent with the dream, made her doubt its reality and its rosiness. That anyone, particularly one of her own children, should doubt or throw doubt on it was the one thing in life which really distressed her.

In Mr. Waugh's mind, the classification is quite clear. It was Mama who stood for sanity, Papa for oddity:

> My mother was small, neat, reticent and, until her last decade, very active. . . . She would have preferred to live in the country and from her I learned that towns are places of exile where the unfortunate are driven to congregate in order to earn their livings in an unhealthy and unnatural way. She had to be content with walking her dog on Hampstead Heath and working in the garden. She spent hours there, entirely absorbed; not merely snipping off dead heads but potting, planting, watering, weeding. . . . Her flowers did not interest her more than her fruit and vegetables. . . . I associate her less with lilies than with earthy wash-leather gloves and baskets of globe artichokes and black and red currants. . . .
>
> [My father] always excelled in the charades which were an essential part of our family life, especially at Christmas. I think he was, by amateur standards, genuinely gifted, but it was in the daily routine of his private life that he acted with the greatest virtuosity. In greeting visitors he was Mr. Hardcastle; in deploring the ingratitude of his sons, Lear. Between these two extremes all the more likeable of Dickens's characters provided him with roles which from time to time he undesignedly assumed. . . . He never sulked. He was mercurial, and a word of humour or appreciation would win him in an instant from the blackest depression. Even in his coughing and wheezing, genuine and distressing as they were, he put his voice into the production, interspersing his bouts with quotations calling on death for release. His sighs would have carried to the back of the gallery at Drury Lane.

I did not, like Mr. Woolf, lose my father physically by death, but to some degree I lost him psychologically. I was seven—the age at which, as Mr. Waugh says, a son begins to take serious notice of his father and needs him most—when he enlisted in the R.A.M.C., and I didn't see him again until I was twelve and a half. I think this is probably the reason that, although we got on amicably enough (all my rows were with my mother), we never really came to know each other. He was the gentlest and most unselfish man I have ever met—too gentle, I used sometimes to think, for as a husband he was often henpecked. My mother, whom I understood very well, could be very odd indeed. When I was eight years old, she taught me the words and music of the love-potion scene in "Tristan," and we used to sing it together.

Mr. Woolf's childhood seems to have been less happy than the unclouded childhoods that Mr. Waugh and I remember. His father's death brought him grief, and though he did not feel unloved by his mother, he felt that she loved him less than her other children. When he speaks of his first numinous experiences, the two he remembers most vividly were visions not of joy but of dread:

> I stood by myself in the patch of scurfy grass and contemplated the spiders; I can still smell the smell of sour earth and ivy; and suddenly my whole mind and body seemed to be overwhelmed in mel-

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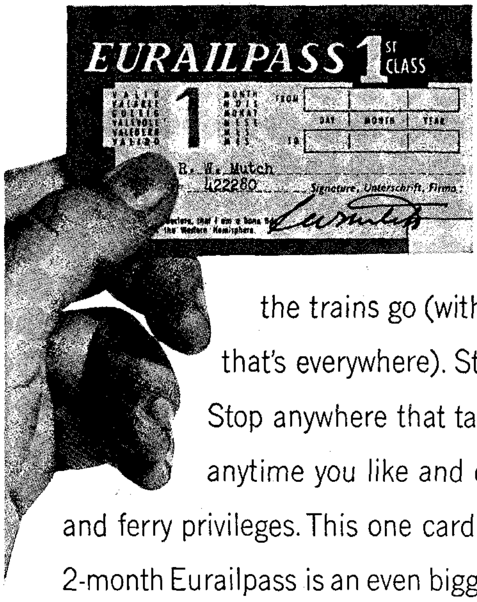
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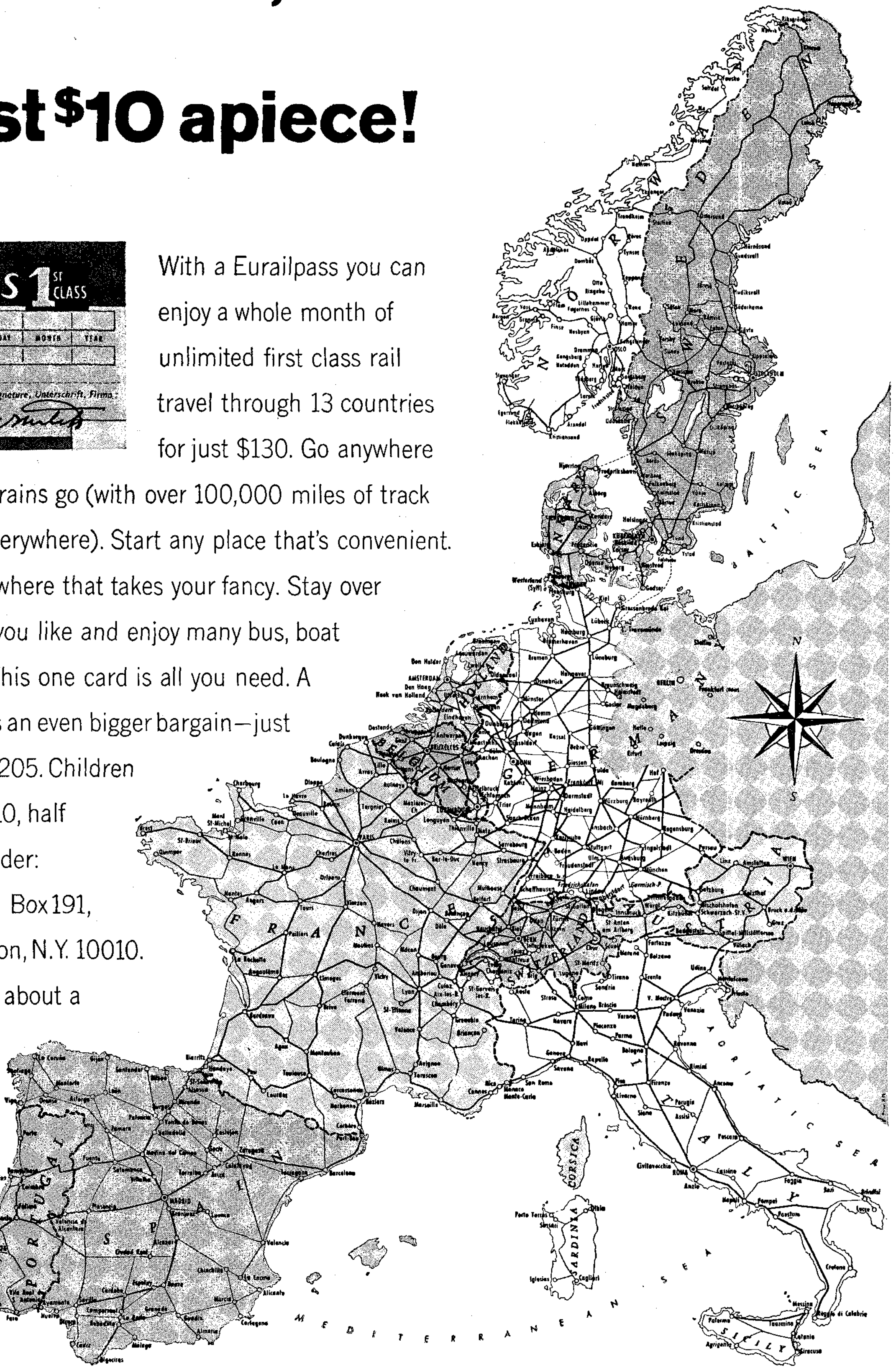
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ancholy. I did not cry, though there were, I think, tears in my eyes....

I do not know how long I had sat there when, all at once, I felt afraid. I looked up and saw that an enormous black thunder cloud had crept up and now covered more than half of the sky. It was just blotting out the sun, and, as it did so, the newts scuttled back into their hole. It was terrifying and, no doubt, I was terrified. But I felt something more powerful than fear, once more that sense of profound, passive, cosmic despair, the melancholy of a human being, eager for happiness and beauty, powerless in the face of a hostile universe.

Many of Mr. Waugh's early numinous experiences were, like mine, associated with a house—in his case, his three maiden aunts', and, in mine, my maternal grandmother's, both houses very mid-Victorian in their smells and furnishings. Mr. Waugh says of his enchantment:

> I am sure that I loved my aunts' house because I was instinctively drawn to the ethos I now recognise as mid-Victorian; not, as perhaps psychologists would claim, that I now relish things of that period because they remind me of my aunts.

I doubt whether either his or the psychologists' explanation is correct. For an object or an atmosphere to enchant us, there must, of course, be some psychological affinity between it and us, but I suspect that in childhood the mere chance of priority plays a greater role than such explanations suggest. What happens, I believe, is akin to "imprinting" in birds, who fall in love with the first large object they see after hatching, whether suitable or unsuitable. I am certain, at least, that the feelings aroused in a child by an enchanting artifact—my joy, for example, in contemplating a gasworks—have little, if anything, in common with the feelings of the adults who made it.

Neither Mr. Woolf nor Mr. Waugh seems to have indulged in a kind of daydreaming that was of immense importance to my childhood. Between the ages of six and twelve, I spent a great many of my waking hours in the construction and elaboration of a private sacred world, the basic elements of which were a landscape, northern and limestone, and an industry, lead mining. In constructing it, fantasy had to submit to two rules. In deciding what objects were to be included, I was free to select this and reject that, on condition that both were real objects (two kinds of water turbine, for instance, which could be found in textbooks on mining machinery or a manufacturer's catalogue); I was not allowed to invent one. In deciding how my world was to function,

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I could choose between two practical possibilities (a mine could be drained either by an adit or by a pump), but physical impossibilities and magic means were forbidden. It is no doubt psychologically significant that my sacred world contained no human beings. However, though this world was constructed for and inhabited by myself alone, I needed the help of others—my parents, in particular—in collecting the raw materials for its construction. Others had to procure for me the necessary textbooks, maps, catalogues, guidebooks, and photographs, and, when occasion offered, take me down real mines—tasks they performed with unfailing patience and generosity. It sounds more than a little mad now, but I enjoyed myself enormously and never felt lonely or bored.

One last point. Mr. Waugh was the younger of two sons, I the youngest of three and the youngest of quite a number of grandchildren. I should be curious to know if his ordinal position in the family has had the same effect upon him that it has had upon me. It implanted in me the lifelong conviction that in any company I am the youngest person present—a conviction quite unaffected by the fact that now, at fifty-eight, I am often the oldest.

War

On August 4, 1914, Mr. Woolf was standing outside the post office in Lewes, Sussex, waiting for the news; Mr. Waugh was at his aunts' house, in Midsomer Norton, near Bath, having just completed his fourth year at school; I was in my home, in King's Norton, near Birmingham, and was due to go away to prep school the following month. On November 11, 1918, Mr. Woolf was writing in his room in Richmond, London (Virginia celebrated the occasion by a visit to the dentist); Mr. Waugh was "idling in the Classical Middle Fifth under an exceedingly dull form master;" I was in a school sanatorium in Surrey, out of bed for the first time since coming down with the Spanish flu. During the four years between these dates, one of Mr. Woolf's brothers had been killed and one severely wounded; Mr. Waugh's only brother had been reported "missing" for a time after the Ludendorf offensive; my father was overseas, first in the Middle East and then in France, and my eldest brother had been called up, though he was still in training camp when the war ended.

For Mr. Woolf, the war was as real as it was horrible. Though exempted from military service on account of a

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hereditary hand tremor, he could imagine exactly what trench warfare must be like, he could read the casualty lists, and he was sufficiently educated politically to know that in 1914—as opposed to 1939—war could have been avoided:

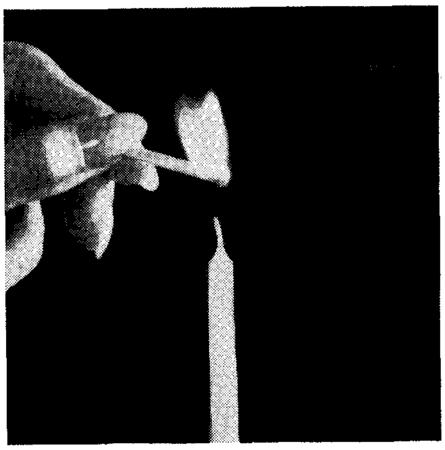
> The horror of the years 1914 to 1918 was that nothing seemed to happen, month after month and year after year, except the pitiless, useless slaughter in France. Often if one went for a walk on the downs above Asham one could hear the incessant pounding of the guns on the Flanders front. And even when one did not hear them it was as though the war itself was perpetually pounding dully on one's brain, while in Richmond and Sussex one was enmeshed in a cloud of boredom, and when one looked into the future, there was nothing there but an unending vista of the same boredom.

In addition, Mr. Woolf had to endure great personal affliction. From the summer of 1913 to the summer of 1914, his wife had been insane, and early in 1915 the insanity returned. He does not indulge in self-pity, but from his dispassionate description of her symptoms one can guess something of what he must have gone through:

> In the first stage she was in the depths of depression, would hardly eat or talk, was suicidal. In the second she was in a state of violent excitement and wild euphoria, talking incessantly for long periods of time. In the first stage she was violently opposed to the nurses and they had the greatest difficulty in getting her to do anything; she wanted me to be with her continually. . . . In the second stage of violent excitement, she was violently hostile to me, would not talk to me or allow me to come into her room. . . .
>
> When the time for a meal came, she would pay no attention whatsoever to the plate of food put before her and, if the nurses tried to get her to eat something, she became enraged. I could usually induce her to eat a certain amount, but it was a terrible process. Every meal took an hour or two; I had to sit by her side, put a spoon or fork in her hand, and every now and again ask her very quietly to eat and at the same time touch her arm or hand. Every five minutes or so she might automatically eat a spoonful.

Mr. Waugh says that after a few weeks of excitement he lost interest in the war and accepted it as a condition of life. To me, it was not even a condition; it had no reality of any kind. During most of the war, fortunately, my father was behind the firing line, but even when he was taking part in the Gallipoli campaign the thought never entered my head that he might be in danger. At school one morning, Christopher Isherwood appeared wearing a black armband; I knew this meant that his father was dead, but the words "killed in action" brought no image to my mind.

One change in my life, indirectly



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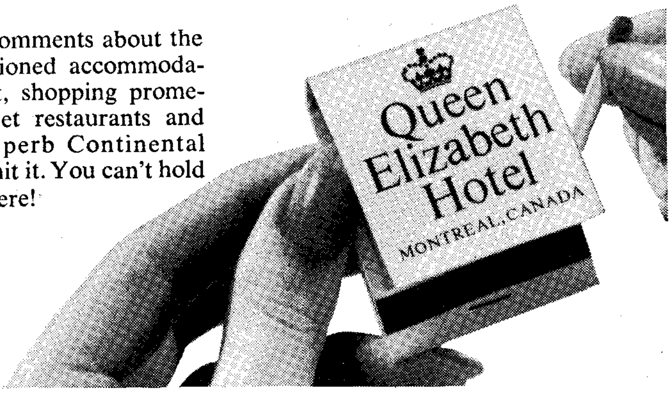

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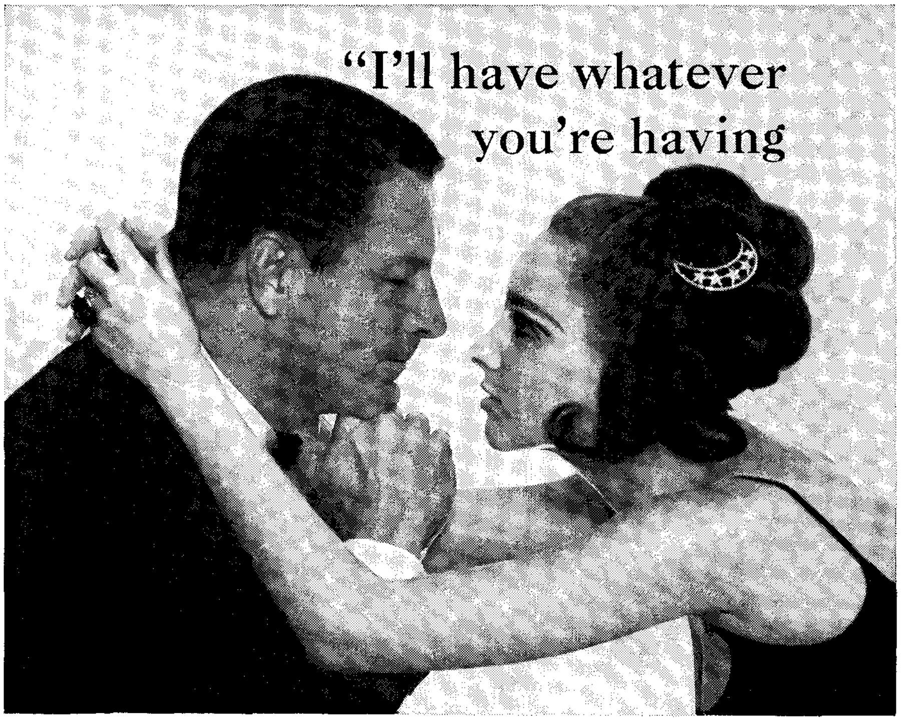

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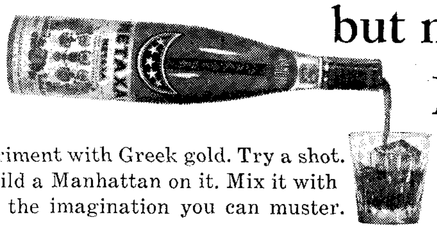

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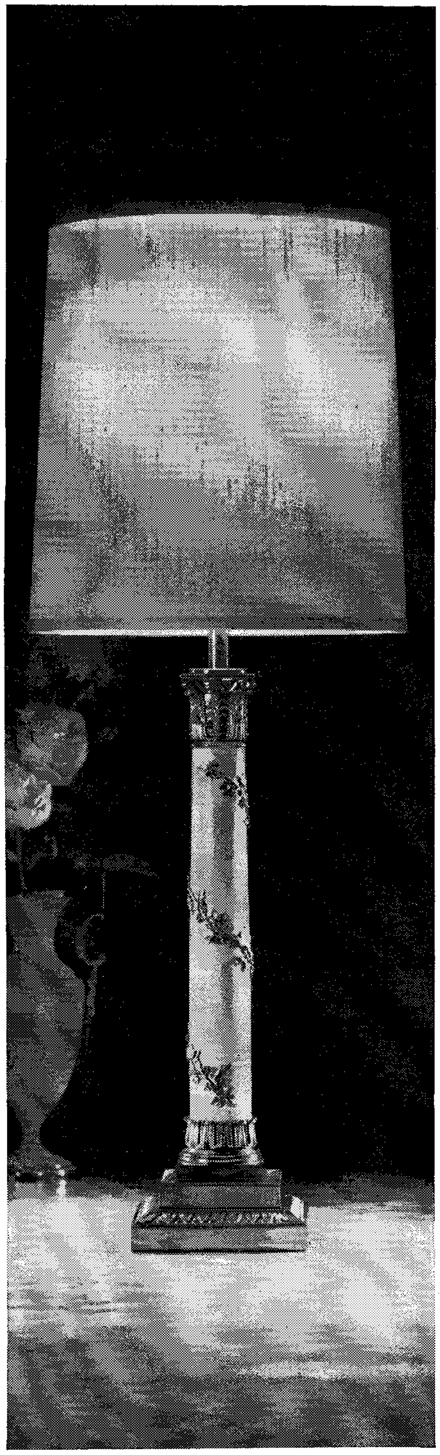

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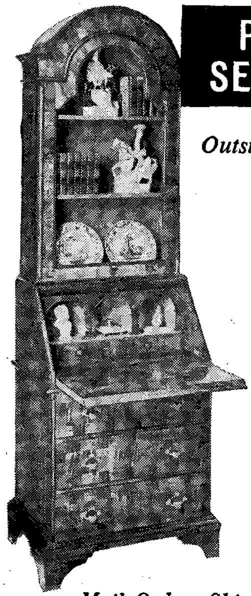
caused by the war, seemed a great improvement. At the time my father enlisted, the lease of our house was just about to expire, and my mother did not renew it. When our school holidays came round, she took furnished rooms for my brothers and me, each time in some new and exciting part of the country. Our only "war work" consisted in collecting sphagnum moss, when there was any, and knitting mufflers in the evening while she read aloud to us. At school, we drilled with wooden rifles and had "field days" when we took cover behind bushes and twirled noisemakers to represent machine-gun fire. Assistant masters, young and old, came and went, becoming more peculiar each year. The oddest had a name to match—Captain Reginald Oscar Gartside-Bagnell. He had written a play, "The Waves"—a barefaced crib, I later discovered, from "The Bells"—which he used to read aloud in a Henry Irving voice to his awed and astonished favorites.

Curiously, I do not remember, as Mr. Waugh so vividly does, that the food at school was particularly nasty or insufficient. There were dishes, like the boiled cod on Fridays, that I hated, but they might have turned up on any school menu in peacetime. The honey sugar he mentions I remember—it was reputedly made by treating potatoes with weak sulphuric acid—but found quite edible. I also remember that when I once took a second slice of bread and margarine, which was permitted, a master remarked, "Auden, I see, wants the Huns to win."

I can only attribute the difference between our gastronomic memories of this time to the fact that I was still a little boy and Mr. Waugh was an adolescent, with an adolescent's appetite.

School

Mr. Woolf spent two years with a private tutor, then two years as a boarder at a prep school, then his five years of public school as a day boy; Mr. Waugh spent his seven prep-school years as a day boy, his five public-school years as a boarder; I spent the whole eleven years of my schooling as a boarder. Whether boarding schools are a good or a bad thing I don't know, but from personal experience, both as a boy and as a teacher, I am certain that if a boy is to be sent away to school at all, it is kinder to send him at an early age. A boy of seven or eight seems to get over his homesickness very quickly; the ones who really suffer are those who, like Mr. Waugh, are over eleven when they are first deprived of the



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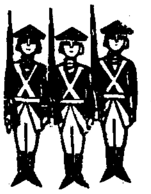

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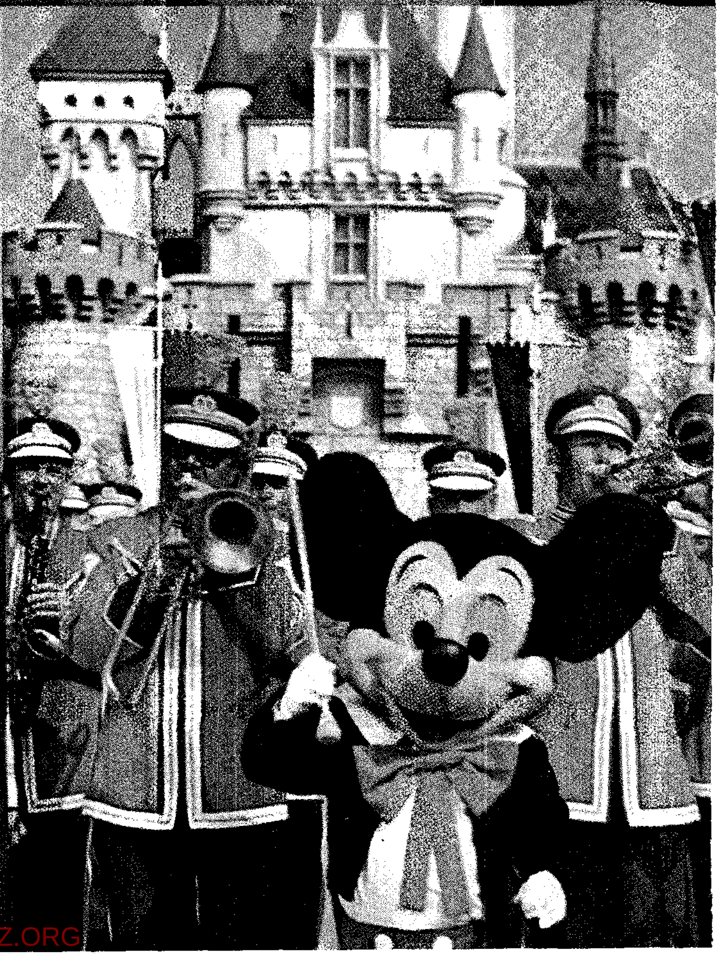

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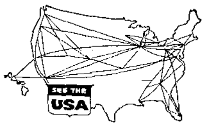

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Mr. Woolf describes his prep school as "a sordid brothel," but he was fortunate in its games master:

> I learned from Mr. Woolley the seriousness of games, the importance of style, the duty when you go in to bat of making every stroke with the concentration which an artist puts into every stroke of his brush in painting a masterpiece. Since those days I have played nearly every kind of game from fives and bowls to golf and rugger, and I have played them each and all of them with the greatest pleasure.

What life for such an intellectual as Mr. Woolf would have been like in the colonial society of Ceylon without Mr. Woolley's inspiration and his own aptitude for games doesn't bear thinking about.

Mr. Waugh was happy at his prep school and got on well with the other boys, but from his account it seems that the standard of teaching was below average for such establishments, and that means pretty poor. I was fortunate in the headmaster of mine, who taught Latin and Greek. He could be brutal, but he was a born teacher. If he was in a bad temper, one might get beaten on the spot for an error in syntax, but when this happened to me, I never felt it was unjust, because I knew the error was due to my carelessness, not to his faulty instruction.

In describing the ethos of school life in his day, Mr. Woolf keeps harping on the hostility of both boys and masters toward intellectual interests of any kind—a hostility so strong that, until his last year at St. Paul's, he did not dare speak of his to a single soul. If this was so, then I must say that by the time Mr. Waugh and I went to school, the climate had greatly improved. Athletics were still the normal road to popularity and social prestige, and, for that reason, as Mr. Waugh perceived, not so much fun as they could and should have been:

> I think few associated games with pleasure. They were a source of intense competition, anxiety and recrimination to those who excelled; of boredom and discomfort to those who were bad at them.

Intellectuals and persons with unusual hobbies like bird-watching were in the minority, as they are in any society, but at the schools I went to they were tolerated; I could always find someone with whom I could talk freely, and with the rest I never felt that I must either conceal an interest or feign one.

Mr. Waugh describes himself as being "fond of solitude." If that is true today, then he has changed greatly from the boy and the young man he

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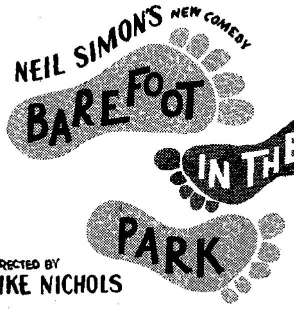

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portrays in "A Little Learning," whose need for company seems to have been greater than most people's. The bitterest memory of his school days is not of being bullied but of being left alone on an Ascension Day school holiday:

> That first year I knew no one and had nowhere to go. The whole place was emptied as though by plague. Inquiry elicited the information that there was no dinner that day. The steward gave me some slices of bread and a ghastly kind of sausage meat. Rain came on. The House Room, as on Sundays, was locked. The library was out of bounds to me. I wandered out with my damp packet of food and after a time took shelter among the trees called Lancing Ring, ate a little and, for the first and last time for many years, wept. It was with comfort that late that afternoon I heard the noisy return of the holiday-makers.

In my first year at public school, I should have been enchanted to have the whole place to myself and listened to the holiday-makers returning with a sinking of the heart.

Mr. Waugh's natural sociability is revealed by his reaction at that time to the experience of being unpopular:

> I did not admire the other boys. I did not want to be like them. But, in contradiction, I wanted to be one of them. I had no aspirations to excel, still less to lead; I simply longed to remain myself and yet be accepted as one of this distasteful mob.

This is a longing I have never felt; nor, I suspect, has Mr. Woolf. The difference is partly a matter of temperament and partly one of early experience. Mr. Waugh says:

> Odium was personal and something quite new to me. For thirteen years I had met only people who seemed disposed to like me.

I, too, experienced nothing but affection at home, but I was not equally fortunate with my uncles, aunts, and cousins. Most of them thought me—with justice, I'm sure—a precocious, insolent little monster; I thought most of them either hysterical or stupid, which they probably were. The only one I got on with was Uncle Harry, my father's younger bachelor brother, who was an authority on sulphuric acid.

As far back as I can remember, I knew that the things of greatest interest to me were of no interest to most people I met, whether grownups or contemporaries. Some things, like my lead-mining world, were unsharable with anybody; others, like music and archeology, could be shared with some persons but not very many. I think I can honestly say I never thought that my minority concerns were superior to the

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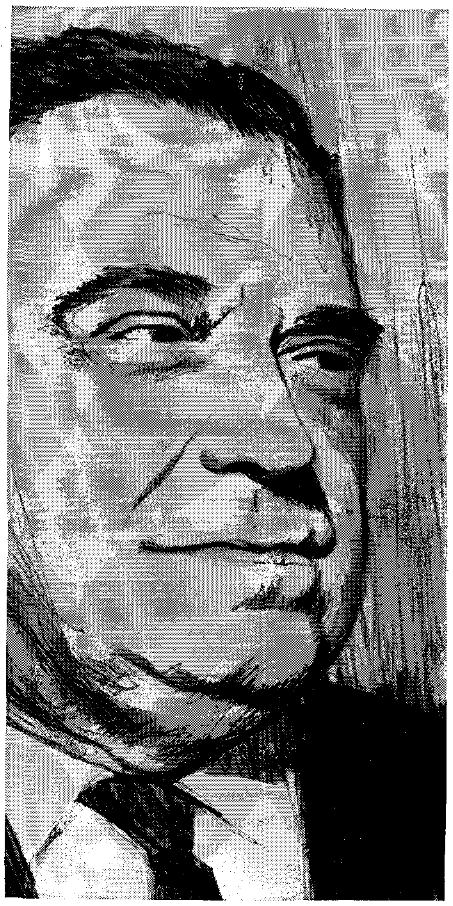

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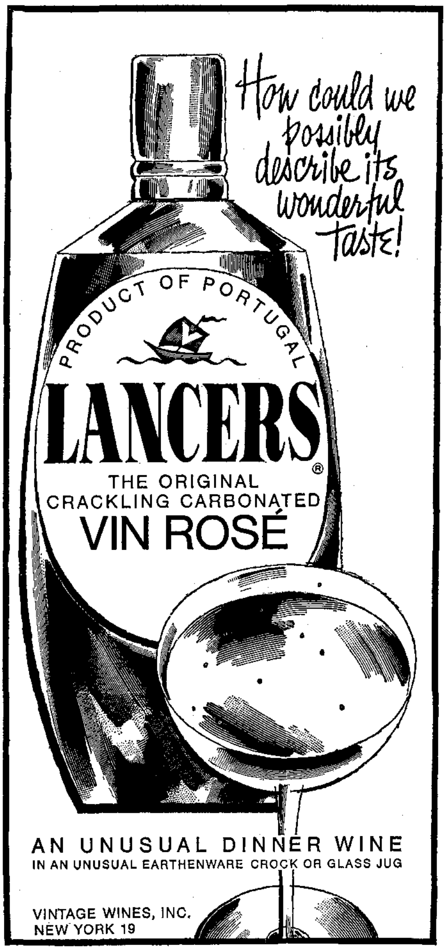
concerns of the majority. At school, my total lack of interest in and aptitude for games of any kind did not make me despise athletes; on the contrary, I greatly admired them, as I have always admired anybody who does something well, but I did not envy them, because I knew that their skill could never be mine. (I was, however, insufferably superior with anybody who, when speaking about matters in which I was interested, said something I thought stupid.) Consequently, I have never, I think, wanted to "belong" to a group whose interests were not mine, nor have I resented exclusion. Why should they accept me? All I have ever asked is that others should go their way and let me go mine. If I did not enjoy my first year at public school, though I cannot say I was particularly ill-treated, this was because boys in early adolescence find it very difficult to let each other alone. Being, like Mr. Woolf and Mr. Waugh, a bright boy, I was usually the youngest in my form, so that nearly all my friends were older than I, and when it came to my last year, they had left school. During that year, I went for long solitary walks, played the organ, hardly spoke to anyone unless I had to, and was extremely happy.

In all the reminiscences of their school days which I have read, the authors remember at least one master with pleasure and gratitude, either because he stimulated their minds or because he treated them as human beings like himself. At St. Paul's, Mr. Woolf found a Mr. A. M. Cook; at Lancing, Mr. Waugh found a Mr. J. F. Roxburgh; at Gresham's, I found a Mr. W. Greatorex, the music master. Many boys, too, can remember some adult, neither a schoolmaster nor a relative, who took an interest in them and taught them something not in the school curriculum. Behind this interest there is usually an element of homosexual feeling, sublimated or overt. Some of the most fascinating pages in Mr. Waugh's autobiography are devoted to a Mr. Crease, with whom he studied script. The corresponding figure in my life I had to meet clandestinely—my housemaster having forbidden me to see him, and not without reason, for he was a practicing homosexual and had, I think, been to prison. Why he should have taken a shine to me I cannot imagine, since I was a very plain boy. He made advances, which I rejected, not on moral grounds but because I thought him unattractive. Instead of dropping me, however, he continued to give me books and write me long letters full of encouraging and constructive criticism



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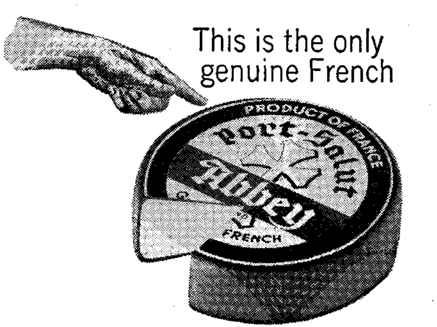

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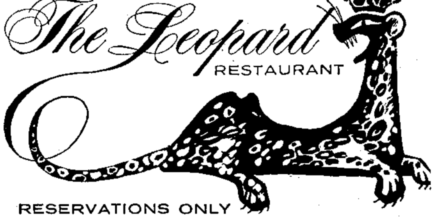

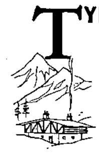

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of my juvenile verses. I owe him a great deal.

University

In Mr. Robert Graves' historical novel "Wife to Mr. Milton," the future Mrs. Milton's brother, after reading "Comus" for the first time, remarks, "This smacks to me of Cambridge, where they tune their viol strings always a little sharp." An acute observation, I think, and a fair one, since it permits the retort "At Oxford they always play a little flat."

The difference between Cambridge at the turn of the century, as it is described by Mr. Woolf, and Oxford in the twenties, as it is described by Mr. Waugh, cannot be attributed solely to the passage of time. In "Sinister Street," Sir Compton Mackenzie portrays an Oxford more or less contemporary with Mr. Woolf's, and it seems more like Oxford twenty-five years later than its eastern rival of the same date.

Though, like all undergraduates, Mr. Woolf and his friends laughed and made jokes, they strike me as having been extremely serious-minded young men, passionately and puritanically concerned for the True and the Good. Also, both then and later, when they turned into Bloomsbury, they seem to have been much more of a homogeneous group, all holding the same tastes and convictions, than any I can imagine Oxford producing. As both Mr. Woolf and Maynard Keynes (in "Two Memoirs") have testified, this was in large measure due to the influence of one man, then nearing thirty—the philosopher G. E. Moore, who acted as a sort of guru to them all. Mr. Woolf writes:

> Moore was not witty; I do not think that I ever heard him say a witty thing; there was no scintillation in his conversation or his thought. But he had an extraordinary profundity and clarity of thought, and he pursued truth with the tenacity of a bulldog and the integrity of a saint. . . . On the surface and until you got to know him intimately, he appeared to be a very shy, reserved man, and on all occasions and in any company he might fall into profound and protracted silence. When I first got to know him, the immensely high standards of thought and conduct which he seemed silently to demand of an intimate, the feeling that one should not say anything unless the thing was both true and worth saying, the silences which would certainly envelope him and you, tinged one's wish to see him with some anxiety, and I know that standing at the door of his room, before knocking and going in, I often took a deep breath just as one does on a cool day before one dives into the cold green sea. . . .

Talking to him one lived under the shadow of the eternal, though silent, question: "What exactly do you mean by

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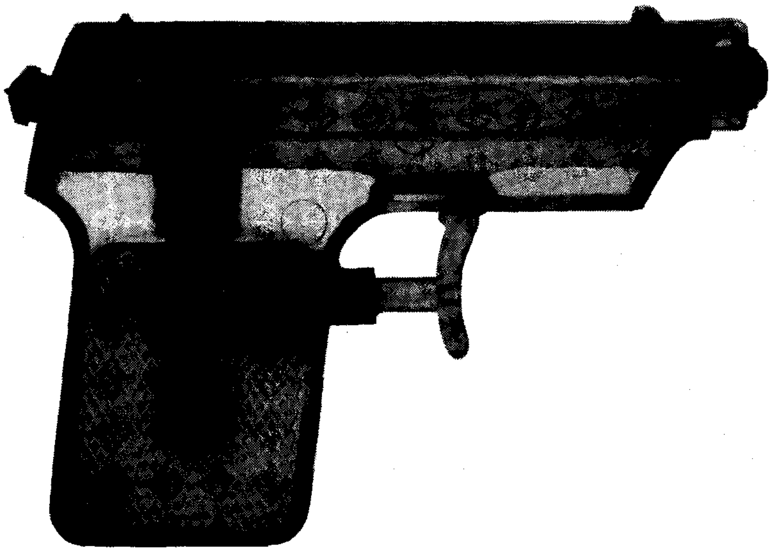

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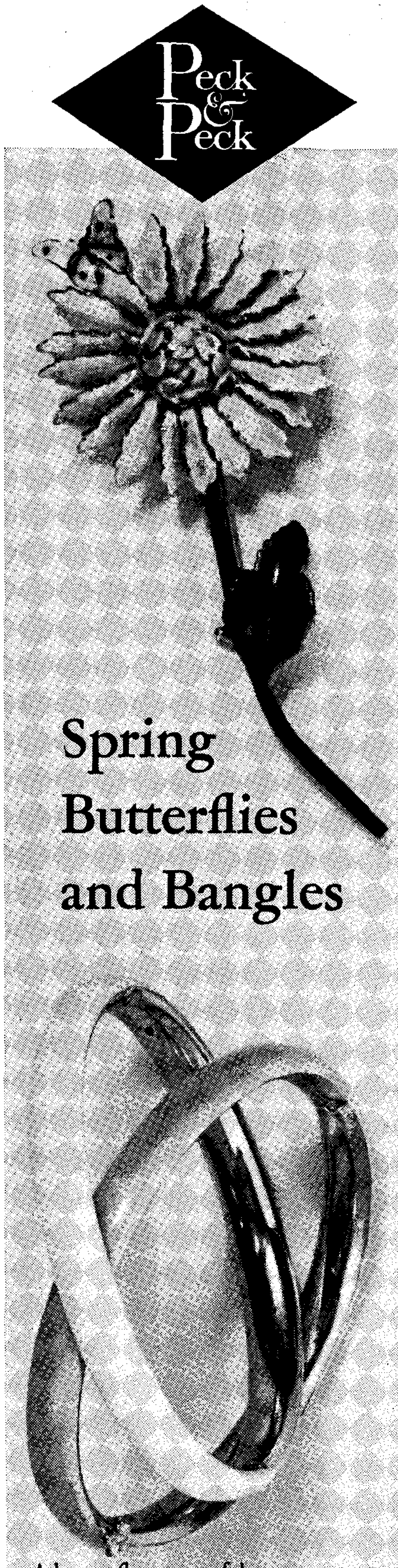

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that?" It is a menacing question, particularly when you know that muddle and not knowing "exactly what you mean by *that*" will cause to Moore almost physical pain which he will show involuntarily in his eyes.

There have been other philosophers, like Wittgenstein—also, by the way, at Cambridge—who have attracted disciples, but these were professionals. Of the group around Moore, only Bertrand Russell was a professional philosopher; most of them—Lytton Strachey, Thoby Stephen, Clive Bell, E. M. Forster, Desmond MacCarthy, Leonard Woolf himself—were primarily interested in the arts.

On the whole, the mental atmosphere of Oxford in this century does not seem to have encouraged gurus. It has produced dons whose wit and manner of speaking admiring undergraduates have tried to imitate, but their influence has been social and personal rather than intellectual; it has produced no equivalent of Dr. Leavis.

By Moore standards, the Oxford of the twenties was frivolous indeed. At Cambridge in 1903, Pleasure was not, so Mr. Woolf tells us, considered a good; to us it was almost the only one. Looking back now, I find it incredible how secure life seemed. Too young for the war to have made any impression upon us, we imagined that the world was essentially the same as it had been in 1913, and we were far too insular and preoccupied with ourselves to know or care what was going on across the Channel. Revolution in Russia, inflation in Germany and Austria, Fascism in Italy, whatever fears or hopes they may have aroused in our elders, went unnoticed by us. Before 1930, I never opened a newspaper.

Since I came up to Oxford only one year after Mr. Waugh went down, I have little to add to his description. Two of his friends, Mr. Harold Acton and Mr. Tom Driberg, were still up, and the latter introduced me to the poetry of T. S. Eliot. The lunch parties were still going on. The George Restaurant was still crowded. Panache and elegance were still much admired. Making friends was still of much greater importance than the academic studies we were ostensibly there to pursue. "It was a male community," says Mr. Waugh. "Undergraduettes lived in purdah." This was still the rule, but I knew of exceptions to it. There were three or four girls in my day who had somehow managed to get out and, like token Jews in a Wasp community, were accepted by us. Not every lunch party was stag, but at a mixed one the female faces were always the same.

Mr. Woolf says nothing about the drinking habits at Cambridge, but he tells us he has "an intense dislike of drunkenness and almost a physical horror of drunken people." At Oxford, there was a drinking set, and Mr. Waugh soon found himself in it:

> We drank copiously but indiscriminately—and I use "copiously" in relation to our age. We were often very drunk but the actual quantities we consumed in our orgies were far less than I now regularly enjoy in complete sobriety. A few glasses of sherry, *half* a bottle of burgundy, claret or champagne, a few glasses of port, threw us into transports. A glass or two of brandy or whisky on top of them rendered us unconscious.

If at Oxford and for many years afterward I drank little, this was a matter of chance (none of my friends drank heavily) and of money (I could not afford to drink much or often). As far as taste and temperament are concerned, I might just as well have acquired a thirst then as later, for today my average alcohol intake is, I should guess, equal to Mr. Waugh's. What really surprises me when I compare his life with mine is his astonishing gregariousness and range of social activities. He can hardly have been alone for a second:

> Terence and I formed the nucleus of a coterie which we used to call "the Hertford underworld." . . . We used, unless any of us was giving a luncheon party or going to one, to have our commons together in my rooms. This soon developed into my keeping open house for men from other colleges; sometimes as many as a dozen collected. . . . We drank large quantities of beer and made a good deal of noise. Few of us could sing. We used to recite verse in unison.

In addition to entertaining and being entertained, he joined club after club, from the highly respectable Carlton to the highly unrespectable Hypocrites; he spoke at the Oxford Union; he wrote for the *Isis* and the *Cherwell;* he designed countless headpieces and covers for these magazines, and also designed bookplates, O.U.D.S. programs, and caricatures. Such a life would have driven me crazy. I preferred then, as I do now, to see my friends one at a time; I never entered the doors of the Union; the only club I belonged to was a Christ Church Essay Club; and though I was just as academically idle as Mr. Waugh, I spent a good deal of time by myself reading.

Mr. Waugh read History, and he and his tutor, Mr. Cruttwell, detested each other. After coming up to Christ Church as a science exhibitioner, I got permission in my first year to switch to the English School. I had no intention of studying English literature academically, but I wanted to read it, and the English School would give me official license to do so. At that time, Christ Church was far too snooty to have an English tutor, so I was farmed out to Mr. Nevill Coghill, at Exeter, who became a lifelong friend. He was not a guru of the Moore kind; I never took a deep breath before knocking on his door. On the contrary, he put me so at my ease that I felt I could say anything to him, however silly, whether about literature or my personal life, without fear of being laughed at or rebuked.

Of his emotional life as an undergraduate, Mr. Woolf writes:

> I have never again been quite so happy or quite so miserable as I was in the five years at Cambridge from 1899 to 1904. One lived in a state of continual excitement and strong and deep feeling. . . . We lived in extremes—of happiness and unhappiness, of admiration and contempt, of love and hate.

Mr. Waugh says nothing explicit on this subject, but I do not think that if he were asked he would speak of deep feeling or extremes of happiness and unhappiness; he would say, I think, that he lived in a state of continuous mild euphoria, having fun without a conscious care in the world. In my own case, intense emotion was a state I had experienced earlier in life and was to experience again later, but it was absent from my undergraduate years. Despite the pleasures of friendship and intellectual discovery, I do not look back on them with any nostalgia. Beneath the fun I was always conscious of a dull, persistent, gnawing anxiety. To begin with, I felt guilty at being so idle. I was not taken in, as Mr. Waugh hints he was, by the F. E. Smith legend, according to which "a man of parts could idle for eight terms and at the end sit up with black coffee and master the required subjects in a few weeks." I knew very well what sort of degree I was going to get and what a bitter disappointment this was going to be to my parents. More important than guilt, however, was ambition. Unlike Mr. Waugh, who does not seem to have realized until after he went down that his vocation was to write novels—at Oxford he was more interested in the visual arts—I had been quite certain since the age of fifteen of what I wanted to do. At nineteen, I was self-critical enough to know that the poems I was writing were still merely derivative, that I had not yet found my own voice, and I felt certain that in

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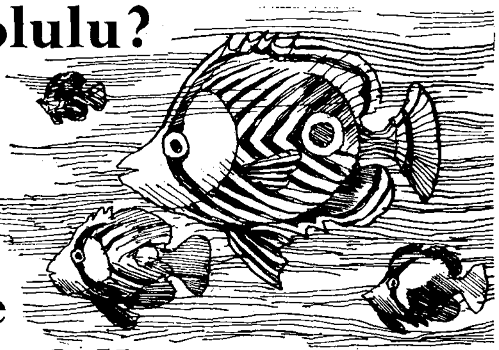

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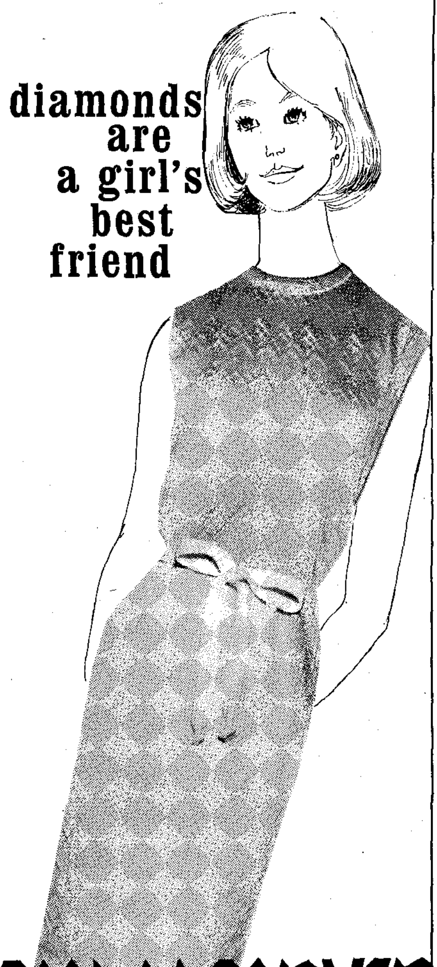

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Oxford I should never find it, that as long as I remained there, I should remain a child.

I said earlier that we were politically ignorant and indifferent. There were, of course, individual undergraduates who were neither—those I met personally were all Socialists—but they were intending to enter politics as a career, and the rest of us thought of their social concern as a professional specialty in which we could not be expected to share. One event which Mr. Waugh was not in Oxford to experience, the General Strike of 1926, deserves a note, because it reveals so clearly our political innocence. Neither Marx nor any other social anatomist had spotted that it was the daydream of almost every middle-class English boy to drive a train or a bus, to do something which his social position normally forbade, like loading a ship or directing traffic. The hundreds of undergraduates who responded to the Government's appeal did so not out of class consciousness in the Marxist sense—none of them felt any hostility, personal or ideological, toward the strikers—but because, suddenly, here was a heaven-sent opportunity to realize their daydream. Out of sheer contrariness, I did not, like most of my friends, volunteer to help the Government; instead, I volunteered to drive a car for the T.U.C. (Trades Union Congress). The only quarrel this led to was not in Oxford. One day, I had driven R. H. Tawney to his house in Mecklenburgh Square. It happened that a first cousin of mine, married to a stockbroker, lived a few doors away, so I paid a call. The three of us were just sitting down to lunch when her husband asked me if I had come up to London to be a Special Constable. "No," I said. "I am driving a car for the T.U.C." Whereupon, to my utter astonishment, he ordered me to leave his house. It had never occurred to me that anybody took the General Strike seriously.

Money

As children, none of us knew real poverty, or real affluence, either. The financial situation in the Woolf family was the most precarious. Mr. Woolf's father, a successful barrister, had earned a great deal of money, but he had saved none by the time he died, at the age of forty-seven, leaving his widow with nine children to bring up:

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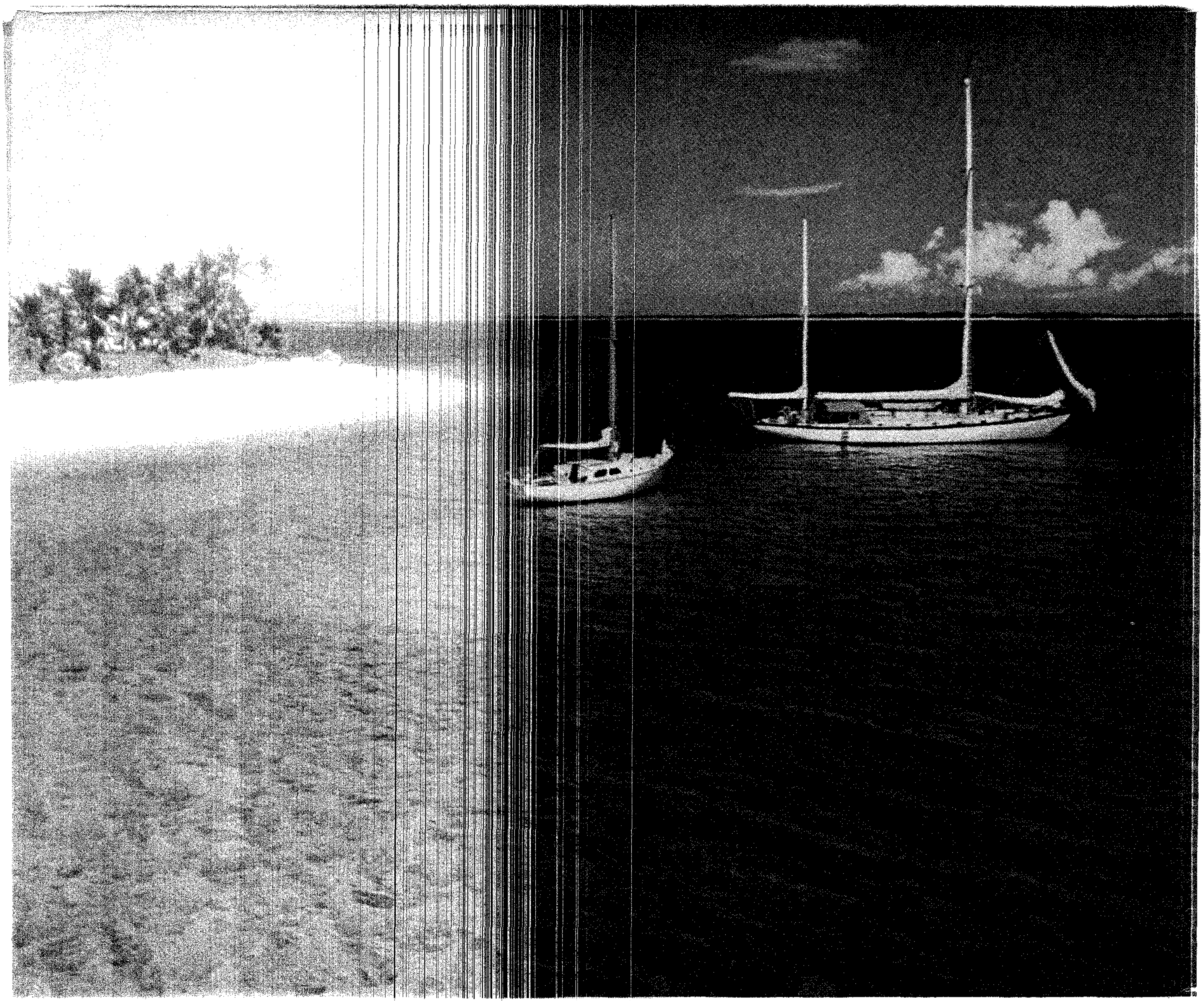

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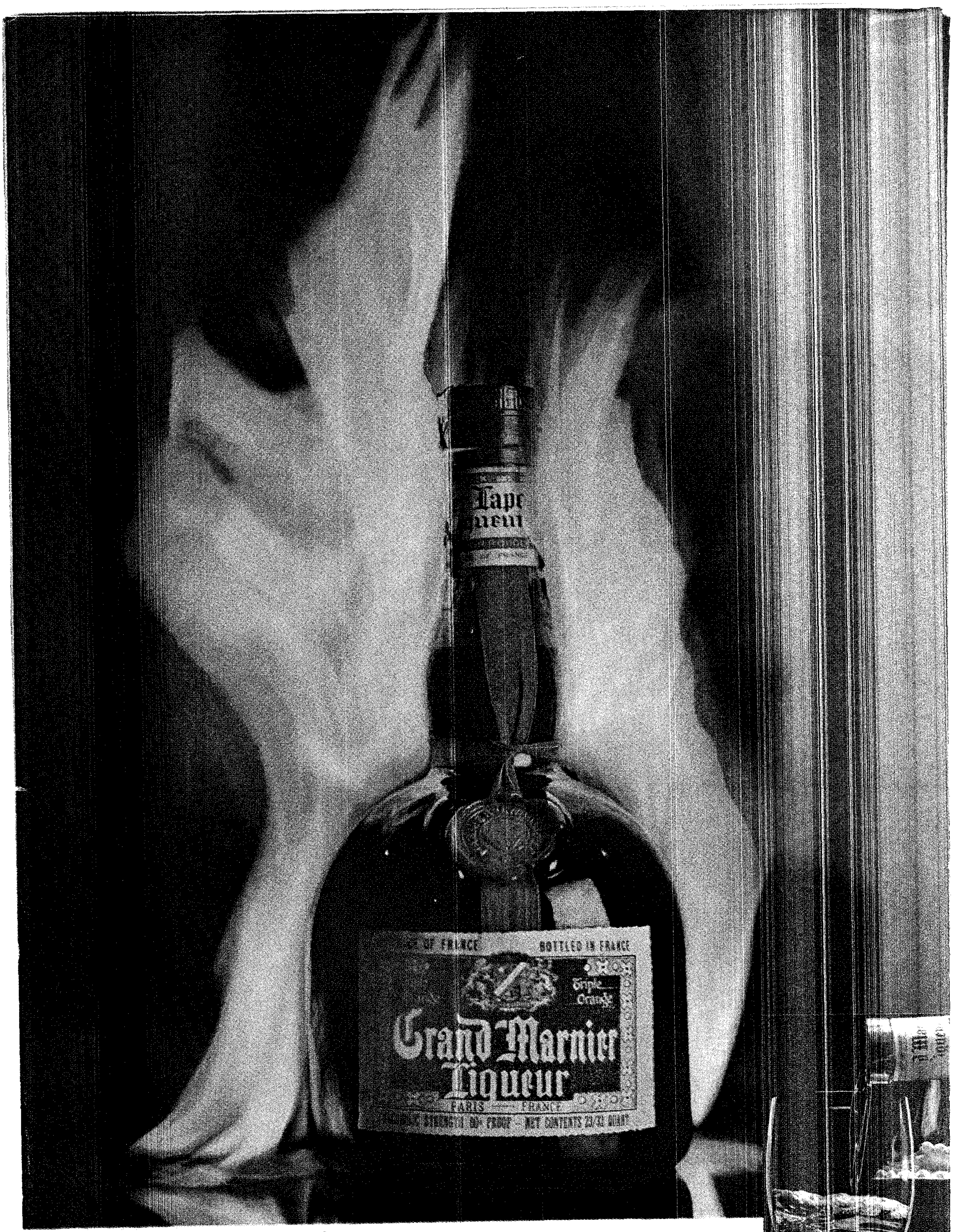
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and themselves. The gamble came off, but it would not have done so unless four of us had got scholarships at St. Paul's School and three of us scholarships at Cambridge. From my twelfth to my twenty-fourth year the menace of money hung over us all always and we had to be extremely careful of every penny.

My father's practice in York had been lucrative, and abandoning it to enter the Public Health Service meant a considerable financial loss. Mr. Waugh's father was, I should imagine, the best off, but after the war he, too, began to feel the pinch.

In their behavior when they were confronted with bills, there is a curious resemblance between Mr. Waugh's father and Virginia Woolf's father, Leslie Stephen. Mr. Woolf writes:

> . . . this fortunate man, whose bank balance was virtually impregnable, never stopped worrying himself and his children about money. . . . Every Monday morning Vanessa brought to him the household books in order that he might give her a cheque to cover the previous week's expenditure. Then for ten minutes or more he sighed and groaned over the enormous sums which they were spending on food, wages, light, coal—at this rate ruin stared them in the face and they would soon all be in the workhouse. . . .
>
> He [Arthur Waugh] was never even momentarily straitened financially, but he would not sign a cheque without crying: "How can I possibly find the money? They will ruin me. They will bring me to a pauper's grave."

I never remember hearing my father complain about money. It was only later in life that I realized what a moral effort this must have cost him—that by nature, like many in his family, he was one of those persons who cannot disburse even the smallest sums without mental anguish.

All three of us won scholarships to the university, but no college scholarship was sufficient to live on without a parental contribution. At Cambridge, Mr. Woolf received £120 per annum and managed to keep out of debt. At Oxford, I received £250 and almost managed, but only by staying at home during the vacations; I went down owing some fifty pounds to Blackwell's for books. From friends who have sons at Oxford, I am told that to live as I did would now cost £800. Mr. Waugh had £350, plus small sums he earned by journalism and book-jacket designing, and did not manage; he went down owing two hundred pounds to tradesmen and about the same sum to friends.

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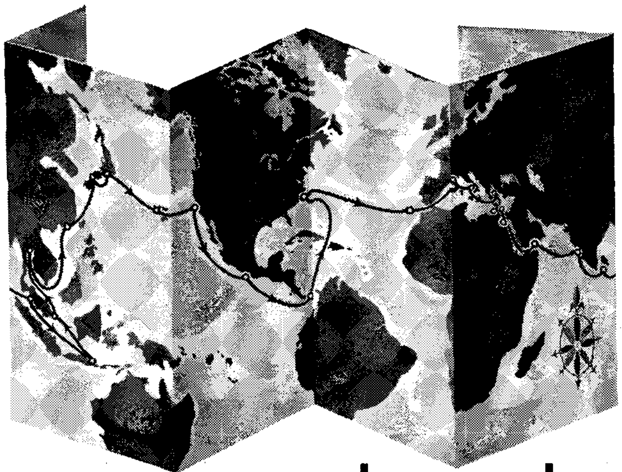

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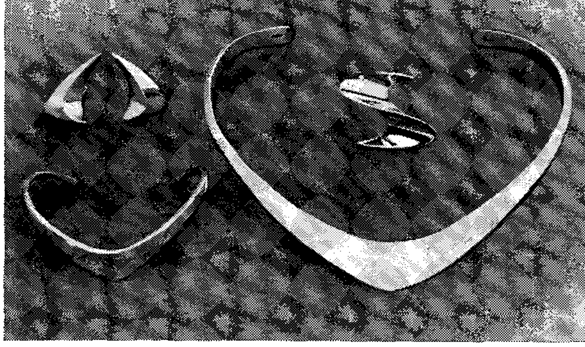

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with first-class cooking cost him between eleven and twelve pounds a month. When he married Virginia Stephen, she had a private annual income of something less than four hundred pounds; he, aside from six hundred pounds he had saved while he was in Ceylon, had no money and no job. For the next ten years, he tells us, both of them had to work very hard and budget carefully to make ends meet. Their expenditure for the year 1917 was £697; on this they maintained a house in London and a house in Sussex, and employed a cook and a house-parlormaid, whose joint wages per annum amounted to £76. 1*s.* 8*d.* In that year, they started the Hogarth Press, on a capital of £41. 15*s.* 3*d.*:

> This sum was made up of £38. 8s. 3d., which we spent on a small printing machine and type, and £3. 7s. 0d., which was the total cost of production of the first book which we printed and published. We made a profit of £6. 7s. 0d. in the first year on the first publication and that "went back into the business," so that at the end of 1917 the total capital which we had put into the Hogarth Press was £35. After that the business financed itself out of profits and we never had to "find capital" for it.

I hope that in the next volume of his autobiography Mr. Waugh will tell us something about the economics of novel writing since he began his career. A poet's earnings qua poet are too paltry to be worth discussing. When I returned from Berlin and had to find a job, I became, like Mr. Waugh, a prep-school master. Unlike him, I found, rather to my surprise, that I enjoyed teaching very much, and I continued in that profession for the next five years.

Religion

L. W.: Grandfather Woolf, an Orthodox Jew; parents, Reformed. 1894, declares himself an atheist. Has remained one ever since.

E. W.: Great-Grandfather Waugh, brought up a Presbyterian, becomes a clergyman of the Church of England; parents, Anglo-Catholic. 1914, period of ecclesiastical *Schwärmerei*. 1921, discovers that he has lost his faith. 1930, received into the Roman Catholic Church.

W. H. A.: Grandfathers, clergymen of the Church of England; parents, Anglo-Catholic. 1920, period of ecclesiastical *Schwärmerei*. 1922, discovers that he has lost his faith. 1940, returns to the Anglican Communion.

There is nothing of pagan indifference or frivolity about Mr. Woolf's atheism. In him, as, I think, in most of his Bloomsbury friends, it is a religious passion. To believe in God, es-

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pecially the Christian God, is for him not merely silly but morally and intellectually wicked. (In the Woolfian vocabulary, "sin" and "original sin" are taboo words but one may speak freely of "wickedness" and "instinctive nastiness.") How he is able to reconcile his lifelong unflagging passion for righteousness, personal and social, with his conviction that the universe is meaningless—even, maybe, malevolent—I do not quite understand, and he makes one remark which, coming from an atheist, strikes me as most peculiar. Speaking of a Cambridge friend who was a clergyman, he says:

> I feel sure that, if he and I had been walking down Piccadilly and had suddenly come face to face with Jesus Christ, I should have recognised him instantly, but Leopold, if he noticed him at all, would have dismissed him as merely another queer-looking person.

However, this is no business of mine. Who knows what, on Judgment Day, our real standings will turn out to be, except that for lucidity and elegance of verbal expression Mr. Waugh will be way ahead?

Every Christian has to make the transition from the child's "We believe still" to the adult's "I believe again." This cannot have been easy to make at any time, and in our age it is rarely made, it would seem, without a hiatus of unbelief. Looking back later, one asks oneself, of course, why it was so. Could not the period of unbelief have been avoided, or at least shortened? What difference would it have made, Mr. Waugh asks, if at eighteen he had been given a book of Christian philosophy to read or had met a person of holy life? The answer, I fear, is that probably it would have made none. Theology and "Christian philosophy" are written by and for believers—persons, that is, to whom God is already a subject of prayer, even if only subconsciously. Except in the context of prayer they are meaningless, for to talk *about* God, as one talks about the weather or bimetallism, is to take His name in vain. As for holy persons, Mr. Waugh did meet one—Friedrich von Hügel's niece Gwen Plunket-Greene—and he has recorded his impression:

> At the age of twenty-one I merely accepted her with the same incurious enjoyment as my contemporaries afforded.

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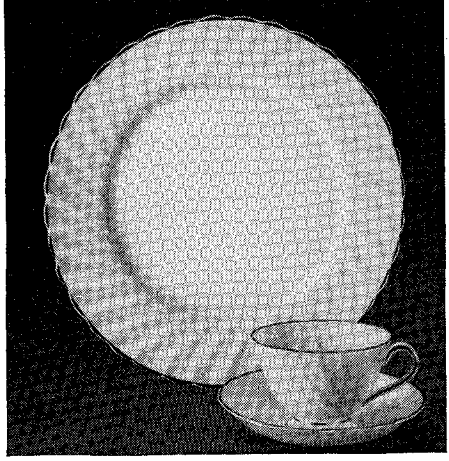

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events are comparable, and as long as we are reading about what happened to *a* person, to some degree we can identify ourselves with him and ask the same questions we put in regard to the events in our own lives. What would X's life have been if he had met not A but B, or fallen in love with M instead of N? Would Mr. Woolf, for example, have become interested in the co-op movement and gone on from that to the cause of international government if he hadn't happened to meet Margaret Llewelyn Davies, evidently a very remarkable woman? Would Mr. Waugh's political convictions be exactly what they are today if he had not first encountered "progressive" thought in the persons of Barbara Jacobs and her mother, who, from his description of them, seem to have been well meaning but very silly? As for myself, I have often wondered what my life would have been if, on a Sunday in March, 1922, a friend, Robert Medley, who is now a painter, had not suggested to me that I write poetry: the thought had never entered my head before.

But no adult life is a record of events only; it also includes the author's personal acts—the things he chooses to do, whatever the consequences may be, and for which he holds himself responsible. Unlike events, acts are incomparable and unrepeatable; they disclose a unique person, the exact like of whom has never existed before and never will again.

The first important act in Mr. Woolf's life that he records was his decision to accept a job in the Ceylon Civil Service. He had done worse in the Civil Service Examination than he had expected:

> The best that I could hope for was a place in the Post Office or Inland Revenue. I was over age for India. I felt that I could not face a lifetime to be spent in Somerset House or in the Post Office, so I decided to take an appointment in the Colonial Service, then called Eastern Cadetships. I applied for Ceylon, which was the senior Crown Colony, and I was high enough up on the list to get what I asked for. I found myself to my astonishment and, it must be admitted, dismay in the Ceylon Civil Service.

The prospect of putting thousands of miles between himself and all his friends cannot have been pleasant; that, nevertheless, he chose Ceylon rather than the Post Office reveals him as a man prepared to live up to his belief that intellectuals should be "engaged," as today's jargon has it. He had really meant what he wrote a year previously:

> While philosophers sit outside the cave, their philosophy will never reach politicians or people, so that after all, to put

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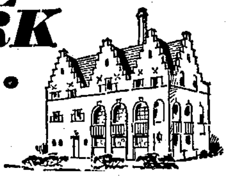


it plainly, I *do* want Moore to draft an Education Bill.

Ceylon turned out to be much more interesting than he had expected, he proved to be a very efficient administrator, and when he returned to England on leave in 1911, he had good reason to suppose that he would rise to the top in the career he had chosen. Nevertheless, he did not feel altogether happy in the Colonial Service. His discontent at the time was more aesthetic than moral: he had not yet asked himself if it was just that a people should be ruled by aliens, but he did know that he disliked the white society in Colombo. Shortly after his return, he fell in love with Virginia Stephen and realized that he was confronted by a choice:

> 1) If Virginia would marry me, I would resign from Ceylon and try to earn my living by writing; 2) If Virginia would not marry me, I did not want to return to Ceylon and become a successful civil servant in Colombo and end eventually with a governorship and K.C.M.G. But if I could go back and immerse myself in a District like Hambantota for the remainder of my life . . . I might welcome it as a final withdrawal, a final solitude, in which, married to a Sinhalese, I would make my District or Province the most efficient, the most prosperous place in Asia.

Fortunately, Virginia accepted his proposal, he resigned, and they married. The marriage was to bring him great sorrows, but it is clear that he never for one moment regretted it.

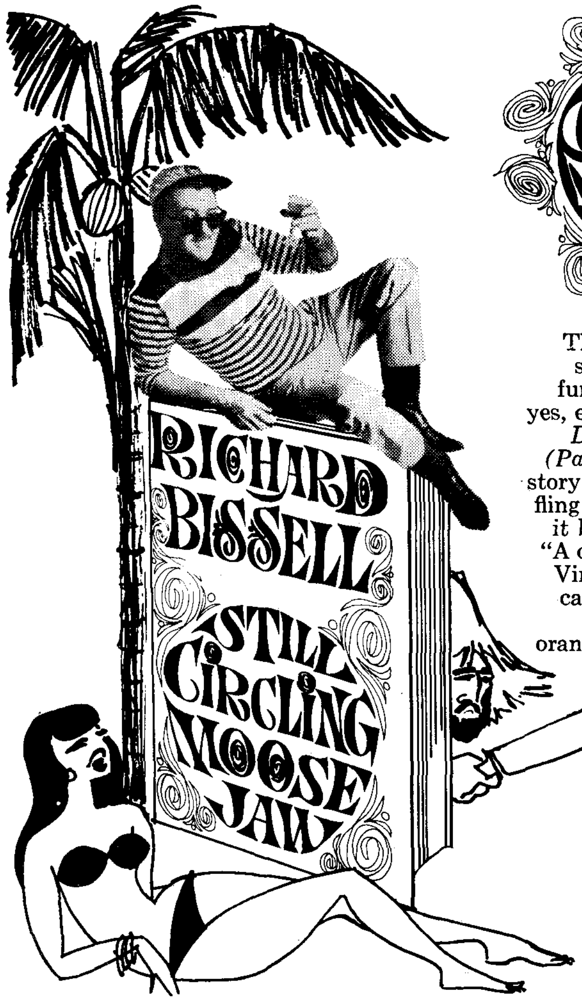
In 1917, the two of them started the Hogarth Press. Mr. Woolf's initial motive for this act is curious and touching:

> The difficulty with Virginia was to find any play sufficiently absorbing to take her mind off her work. We were both interested in printing and had from time to time in a casual way talked about the possibility of learning to print. It struck me that it would be a good thing if Virginia had a manual occupation of this kind which, in say the afternoons, would take her mind completely off her work. Towards the end of 1916 we definitely decided that we would learn the art of printing.

The venture proved a success, financially as well as artistically, and relieved them of the money worries which had been theirs since their marriage.

Naturally, since Mr. Waugh is writing of his youth, he has no decisions to record of such crucial importance to his future, but he does mention two acts and one attempted act which are self-revelatory. The first was in 1921:

> My father's hope was that, like him, I should go to New College. Two or three other colleges were in the same group, among them Hertford. When the time came to fill up the application form, I found that the senior Hertford scholarship was considerably the most valua-



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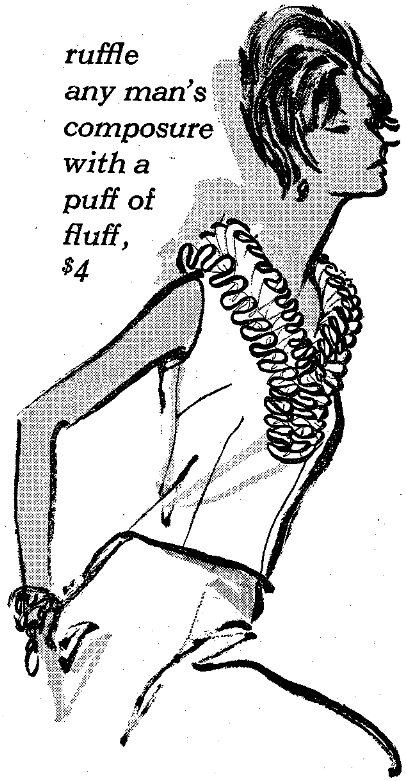

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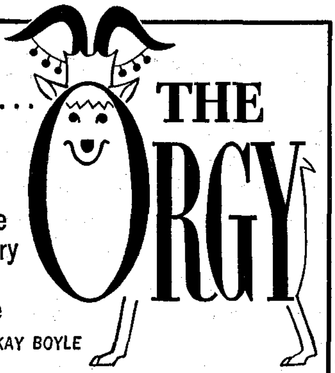

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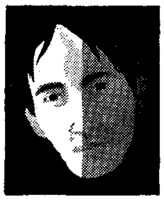

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ble. My father was not well off—worse off in fact, like most men of his position, than he had been ten years before. I knew that . . . he would find the financial emolument very convenient. I knew, too, I was not up to a New College scholarship. . . . The motive of the very strenuous work I did in my last six months was primarily the wish to leave school at the earliest possible date. Both these considerations prompted me to an act which was to make a great difference to my university life. I put down the Hertford scholarship as my first preference.

The second was in 1924, when he decided that, rather than continue living on an allowance from his father, he would take a post as a master in a prep school. He found teaching most uncongenial, so when he was given to understand that there was a job as a private secretary waiting for him in Pisa, he gave notice. No sooner had he done so than two blows fell. He had sent some chapters of a novel to Mr. Harold Acton; the letter he received in return and the comments it contained made him burn the thing. Then he learned that the Pisa job was off. Feeling at the end of his tether, he attempted to drown himself—an attempt foiled, fortunately for his soul and for English Letters, by a school of jellyfish.

The first personal choice I can remember making was my decision, when my father offered me a year abroad after I had gone down from Oxford, to spend it in Berlin. I knew no German and no German literature, but I felt out of sympathy with French culture, partly by temperament and partly in revolt against the generation of intellectuals immediately preceding mine, which was strongly Francophile. It is a decision I have been very thankful ever since that I took.

Though few persons under the age of twenty can or need to make choices which permanently affect their future, from about the age of eight onward we are all capable of a certain kind of interior choice; we can choose to direct our attention upon this rather than upon that, and the correct term for this voluntary direction of attention is, I believe, prayer. Whenever a person so directs and concentrates his attention as to forget himself completely, whether the subject of his contemplation (there are no contemplative *objects*) be secular—a geometrical problem, a landscape, a poem, etc.—or sacred—an idol or the living God—he is praying. Prayer is to the interior life what action is to the exterior; a person is as responsible for what he attends to as for what he does, though in both cases the consequences are unpredictable. The primary task of the schoolteacher is to teach the young,

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in a secular context, the technique of prayer.

Most of us have known bad periods when we humiliated ourselves before some idol or other, and in adolescence the most common idol is Popularity, or Social Power. The mature Mr. Waugh writes of the diaries he kept during his last two years at Lancing:

> If what I wrote was a true account of myself, I was conceited, heartless and cautiously malevolent. I should like to believe that even in this private journal I was dissembling a more generous nature; that I absurdly thought cynicism and malice the marks of maturity. I pray it may be so. But the damning evidence is there, in sentence after sentence on page after page, of consistent caddishness. I feel no identity with the boy who wrote it. I believe I was a warm-hearted child. I know that as a man my affections, though narrow, are strong and constant. The adolescent who reveals himself in these pages seems not only cold but quite lacking in sincerity.

He goes on to describe the effects of such a mental attitude upon his outward behavior:

> There were frequent small shifts in the kaleidoscope of personal importance, but in the House my friends and I practically controlled the founts of popularity and capriciously stopped them or let them flow. In all these nasty manoeuvres there lay hidden the fear that I myself might at any moment fall from favour and become, as I had been in my first year, the object of contempt.

Change

Among Mr. Woolf's friends at Cambridge, the admired modern novelists were Thomas Hardy, Meredith, and Henry James, and the admired poet was Swinburne. Of the older novelists, Jane Austen and Peacock were in, Dickens and Thackeray were out. Out, too, was Tennyson. Neither Marx nor Freud had been heard of. The *annus mirabilis* was 1903, which saw the publication of "The Way of All Flesh," "Principles of Mathematics," and "Principia Ethica." Close friends still addressed each other by their surnames.

In 1911 and 1912, the great artistic events in London were the Russian Ballet and the Post-Impressionist Exhibition. In 1914, Mr. Woolf, who was later to become Freud's English publisher, reviewed his "Psychopathology of Everyday Life." During the war years, the great literary figures, against whom Bloomsbury felt the need to react, were Shaw, Wells, and Arnold Bennett. Conrad was admired for his prose style but was considered too "respectable."

The year 1917 saw the publication of "Prufrock," 1919 "Poems," by T. S.

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Eliot, the latter issued by the Hogarth Press, as was "The Waste Land" in 1923. The Woolfs would have published "Ulysses" as well if they had been able to find a printer willing to set it up, though they did not themselves care much for the book. Virginia Woolf recorded in her diary the occasion when Miss Harriet Weaver brought them the manuscript:

> Her neat mauve suit fitted both soul and body; her grey gloves laid straight by her plate symbolised domestic rectitude; her table manners were those of a well bred hen. We could get no talk to go. Possibly the poor woman was impeded by her sense that what she had in the brown paper parcel was quite out of keeping with her own contents. But then how did she ever come in contact with Joyce and the rest? Why does their filth seek exit from her mouth? Heaven knows.

I wish Mr. Waugh had told us more about the books he read—his likes and dislikes, his literary ancestors. The only information he offers is that at the age of seven he had as his literary models *Chums* and *The Boys' Friend;* that when he was thirteen his favorite books were "Le Morte d'Arthur" and "Sinister Street;" that at fourteen he was taken by Samuel Butler's "Notebooks;" and that at Oxford he cherished E. M. Forster's "Pharos and Pharillon."

I know too little about fiction to be able to give any accurate picture of undergraduate taste and fashions in that medium during my time. Henry James, if I recall rightly, had gone into the shadows, awaiting his triumphal reëntry in the nineteen-forties. Meredith the novelist was no longer read; on the other hand, Meredith the poet, author of "Modern Love," who seems to have gone unnoticed twenty-five years before, was greatly admired. As for the poets of the past, the most striking change in our ranking of them had resulted from the rediscovery of the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. The modern stars were, of course, Eliot, the early-later Yeats, Wilfred Owen, and I would add the names of two who, though they had lived in the nineteenth century, had only recently been published—Emily Dickinson and Gerard Manley Hopkins. I don't think any of my friends shared my enthusiasm for Thomas Hardy, Robert Frost, and Edward Thomas, whom I had discovered at school.

The world as we now know it, created by the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, radio, television, and social conscience, was only just beginning to take shape—a world without earth privies, oil lamps, gas jets, horses, domestic pianos, maids, governesses, and silence, and, it would seem, soon to be without open space. Whatever the differences between Mr. Woolf, Mr. Waugh, and myself, we all three react in the same way to an overcrowded planet.

> No sane man would walk to Peacehaven from Asham today for on the way he would see lovely downs spattered with ugly buildings and, when he got there, he would find all round him, as far as the eye can see, miles of disorderly ugliness, shoddiness, and squalor. [L. W.]

> More than once already in the preceding pages mention has been made of the obliteration of English villages. . . . This is part of the grim cyclorama of spoliation which surrounded all English experience in this century and any understanding of the immediate past . . . must be incomplete unless this huge deprivation of the quiet pleasures of the eye is accepted as a dominant condition. . . . [E. W.]

It is possible to hope against hope for many things—that science may learn how to provide us with an unending supply of synthetic foodstuffs, that intelligence and good will may solve all our economic and political problems—but no human agency can increase the surface area of the earth. If the effects of overcrowding on rats can be as deleterious as experiments have shown them to be, what can we expect will happen to human beings? "Every two men should shoot a third," said Sydney Smith in the eighteen-forties. Today, such a step would not be nearly drastic enough. How can we contemplate the not so distant future with anything but alarm when no method both morally tolerable and practically effective has as yet been discovered for reducing the population of the world to a tenth of its present size and keeping it there?

—W. H. AUDEN

• •

THEY TAKE THE CAKE—A lefthanded pitcher and a righthanded cake cutter is Richard (Robin) Gardner after his marriage yesterday to the girl who grew up down the (Chapin) street, Kathryn Burnett. Gardner is on the roster of the International League Buffalo club but has been invited to the New York Mets' training camp at St. Patrick's church.
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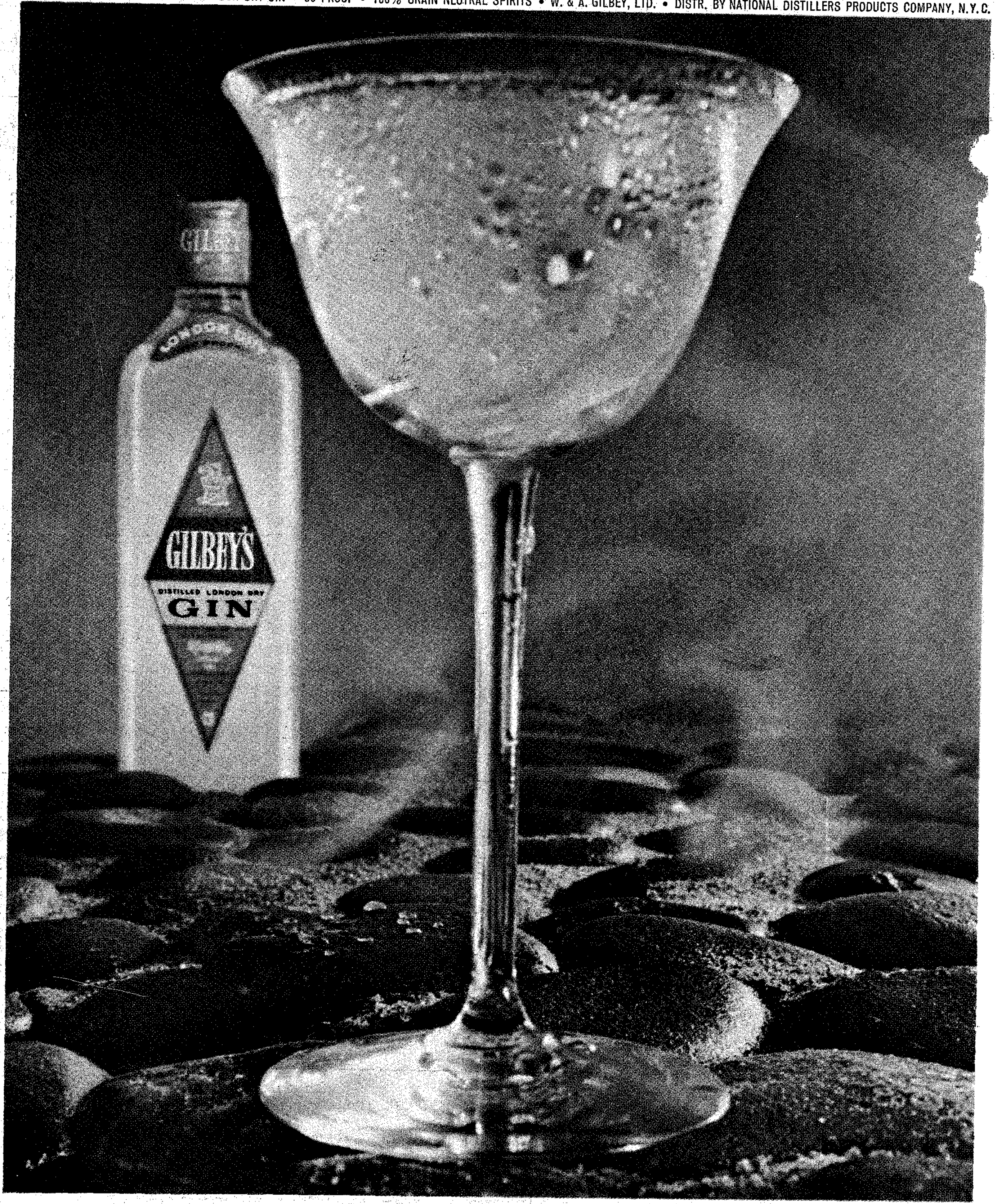
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